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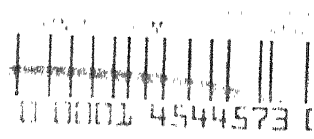
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RECTER'S TREASURY OF  
IRISH VERSE AND PROSE

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

## RECITER'S TREASURIES

COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
ERNEST PERTWEE

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THE  
RECITER'S TREASURY  
OF  
Irish Verse and Prose

*COMPILED AND EDITED*  
BY  
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES  
AND  
GUY PERTWEE



LONDON  
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## PREFACE

IN response to a large and increasing demand among reciters for unhackneyed Irish selections, we have prepared the present volume, which will be found to cover a wide field of Irish literature, both in verse and prose, particularly verse, and which will, we hope, appeal to the most varying tastes. We can assure the reciter that any piece selected from the "Reciter's Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose" is the work of an Irish-born author, and where in Irish or Hiberno-English may be trusted as true to either folk-speech, for it has been our aim to produce a genuine Irish volume.

We should like to express our thanks to the following authors and publishers for the permission they have so generously accorded us to include selections of which they were the owners of the copyright:—

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G. P.

A. P. G.





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## INTRODUCTION

THIS "Reciter's Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose" contains a carefully selected series of extracts from the Irish writers of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries.

The eighteenth century is represented only by two Irish authors, each, however, pre-eminent both in prose and verse, and each singularly versatile in his literary achievements. For Sheridan is famous for having composed the best comedy—*The School for Scandal*—the best farce—*The Critic*—and for having delivered the finest speech of his time, as one of the prosecutors of Warren Hastings, while Goldsmith is renowned as the author of two of the finest descriptive and meditative poems, *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*, and one of the most delightful novels in the English language, "The Vicar of Wakefield." And yet, though each of these Irishmen is thus remarkable for having attained to supreme literary excellence, their points of view of life and the character of their artistry is in the keenest contrast.

Sheridan's gifts were Celtic, but French rather than Irish Celtic. He was a wit and satirist rather than a humorist like Goldsmith. His was an ardent, penetrating genius, supported by great personal courage and combative ability. His swift insight, at an astonishingly early age, laid character bare in his comedies, as it were by lightning flashes, and yet, though he reaches the sublime in his Warren Hastings speech, he only achieves a clever imitation of it in his version of Kotzebue's *Tragedy of Pizarro*. Nor does he in any of his poems escape, as Goldsmith alone escaped, the artificiality that pervades the verse of his day.

Goldsmith was as slack as Sheridan was strenuous. A constant disappointment to his parents, and even to his appreciative uncle, the laughing stock of his contemners, the despair of his friends, he has yet proved a greater literary success than his brilliant compatriot. For whilst it might also be said of Sheridan what Johnson so aptly quoted in praise of Goldsmith in his epitaph upon him in Westminster Abbey, "Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit!"—Goldsmith added to a faithful adherence to consummate literary form, evident even in his hack historical compilations—a human touch that has made his Village Preacher, his Primrose family, and even his Tony Lumpkin, immortal contributions not only to English but to the world's literature.

In our "Treasury" we have tried to present our readers and reciters with specimens of these two great writers, which will illustrate the foregoing criticism of their literary characteristics. We have avoided hackneyed quotations from the *Deserted Village* and *Traveller*, and called attention to a fine but much overlooked poem of Goldsmith's, *The Double Transformation*, and given but one of Sheridan's lyrics, whilst representing him fully by selections from his *Critic*, *Rivals*, and *School for Scandal*, and an extract from his less well-known farcical comedy, *St Patrick's Day*.

Goldsmith died unmarried. No descendant of his carried his poetical gift down into the nineteenth century. It was otherwise with Sheridan. "His family," as has been justly said by Mr D. T. O'Donoghue, "is the most striking example known in literature of what is called hereditary genius." For he inherited from his mother, Frances Sheridan, *née* Chamberlaine, poetic tastes, and from his father, Thomas Sheridan, a noted actor and playwright, his dramatic bent, and from his father and grandfather, The Rev. Thomas Sheridan, an intimate friend of Dean Swift, a style due to familiarity with the Classics. His brilliant wit descended to his son Thomas, better known as "Tom Sheridan," the father of the sister poetesses, Caroline Sheridan, afterwards the Hon. Mrs Norton, George Meredith's prototype of his "Diana of the Crossways," and Helen Sheridan, first Lady Dufferin, afterwards Countess of Gifford, and mother of that famous statesman and man of letters, the Marquess of Dufferin.

From the Sheridan stock, too, descends the Le Fanu talent; for Alice Le Fanu, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's sister, was a clever writer of verse and drama, and grandmother of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, the famous novelist and ballad writer.

Here it would be well to refer more closely to the characteristics of the three writers of Sheridan blood, whose works are drawn upon in this collection.

Caroline Sheridan, best known as the Hon. Caroline Norton, was unhappy in her married life, for her first husband was a worthless man who treated her ill, and she had only tasted the joys of her happy union to Sir William Stirling Maxwell for a few months when her life was cut short. But as a young married woman she had turned for solace to literature, in which she displayed much of the Sheridan versatility, both as a writer of prose and poetry. Sentiment, not to say sentimentality, marked much of the verse of her time, and she does not escape its influence as completely as her sister, Lady Dufferin, escapes it. Yet her sense of humour, evident in *The Dandies' Rout*, written in conjunction with her sister, and elsewhere in her novels and prose and verse sketches and tales, saved her from that enervating influence upon early Victorian poetry. Her "Lady of La Garaye" has, therefore, survived the wreckage of the great body of that verse, and deservedly so, for it cannot be read without respect and emotion, though it does not reach the poetic plane of Aurora Leigh, or that of Christina Rossetti's or George Eliot's or Mrs Meynell's best poems.

Although not a dramatist, she shows much dramatic instinct in her poetry, and it will be therefore found that apart from the extracts from her writings given in this volume there are many other passages in her works, either embedded in longer poems or standing by themselves in lyrical form, worthy of the reciter's attention. But, as has been suggested, Lady Dufferin excels her sister in the sheer artlessness of her art. The simplest themes seem to attract her most. Living a happy domestic life amid Irish surroundings, her warm heart beats in such close sympathy with her peasant neighbours that in *I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary*, and *The Bay of Dublin*, she writes as if she were one of them, and adds to that inspiration a felicity of phrase which is lacking

in the earlier Anglo-Irish hedge poets or street ballad writers, and only begins to recur again in the writings of William Allingham, and now and then in those of Edward Walsh, Thomas Davis, and Sir Samuel Ferguson.

Her sense of fun floats through her Irish poems with a delicate breeziness, in welcome contrast to the laboured attempts at humour that coarsen the contemporary caricatures of her countrymen, even when such a master in his own ground as Thackeray is taking a hand in them. Still her humorous Irish poems are occasionally surpassed by Lover and Lever, Fahy and McCall, and Miss Winifred Letts, largely represented in this volume, has left her well behind as an interpreter of Irish drollery.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was another distinguished representative of the Sheridans — an actor who became an author like the great Brinsley's father, and famous for poetical dramas which occasionally reappear in our stage, though with less and less frequency. But his work does not carry an Irish or Anglo-Irish appeal with it, and so it is passed by on this occasion.

But we are led to include much of the verse and prose of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, Sheridan's great grandnephew, not only because it is characteristically Irish, but because of its brilliant literary quality and marked originality.

We have not in this collection dealt, except on its lighter humorous side, with Le Fanu's love for supernatural themes. Nor have we given extracts from his masterly novels, or again afforded our readers an opportunity of judging of the grim or ghastly humour and diabolic horror which characterise such poems as *The Legend of the Glaive* and *The Address to the Bottle*. They are hardly in keeping in a Treasury of this kind, but Mr T. W. Rolleston does not say a word too much in Le Fanu's praise as a master of the magnetic attributes of superhuman mystery when he thus writes of him:—

"In 'Uncle Silas,' in his wonderful tales of the supernatural, such as 'The Watcher,' and in a short and less known but most masterly story, 'The Room in the Dragon Volant,' he touched the springs of terror and suspense, as perhaps no other writer of fiction in the language has been able to do. His fine scholarship, poetic sense, and strong, yet delicate handling of language

and of incident give these tales a place quite apart among works of sensational fiction. But perhaps the most interesting of all his novels is 'The House by the Churchyard,' a wonderful admixture of sentimentalism, humour, tragedy, and romance."

To this fine piece of criticism of Le Fanu's prose works may be added the belief that in his verse, and notably in his drama of *Beatrice*, the qualities above indicated are often conveyed with a finer touch, and at times with a directness of suggestion that is overwhelming. Again the lurid terror of his poetical narratives is happily relieved by interludes of such haunting beauty of colour and sound, that we cannot but lament the lateness of this discovery of his highest artistic self.

Indeed our literature can ill afford to lose lyrical dramas with such a stamp of appalling power as is impressed on *Beatrice*, or old-world idylls so full of Gaelic glamour as the *Legend of the Glaive* and such a terrible confession by a drunkard of how he had fallen irrevocably into the toils of the Enchantress Drink.

Le Fanu's best-known Irish ballad, *Shamus O'Brien*, has often been attributed to Samuel Lover, and not without reason, for this is the genesis of the ballad.

William Le Fanu, who, much to his friends' amusement, had been in the habit of repeating such humorous stories by his brother Joseph as "Jim Sullivan's Adventure in the Big Snow," "The Ghost and the Bone-setter," and "The Quare Gander," to be found at length in these pages, asked him to write him an Irish *Young Lochinvar* for recitation purposes, and hence Le Fanu's "Phaudhrig Crohoore." So successful did it prove that another ballad was called for from its author, and thus the famous *Shamus O'Brien*, a longer and more ambitious dramatic ballad, came to birth. The original of Shamus was one Kirby who was "on his keeping" (*i.e.*, hiding from the police), when Le Fanu's family lived in County Limerick. With a price on his head, owing to his connection with agrarian outrages, Kirby was of such a devil-may-care disposition that he could not resist the temptation of going to a hunt or a coursing match, narrowly escaping captures on some of these occasions.

William Le Fanu, afterwards the author of that delightful volume of reminiscences, "Seventy Years'

Recollections of Irish Life," introduced *Shamus O'Brien* to the notice of Samuel Lover, who recited it with immense resulting popularity in the United States. Lover added some verses of his own to the poem, making Shamus emigrate to the States and set up a public house. An American edition of the poem containing this addition was published with Lover's name to it, though he took the trouble to disclaim his authorship of *Shamus O'Brien* in a letter to William Le Fanu. But it is difficult to suppress a lie which has once got a good start in print, and even now it may be well to impress upon our American cousins the fact that Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, not Samuel Lover, was the author of *Shamus O'Brien*.

Dr William Maginn, Samuel Lover, and Charles Lever, born respectively in the years 1793, 1797, and 1806, form a group of prose and verse humorists, who occupy a special place in Anglo-Irish literature. Maginn was exactly contemporary with the Rev. William Hamilton Maxwell, and probably suggested to him by his military sketches in *Maga* (*Blackwood's Magazine*), the idea of laying himself out to write military novels. Lever as a young man sat at Maxwell's feet, but soon surpassed his master in popularity as a writer of this new form of fiction. Maginn was a fine classical scholar, and this gave him style to which he added industry and an extraordinary versatility of literary power, which he lavishly displayed in the pages of *Blackwood*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and many other periodicals, as a novelist, essayist, reviewer, poet, parodist, and pamphleteer. Maginn conceived the idea of the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, published in *Maga*, and wrote many of these dialogues, and besides the fine poem, *I give my Soldier-Boy a Blade*, and the brilliantly humorous, if truculent and devil-may-care verses on *The Irishman and the Lady* and *Saint Patrick*, undoubtedly composed for Croker's "Fairy Legends" those inimitable Irish stories, "Daniel O'Rourke" and "The Legend of Bottle Hill."

Charles Lever, like his friend Maxwell, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and after graduating there as B.A. and M.D. took his final medical degree at Louvain, but does not appear to have practised the healing art even as much as Oliver Goldsmith had done. Most of his earlier work appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*,



which he edited when it was in its prime, and here his spirited and brilliant but somewhat rough and ready military novels saw the light. In his latter years as Consul at Trieste his more finished literary work, "Recollections of Cornelius O'Dowd," and "Lord Kilgobbin," a novel of Fenian times, appeared in *Blackwood's* and the *Cornhill Magazines*.

In verse as in prose he has a lighter and more humane touch than Maginn, though wanting his masterfulness of style. But he does not escape from the somewhat selfish atmosphere in which the hard-drinking, hard-riding Irish squires and squireens of his day lived. Careless, not to say reckless, conduct, coupled with an excess of animal spirits, are prevailing notes in his earlier novels, and in such of his verses as *Larry M'Hale*, *The Man for Galway*, and *The Widow Malone*, which are included in this collection.

Samuel Lover, like Maxwell, Maginn, and Lever, was a Protestant Anglo-Irishman, who enjoyed the confidence of his Catholic compatriots, and made a study, if not a very deep one, of their life and character.

Of a lower social sphere than they came from, and perhaps on that account more ready to resent the tendency on the part of contemporary writers to caricature his fellow-countrymen, he made a stand against the vulgar Irish verse of his day and the offensive figure of "The Stage Irishman."

His *Rory O'More* was the first of those lyrics in a new view of Irish humour which supplanted, for a time at any rate, the shoddy Anglo-Irish songs which burlesqued the native character, and described Irishmen as a nation of brawling blunderers or cunning cowards. Lover is not, of course, quite emancipated from the conventional attitude of his day towards his own people, and this peeps out more and more when his popularity began to induce him to write songs to order for the English public. Handy Andy is just too much of an omadhaun to be true to type, though a most amusing creature, and Lover's enjoyment of extravagance makes some of his renderings of Irish peasant stories miss that perfection of pure fun that we find in Sheridan Le Fanu, and in the authors of *Recollections of an Irish R.M.*, as well as in Canon Hannay, Miss Eleanor Alexander, and Miss Moira O'Neill, not to say Miss Winifred Letts. Still it must

be conceded that Lover made a strong step forward as a writer of national Irish songs and stories, even though he cannot be granted the possession of the brilliant literary style and poetic glamour that characterises some of our latter-day Irish novelists and poets. To the above group of Irish writers may be added Father Prout (the Rev. Francis Mahony), who, though a Roman Catholic, and with a Gaelic name, was a learned and witty essayist and brilliant versifier in English and Latin, though best known by his affecting *Bells of Shandon*, and droll imitation of an Irish hedge school ballad, entitled *The Sabine Farmer's Serenade*.

Father Prout's name suggests that of his famous contemporary, Thomas Moore, for he had been audacious enough to turn some of the Irish melodies into Latin verses, and then claim that his translations were the originals on which Moore had founded his exquisite lyrics.

Moore, like Mahony, was a Roman Catholic, though of much humbler origin than that brilliant cleric. Born in Aungier Street, Dublin, on 2nd May 1779, the son of a grocer, he was educated by Samuel Whyte, the teacher of Sheridan, and proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1799, after enjoying the friendship of Robert Emmet, and sharing in his revolutionary sentiments, though circumstance prevented him openly espousing them at the time, and reflection caused him to abandon them entirely. But no doubt Emmet's influence, and perhaps Emmet's love for Irish music, which was a bond of union between them, helped to infuse that patriotic spirit into Moore's lyrics to the Irish melodies which have made the best of these an imperishable part of Irish literature.

Moore, like Sheridan—whom he ardently admired, and whose character he so felicitously describes in his scathing lines on his friend's death—was an Irishman of many parts. Limited private means made it necessary for him to earn his living by his pen. Indeed, the only appointment he ever accepted proved a dead loss to him, for his deputy defalcated, and he honourably made up the loss to the Government out of his literary earnings. But he plied his pen in many ways; first as a successful translator of Anacreon; then as librettist, poetical satirist, and lyricist; next as a narrative poet and philosophical

writer; lastly as a biographer. It has been well said of him that he occupies in English literature much the same position as Arthur Sullivan, his compatriot, occupies in the ranks of English musicians—not a great position, but a very individual one, as a melodist of exquisite quality, and a satirist of the finest and most whimsical touch. Both attempted larger work, and not without success; Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, and more ambitious *Ivanhoe*, may be compared with Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, one section of which, "The Fire Worshippers," contains passages of remarkable power, and deserves a fuller recognition by British and Irish readers than it has of late received.

For the reciter Moore's verse contains qualities almost as valuable as those that delight the vocalist.

As was to be expected from a good musician he has a fine ear. This gift he has cultivated with consummate craft—avoiding the clashing of consonants so common in such writers as Browning and Ferguson, and the somewhat monotonous vocalisation to be found in Swinburne and his imitators—by a combination of artful alliteration, and a sequence of varied vowel sounds which at times almost Italianises our somewhat unmelodious if noble northern tongue.

Moore united to this fine sense for sound a power over the picturesque in his narratives, and a wit and pathos in his lyrics which make both his romances and his songs lend themselves with equal success to the talents of the singer and the reciter; though, of course, it may well be granted that perhaps a dozen of his Irish melodies seem so indissolubly bound up with the Irish airs with which they are associated that it seems almost a profanation to divorce the music and the words.

Born long after him, but pre-deceasing him by six years, George Darley was one of the Anglo-Irish poets of the last century, whose style, like Moore's, was founded on a classical education at Trinity College, Dublin. As most of his literary compatriots had been obliged to do, he sought his living in London. There he became a valued contributor to *The London Magazine* and *The Athenæum*, and enjoyed the friendship of Lamb and Southey, Carlyle and Tennyson, Lord Houghton and Allan Cunningham, Sir Francis Doyle and Sir Henry

Taylor, who were all agreed in their admiration of his fine poetic talent. He was a dramatic writer of considerable range, passing from lyrical drama to dramatic chronicle, but only finds himself in his lyrics which are unique of their kind. He had steeped himself in the works of the Elizabethan dramatists, and their influence no doubt affects his own, but there is an individual note about it, now exquisitely fanciful, now deeply imaginative, which will doubtless preserve it when the verse of some of his more popular contemporaries ceases to be republished.

Darley has some of the vocal qualities of Moore, but the atmosphere in which he moves is a more mystical one. His affinities are more with Blake and Francis Thompson, and even with Mr Yeats and "A. E." Half romantic, half mystic, he also had something akin to Shelley in his composition, and curiously enough shared his mathematical tastes; indeed, he is said to have been "an expert mathematician," and published some scientific works.

It will be found that Darley's verse, like Moore's, falls very agreeably upon the ear, and lends itself readily to good recitation where not, as in many instances, made the medium for indistinct thought, or couched in an old world phraseology which would, like much of Francis Thompson's work, put off the average audience.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Irish poet "who set all our thinking about Celtic Ireland in a new key—the key of veracity, of sympathy, and of respect, out of which alone a genuine understanding can come," as Mr T. W. Rolleston so well puts it, was not a pure Celt like O'Connell or Moore, but the son of parents of strictly Unionist principles, and with little Irish blood in his veins, though what there was certainly was of the best.

Thomas Davis, the son of an English officer of Welsh descent, and of a mother of Cromwellian family, began life as one of "The Garrison," and went as a Protestant to Trinity College, Dublin, the Protestant University of Ireland. But there he began to show his independence of mind. He did not lay himself out for the college distinctions he could so easily have gained, but proved himself an omnivorous reader, especially of history, economics, and ethics, quickly won influence among his fellow students, and ultimately became President of the

Historical Society, the leading University Debating Club. Called to the Bar, he began to practise in the Revision Courts and to dabble in political journalism. This latter work of his attracted the attention of Charles Gavan Duffy, the brilliant young editor of a Belfast national journal, and a Roman Catholic. The two men became personal friends, and a walk taken by them and John Blake Dillon in the Phoenix Park led to the establishment of *The Nation*, the origin of what was soon to be known as the Young Ireland Movement. From its columns Davis, as his friend Duffy wrote, "profoundly influenced the mind of his own generation, and made a permanent change in the opinions of the nation."

At first Davis, who was joint editor of the journal with Duffy, was opposed to the introduction of verse into *The Nation*. But in the third number of it appeared *My Grave*, and in the sixth his *Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill*, and during the three years of his connection with his journal he wrote much verse of very varying degrees of merit. Some of it was mere oratory, more of it was finely conceived, but for want of finish fell short of deserving the name of poetry. Nor was this to be wondered at. He had not the time to polish his lines, or so to pre-occupy himself with his themes as to steep them in a sufficiently sensuous atmosphere. Besides he wrote for "the enlightenment and regeneration of the people," and his verse, therefore, tended to being didactic.

Yet in his few leisure hours, when opportunity for carefully thinking out and finishing a poem, or when he was under the inspiration of a love or patriotism which flashed the feelings of his warm heart into the artless art of his finest spontaneous lyrics, he was a true poet. As Mr T. W. Rolleston well puts it, "Much of the verse, dramatic and fiery as it was, which he dashed off for the weekly columns of *The Nation* has, of course, only the temporary value of most prose journalism. But into certain poems, such as *The Lament for Owen Roe* and *The Sack of Baltimore*, Davis put his whole strength, and these have, I think, a depth of passion, a rich and sensitive music, a strong simplicity and sincerity which show that his name would have been remembered in literature even if it had no other claims to our remembrance and our reverence."

The poetry of the other Young Ireland poets who surrounded Davis partook very much of the rhetorical character of his verse, and much of it is not now worth preserving, except as historical illustrations of the period. But it is remarkable that of the other writers of this movement, whose verses follow in this collection, D'Arcy M'Gee, who was the most poetically productive, was assassinated by a Fenian after becoming a member of the Canadian Cabinet; a second, O'Hagan, ended as a leading Irish Judge, and John Kells Ingram, the author of the famous *Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?* passed on to the Professorship of Greek and Vice-Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin.

Linked during the last few years of his life with *The Nation*, to which he had contributed fine rhetorical verse and several noble laments, James Mangan, or James "Clarence" Mangan as he chose to call himself, interpolating his *nom de plume* between his Christian name and surname, must be judged of quite apart from the brotherhood of the Young Irishmen.

Mangan, the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland, did not find life worth living, chiefly owing to his father's tyrannical and spendthrift habits, since, when he should have been pursuing his after-school studies, he was helping to support his brokendown parents by monotonous drudgery at a scrivener's desk, in rude and unsympathetic company. For his mother's sake he went through with the unpalatable duty, but the iron entered into his soul; he had a disappointment in love, and fits of religious and mental depression, from which he sought relief in drink and opium-taking; and though he got through a great deal of literary hack work, and was an eager student of German philosophy and romance, and mediæval works of magic and mystery, he gradually dropped down into miserable want, the result of casual and intemperate habits. The Irish famine, whose horrors are reflected in his *New Year's Lay*, had profoundly affected his imagination. It was followed by the cholera, and by this, in the course of one of his numerous disappearances from all knowledge of his friends, Mangan was stricken. He recovered, and was too soon allowed to leave one of the temporary cholera sheds at Kilmainham to which he had been removed; for collapse followed,

and he was finally carried from a wretched cellar in Bride Street to the Meath Hospital, where he died after receiving the consolations of religion from his true friend, and afterwards his biographer, Father Machan.

Like Moore, also a grocer's son, and born in the same locality, Mangan was destined to write Irish national lyrics of great beauty, and oriental poems of a very striking character, though in each instance the quality of Mangan's verse differs absolutely from Moore's. One more parallel. He possessed a vein of whimsicality as delicate as Moore's, which, had he worked it judiciously, would have given him as high a reputation as a poetical satirist. But here the likeness between the two poets ceases. Moore could please himself as to the literary path he might pursue. Mangan had to turn his hand to any literary job he was lucky enough to secure. But occasionally the special bent of his private reading helped him, and the vogue for German literature, largely attributable to Carlyle's influence, gave Mangan, a sympathetic student in this direction, an opportunity which he at first took quite seriously.

In the rare instances where the characters of the original lent itself to literal translation, he so rendered it with superlative skill, if anything *out-schillering* Schiller, as Coleridge has been said to have done in part of his version of *Wallenstein*. But, as a rule, he was an adapter rather than a translator. A tendency thus to edit and improve his originals, notably in the case of minor German poets, grew upon him. Having become an acute critic of their weaknesses, and having readers to cater for who would have been intolerant of their occasional lapses into dulness and sentimentality, Mangan began to embroider them with a free hand. Thus he improved and improved German minor poets, as his stock for translation deteriorated, until he improved them almost entirely away, and finally began to publish as poems from the German of "Dreschler" and "Selber," and other non-existent authors, lyrics of his own, more or less influenced by his German studies. This practice he carried on with even greater effrontery when he began to put forth so-called translations of oriental poetry. When remonstrated with by Dr Anster, the translator of Goethe's *Faust*, for thus depriving himself of the credit of such

fine original work as was contained in a sham translation of Hafiz, he replied, "Any one could see that it was only 'half-his'."

We leave it to the pundits to prove how much Manganese there is in the so-called "From the German" poems, *The Fairies' Passage*, and *The Ride round the Parapet*, and where his *Literæ Orientales*, of which we give illustrations in the marvellously musical *Gone in the Wind*, and the terrible *Howling Song of Al-Mohara*, are original, and where reflected from an Eastern source, or refracted through a German medium.

The final result in these few cases is not Irish in character, though the brilliant rhyming and melodic effects in each of them show an Irish equipment. But each poem is a masterpiece of its kind, and of kinds so various as to prove Mangan's remarkable versatility of poetic genius. In fine contrast with them is *Siberia*, in its grim staccato, and above all and beyond all, *My Dark Rosaleen*, in which Mangan's pessimism falls for once quite away from him, and he rises into a strain of pure and delicate passion unequalled in any patriotic poem written by any Irishman. This poem is based on an Irish ode by a minstrel of the O'Donnell Clan, contemporary with Shakespeare. Mangan made two translations, or rather adaptations, of it, but felt that he had not done the theme justice, and worked at it with true artistic fervour until, at the third attempt, he wrought it into his masterpiece.

Mangan's translations from the Irish preserve the spirit of their originals much more fully than those of Miss Charlotte Brooke and the group of translators secured by Hardiman as collaborators in his very valuable collection of Irish lyrical poetry, known as "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy." But very few of the renderings from the Gaelic in that anthology are free from the artificiality of early nineteenth-century verse, which had not escaped the coldly classical influence of Pope and his inferior successors. Indeed, their finely finished but soulless stanzas are as far from their Irish originals as Pope's *Odyssey* is from Homer's. Compare, for instance, Mangan's version of O'Husseys *Ode to the Maguire* with the best of D'Alton's, or Curran's, or Furlong's renderings from the Gaelic, and the contrast



will be found quite surprising. But other writers were beginning to suffuse themselves in the atmosphere of the best Gaelic poetry, classical and popular, and in order to do so fully were making themselves more or less acquainted with the Irish language. Edward Walsh, an Irish elementary schoolmaster, was one of the happiest translators of this school, J. J. Callanan was another; but Sir Samuel Ferguson not only achieved excellence in this field, but also carried the Gaelic spirit from his translations into his original work in a manner that marks a fresh departure in Irish poetry, and what Mr W. B. Yeats finely writes of him in 1886, after a careful study of his *Lays of the Western Gael*, his *Deirdre*, *Congal*, and especially his *Conary*, is still true to-day. "The author of these poems is the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and most Celtic. Whatever the future may bring forth in the way of a truly great and national literature—and now that the race is so large, so widely spread, and so conscious of its unity, the years are ripe—will find its morning in these three volumes of one who was made by the purifying flames of national sentiment, the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry—one who, among the somewhat sybaritic singers of his day, was like some aged sea-king sitting among the inland wheat and poppies—the savour of the sea about him and its strength."

The specimens we give of Ferguson's poetical work, which was carried on side by side with active labours as a barrister, magazine writer, archæologist, and the head of the Irish Record Office, from 1830 to 1886, illustrate his powers as a translator from the Irish, in *The Fair Hills of Ireland*; his narrative gifts, in the ballad of *Willy Gilliland*; and his mastery of the mysterious and nobly imaginative in *The Fairy Thorn* and *The Burial of King Cormac*.

Gerald Griffin, who has caught much of the quality of Oliver Goldsmith's style, though his work is more consciously Irish, lies midway between what we may call the Anglo-Irish and Irish-Irish writers.

He was the author of "The Collegians," perhaps the best of the Irish novels written in the Victorian age, and upon which Dion Boucicault's drama of *The Colleen Bawn*, and Benedict's opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, were

founded. He wrote a successful play, *Gisippus*, and some charming songs and ballads. He had a quiet sense of humour, and carried this into his novel and Irish stories, and his musical ear and deft use of unusual metres give him an enduring place amongst our lyrical writers. He has a leaning towards Gaelic words and phrases, and introduces them freely into the refrains to his songs, but he neither attempts the Hiberno-English vernacular cultivated by Lover, nor that form of Gaelic-English adopted by Walsh and Ferguson, and while his *miliu* is essentially, if delicately, Irish, his phraseology is distinctly English, or, at any rate, Anglo-Irish. Perhaps this is why he is at present undeservedly neglected, and for this reason we have chosen to represent him handsomely in a volume where his English affinities will make his work welcome.

Two Anglo-Irish poets, both personal friends and contemporaries of Ferguson, may here be dealt with, Aubrey de Vere and William Allingham, south and north of Ireland men respectively. Aubrey de Vere, son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the author of the dramas of *Julian the Apostate*, and *Mary Tudor*, and many fine sonnets, was also a dramatist and sonneteer, but his *Alexander the Great*, though a fine poem, could only be brought before the footlights on a revolving stage owing to its processional character, whereas his father's *Mary Tudor* might be played quite as effectively as Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, as our readers will gather from the extract we give from that drama. On the other hand, he excelled his father as a writer of sonnets. His friendship for Wordsworth, apart from an hereditary gift, may have drawn him to this form of composition in which he shone so conspicuously that Tennyson spoke of his friend's *Master of the Sun* as one of the finest poems in the English language, for Tennyson, too, reckoned De Vere amongst his intimates.

Sir Aubrey de Vere remained a Protestant, but his three sons, his successor Sir Vere de Vere, Aubrey and Sir Vere's successor, Sir Stephen de Vere (also a considerable poet, and best known as a translator of Horace) all became Roman Catholics. The influence of the Church of Rome largely affected Aubrey de Vere's verse, and accounts for such of his works as his hymns

and sacred poems, *St Thomas of Canterbury*, *The Legends of St Patrick*, *Legends of the Saxon Saints*, *Records of the Church and the Empire*, and *St Peter's Chains*, or *Rome and the Italian Revolution*. In these and other poems of De Vere's one breathes the thin air of ascetism, and much of De Vere's work, as much of Wordsworth's, makes the reader feel that it is often undertaken under a call of duty rather than of inspiration.

De Vere is certainly at his greatest when he is most Irish and most under the influence of the Irish chronicles. Then his virility and humanity assert themselves, and his mysticism has free play as readers, on the one hand, of his *Little Black Rose*, and on the other, of his *O'Donnell's Answer*, and *The Wedding of the Clans*, must allow. They will also have the opportunity of judging of his mastery of the song and sonnet forms in the selections from his more English lyrics.

Though born in the same year (1814) as De Vere, William Allingham predeceased him by thirteen years, in 1889. He had not the advantages of university life enjoyed by his contemporary, a circumstance over which he long repined, but which in the end he regarded as having been a benefit to him. For he was an indefatigable student of English literature and natural science, and taught himself French, German, Latin, and Greek, until he was able to enjoy the Classics and the works of continental writers in the original, and few university students can claim to have covered so wide a field of reading. To his capable and charming mother he owed his literary tastes. But his father, a bank manager, proud though he was of his son's intelligence, had little sympathy with his constant craving for knowledge; in his eyes it was not the scholar but the thorough business man who ranked highest.

Heart sick of more than seven years of bank-clerking, the poet afterwards wrote, "I found a door suddenly opened, not into an ideal region, or anything like one, but at least into a roadway of life somewhat less narrow and tedious than that in which I was plodding." A place had been found for him in the Customs, as it was found for another, and greater dreamer, on the other side of the Atlantic, and had been indeed found for Chaucer himself.

During his banking days he had begun to write poetry, Leigh Hunt's journal being the first to print his lyrics. Leigh Hunt he met in 1847, and through Coventry Patmore established friendly relations with Tennyson, which ripened into intimacy, when—after transference from Ballyshannon to a Customs appointment in London—he was moved on to Lymington, where Tennyson was then living. Allingham indeed possessed qualities as a conversationalist which endeared him to men of letters, and his close relations with Dante Gabriel Rossetti came out in that artist poet's letters to Allingham, edited by Dr Birkbeck Hill. Much interesting supplementary detail of his friendships with famous contemporaries is to be found in a set of reminiscences chiefly relating to Tennyson and Carlyle, which Mrs Allingham has edited. During his connection with *Fraser's Magazine*, as its sub-editor under Mr Froude, and afterwards as its editor, he lived near Carlyle, in Chelsea, and walked out regularly with him on several afternoons of each week, and it was at Carlyle's suggestion that he started a series of chapters on Irish history in *Fraser*.

But Allingham's walks were not all strolls with brother men of letters. A large proportion of his prose work and much of his poetical description had their origin in solitary rambles undertaken from his boyhood upwards, and which he kept up all through his life. In this way as "Patricius Walker," he tramped through Ireland, England, Wales, and Scotland, collecting his "harvest of the quiet eye," studying the country folk as he went, musing over the great cathedrals, and reviving recollections of Swift and Prior, Herbert and Dickens (one of his personal friends), Burns and Scott, on the very ground where they had walked and talked, written and sung. These rambles awakened many an interesting train of thought, and his records of them crystallise into charming essays, amongst which we can trace the germs of subsequent poems.

His later poems give a delightful picture of his home life in Surrey, made also memorable by his wife's beautiful pictures of rustic scenery, and during this period Allingham saw Tennyson several times each summer, when the Laureate and his wife came to Blackdown. *Fraser's Magazine* had ceased to be, and Allingham occupied his entire time with prose and verse composition.

He had a fall from his horse in 1888, from which serious consequences ensued, removed to Hampstead in bad health, and died in the course of the following year.

It is still difficult to fix Allingham's position in the poetical hierarchy. This is due, no doubt, to his equal open-mindedness to the influences of nature and art. Associated with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he caught some of their inspiration, as readers of his *Elfin Mere*, and other early mystic verse, will realise; he was, none the less, an "open air poet," and wholly original in his best work. With Irish nature and Irish human nature, however, he had more affinity. His earliest volume contains fine Irish ballads. His *Laurence Bloomfield* is laid in Ireland and treats of the Irish Land Question in poetical form, and his last collection of Irish songs and poems consists of no less than thirty-two poems written around "Ballyshanny." He excels both as an Irish ballad and song writer, as those who study the specimens of his art which we include in these pages will readily admit. Of Irish fairy poetry he is, perhaps, the most perfect master in *The Fairies* and *Leprachaun*. *The Abbot of Inisfallen* and *A Dream* show his mastery over the mysterious. *Lovely Mary Donnelly* and *The Venus of the Needle* are good instances of his lightness of touch in descriptive love songs; while *The Touchstone* warrants Emerson's praise of its searching satire. As Lionel Johnson finely wrote of his genius, "As the outward aspect of the man so is his characteristic work, the work of a poet who is many things, but always essentially an Irishman of the secluded West, with ancient visions and ponderings in his heart, and the gift of tears and smiles. He passed along his way alone, with a heart responding, a soul vibrating to the voices of Nature and of tranquil lives, and to him came those voices in Irish. He wrote much ambitious work which may not live, but his lyric voice of singular sweetness, his muse of passionate and pensive meditation, his poetic consecration of common things, his mingled aloofness and homeliness assured him a secure place among the poets of his land and the Irish voices which never will fall silent."

In poetic succession to these three distinguished Irishmen, Ferguson, De Vere, and Allingham, followed nearly a generation later, Stopford Brooke, Arthur Palmer,

John Todhunter, George Francis Savage-Armstrong and his elder brother Edmond, cut short, amid great poetic promise, in early youth, Edward Dowden and his wife (*née* Elizabeth Dickinson West), William Wilkins and George Greene, and T. W. Rolleston, all closely connected with Trinity College, Dublin, and in the main with an English or, at any rate, Anglo-Irish trend of thought; though Savage - Armstrong became the poet of both Wicklow and Down, and perhaps found himself more completely in Ulster dialect poems than his more descriptive and meditative English verse, while Dr Todhunter passed from Classical and Italian to Irish ballads and dramatic lyrics, such as are to be found in his remarkable volume, *The Banshee*.

William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and sometime Professor of Poetry at Oxford, deals very beautifully with Irish scenery in many of his poems, and writes with fine philosophy and delicate spirituality, but his wife, Cecil Frances Alexander, *née* Maguire, had a more Irish heart with a wider range of sympathy, and the pulse beats as quickly to her *Siege of Derry* as it does to "Charlotte Elizabeth's" *The Maiden City*. Her hymns and sacred poems, including *The Burial of Moses*, much admired by Tennyson, are "household words," and her less well known *The Irish Mother's Lament*, also given in these pages, is one of the most poignant appeals of the kind ever uttered.

The recent death of T. D. Sullivan, long editor of *The Nation* in its latest phase of political existence, removed from the field of Irish patriotic literature its most distinguished veteran. For although he wrote stirring narrative poems on *The Madness of King Connor* and *The Siege of Dunboy*, the stronghold of the O'Sullivans of Beara, and shared with Robert Dwyer Joyce the honour of giving to fine English verse the beautiful early Irish story of Blanaid, it was as a writer of patriotic Irish songs and ballads that he made his special poetical mark. His *God Save Ireland*, if but as a makeshift, has become the Irish national anthem. His much finer *Song from the Backwoods* is widely and affectionately known on both sides of the Atlantic, and indeed wherever Irishmen meet, and those of our readers not already familiar with them will be glad of the introduction to his impetuous rebel

ballad of *Michael Dwyer*, and to his simple but most pathetic and now most poignantly appropriate *A Soldier's Wake*.

Sullivan had lingered on, full of many activities into a new field of literary activity. For a fresh school of Irish poets was arising not influenced from Germany and the East as were Moore and Mangan, or under the spell of Scott and Byron, and Macaulay, as were Callanan and many of the Young Ireland poets, and indeed Sullivan himself. This new Irish poetical departure caught its inspiration in part from the mystical verse of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—and more particularly the Rossettis, in part from the prose epics of Standish O'Grady. Its Irish direction was certainly determined by that remarkable writer.

For undoubtedly he awoke by his "History of Ireland," an enthusiasm for Irish heroic themes in the breasts of his contemporaries which even Ferguson had not aroused. To him Dr Todhunter and the writer of this Introduction owe their warmest impulses in that direction, and indeed it is probable that Mr W. B. Yeats and Katharine Tynan, under the influence of Blake and the Rossettis, would have become Anglo-Irish rather than Celtic poets but for O'Grady's compelling attraction.

This new attitude of Irishmen and Irishwomen to literature, this new Irish literary movement, is well defined by Mr T. W. Rolleston as, "The impulse to seek for Irish themes, to treat the history, scenery, legendary literature and current life of our country with the ennobling touch and the revealing insight of poetry; in general to express the Irish imagination in an Irish way." At first this literary impulse embodied itself chiefly in lyrical poetry inspired by Irish myth and tradition, and Mr Yeats's *Wanderings of Oisín* may be said to be a prelude to it. For some twelve years it grew into a spiritual force which affected thoughtful English readers, as no Irish poetry in the English tongue had affected them before; in part, perhaps, because Mr Yeats and Mr Rolleston and others of its exponents had made London their centre, and came into personal contact at the Rhymers' Club and elsewhere with the young English poets and poetic critics of their day. Yet one of the most remarkable of their number, George Russell, best

known as "A. E.," was dreaming and scheming for the good of Ireland in an editorial office in Dublin, and Paudric Colum and Joseph Campbell, and others of the younger members of the new literary movement, were preparing for their part of it in the quiet of the Irish country side, or the comparative quiet of Irish cities.

Such a sudden bloom of lyrical beauty as this movement broke into has rarely been known in Ireland. It had a parallel, perhaps, in the days of St Columba, when the poets became so numerous that they had to be controlled by law owing to the tolls upon the people that their privileges allowed them to levy. There had also been a wonderful flowering of Young Ireland poetry in the 'forties of last century. But the poets, led by Mr Yeats, and Katharine Tynan and "A. E.," had discovered a very different technique from that of the writers of *The Nation*, although the substance of not a few of the poems of the new school is of an extremely tenuous kind, and their authors are now and again open to Allingham's jibes in his *Advice to a Young Poet*.

"You're a true poet ; but, my dear,  
If you would hold the public ear,  
Remember to be,—not too clear !  
Be strange, be verbally intense ;  
Words matter ten times more than sense.  
In clear streams, under sunny skies,  
The fish you angle for won't rise.  
In turbid water, cloudy weather,  
They'll rush to you by shoals together.  
'Ignotum pro mirifico.'  
The least part of your meaning show ;  
Your readers must not understand  
Too well ; the mist-wrapt hill looks grand,  
The placid noonday mountain small.  
Speak plainly : folk say—'Is that all ?'  
Speak riddles—'What is here ?' They read  
And re-read, many times, indeed ;  
'How fine, how strange ! how deep ! how new !  
Here's *my* opinion ; what say *you* ?  
It may be this, it might be that ;  
Who can be certain what he's at,  
This necromancer ?' While they talk,  
You swing your solemn cloak and stalk  
Or else look on with smile urbane ;  
'Well done, my children,—guess again !'  
O let me not advise in vain,  
Be what you will, but don't be plain !"



Perhaps Mr Yeats, like Tennyson, was beginning to find that his "flower" of poetry was thus under the stress of imitation becoming "a weed," and that this was one of his inducements to show that he was more than a mystic and symbolist poet.

But, however, this may be, the new Irish literature, thanks to him and Lady Gregory, was to be redeemed from the reproach of barren beauty, which had been after a time levelled against it, since they were the leaders of a dramatic movement, the very first of its kind in Ireland, which proved necessary to their own literary fulfilment. For if literature is ever to become part of the profession of a whole people it must "visibly and effectually unite men in a common sentiment, and make itself equally at home in the cultured city and in the country village."

But to do this in Ireland it was necessary to create a school of Irish players in sympathy with the new drama, and this, in a country where people have furnished, owing to their emotional qualities, some of the finest actors the English stage has known, proved an easier task than the wiseacres declared it would be. It is true, indeed, to say that the Irish literary theatre, besides discovering such dramatists as Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Boyle, "A. E.," St John Ervine, and others, "has gradually evolved a school of acting, which, by the universal admission of competent critics, is, within its own range, the finest exponent of the art of acting to be found on the English-speaking stage to-day." But the words "within its own range," are used advisedly by the critic from whom we quote them. For whilst we have in the plays of the Irish literary theatre an unsparingly honest and far from pleasant criticism of the sordid side of Irish peasant life, side by side with deliciously humorous presentations of Irish city and country types of character and heroic glimpses of Ireland's past as portrayed in such dramas as the *Deirdres* of Yeats, Synge, and "A. E.," and Yeats's other short historical romance plays, these dramas do not, as Mr Rolleston pithily put it, "cover anything like the whole of Irish life either extensively or intensively. They paint one class alone, and that only in one aspect." It may be that the Irish literary theatre has not yet got

the actors competent to deal with Irish historical dramas based on mediæval and modern times, or social comedies describing the life of the upper-class Irish. But whatever the cause of this present limitation of the scope of the Irish literary theatre, there it is, and, if it is to prove a progressive as well as a living force, this marked deficiency in its potency must be made good.

With the exception of Lady Gregory, Irishwomen have not entered seriously into this new field of Irish literature. This is somewhat to be wondered at, for the Puritanism which had kept women from the theatres—especially Protestant women—has been passing away, and it is noticeable that amongst the writers of dramatic Irish verse and prose, even on their humorous side, women are now especially conspicuous. The authors of *Recollections of an Irish R. M.* more than hold their own in this way against Canon Hannay and Miss Letts and Miss Alexander; Miss Susan Mitchell and Miss Moira O'Neill are well able to hold their own against Mr Francis Fahy, Mr P. J. McCall, Mr Seamus MacManus and Mr John Stevenson, and Miss Alice Milligan, though she has broken some dramatic ground, is surely capable of showing conclusively upon the stage the dramatic gifts which her lyrics and prose romances vouch for.

Our readers may be referred to the biographical section at the end of the volume for particulars of such other Irish writers as F. M. Allen, "The Bard of Thomond," Colonel Blacker, William Carleton, John Keegan Casey, John Philpot Curran, Percy French, Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, Charles Graham Halpine, John Keegan, Patrick Kennedy, Ellen O'Leary, J. M. Lowry, William B. M'Burney, William Mulchinock, John Francis Waller, Lady Wilde, and Frances Wynne; moreover, Emily Brontë, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edward Fitzgerald, the Hon. Roden Noel, George Bernard Shaw, and the Rev. Charles Wolfe, though wholly or partly Irish, rather belong to English than Irish literature, and we do not, therefore, propose to discuss their poetical or dramatic talents here, though short biographies of them will also be found in our biographical section.

# RECITERS' TREASURY OF IRISH VERSE AND PROSE

## BABYLON

By "A. E."

THE blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was  
winged within my mind,  
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand years  
behind.  
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my  
feet had run  
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of  
ancient Babylon.  
On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung  
back the rays  
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million  
days.  
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle  
now begins;  
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and  
the sins  
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy  
multitude of towers;  
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in  
lily flowers.  
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and  
I hear  
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in  
my ear.

Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a hand on mine  
 is laid :  
 The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and that young  
 Babylonian maid,  
 One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of  
 that tide,  
 Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland  
 by my side.  
 Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken  
 wings,  
 While we are in the calm and proud procession of  
 eternal things.

*[By kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]*

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## OUR THRONE'S DECAY

By “ A. E.”

I SAID my pleasure shall not move ;  
 It is not fixed in things apart ;  
 Seeking not love—but yet to love—  
 I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep  
 Wells up with living joy, unfed ;  
 Such joys the lonely heart may keep,  
 And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime—  
 But ah ! for my heart, shed tears, shed tears !  
 Not it, but love, has scorn of time—  
 It turns to dust beneath the years.

*[By kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]*

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES

BY CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale of the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave ;  
And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever pass'd on earth ;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves ;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On grey Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war  
With arms reversed and muffled drum  
Follow the funeral car.  
They show the banners taken ;  
They tell his battles won :  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honoured place  
With costly marble dress'd,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall ;  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword ;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word.  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state where angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall ;  
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day ;

And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod ;  
And speak of the strife that won our life,  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb on Moab's land !  
O dark Beth-peor's hill !  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell :  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

*[By kind permission of Miss Eleanor Alexander.]*

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## THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT

BY CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

"She watched for the return of her son from America in her house by the Foyle, near Derry."

"THERE'S no one on the long white road  
The night is closing o'er ;  
O mother ! cease to look abroad  
And let me shut the door.

"Now here and there a twinkling light  
Comes out along the bay ;  
The little ships lie still and white,  
And no one comes this way."

She turned her straining eyes within ;  
She sighed both long and low.  
"Shut up the door ; take out the pin,  
Then, if it must be so.

"But, daughter, set the wick alight,  
And put it in the pane;  
If any should come home to-night,  
He'll see it through the rain.

"Nay, leave the pin beneath the latch;  
If some one push the door,  
Across my broken dreams I'll hear  
His footstep on the floor."

She crouched within the ingle nook,  
She spread her fingers sere,  
Her failed eyes had a far-off look,  
Despite her fourscore year.

And if in youth they had been fair,  
'Twas not the charm they had,  
Not the old beauty lingering there,  
But something weird and sad.

The daughter, in the firelight pale,  
A woman grey and wan,  
Sat listening, while half dream, half wail,  
Her words went wandering on;

"O river that dost never halt  
Till down beyond the bar  
Thou meet'st the breakers green and salt  
That bore my lads afar—

"O sea betwixt our slighted isle  
And that wide bounteous West  
That has such magic in her smile  
To lure away our best—

"Bring back, bring back the guiding keel;  
Bring fast the home-bound ship;  
Mine eyes look out; I faint to feel  
The touch of hand and lip.



“ And is that land so much more fair,  
 So much more rich that shore  
 Than this, where, prodigal of care,  
 I nursed the sons I bore ?

“ I nursed them at my yielding breast,  
 I reared them at my knee,  
 They left me for the golden West ;  
 They left me for the sea.

“ With hungry heart, and eyes that strove  
 In vain their eyes to meet,  
 And all my lavish mother's love  
 Beat backward to my feet—

“ Like that broad stream that runs, and raves,  
 And floweth grandly out,  
 But the salt billows catch its waves,  
 And fling them all about—

“ The bitter world washed out my claim ;  
 In childhood it was dear,  
 But youth forgets, and manhood came,  
 And dashed it far and near.

“ But when I think of the old time,  
 Soft fingers, eyes that met,  
 In spite of age, in spite of clime,  
 I wonder they forget.

“ And if they live, their life is strong ;  
 Forgotten here I die ;  
 I question with my heart, and long,  
 And cannot answer why,

“ Till by Christ's grace I walk in white  
 Where His redeemed go,  
 And know the reason of God's right,  
 Or never care to know.

"But out-bound ships come home again ;  
They sail 'neath sun and moon.  
Put thou the candle in the pane ;  
They may be coming soon."

"Calm lie the lights below the town ;  
There's not a ship in sight ;  
O mother ! cease, and lay you down ;  
They will not come to-night."

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## THE SIEGE OF DERRY

BY CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

"O MY daughter ! lead me forth to the bastion on the north,  
Let me see the water running from the green hills of  
Tyrone,  
Where the woods of Mountjoy quiver above the changeful  
river,  
And the silver trout lie hidden in the pools that I have  
known.

"There I wooed your mother, dear ! in the days that are  
so near  
To the old man who lies dying in this sore-beleaguered  
place ;  
For time's long years may sever, but love that liveth ever,  
Calls back the early rapture—lights again the angel face.

"Ah, well ! she lieth still on our wall-engirdled hill,  
Our own Cathedral holds her till God shall call His  
dead ;  
And the Psalter's swell and wailing, and the cannon's loud  
assailing,  
And the preacher's voice and blessing, pass unheeded  
o'er her head.

" 'Twas the Lord who gave the word when His people  
drew the sword

For the freedom of the present, for the future that  
awaits.

O child! thou must remember that bleak day in December  
When the 'Prentice-Boys of Derry rose up and shut the  
gates.

" There was tumult in the street, and a rush of many feet—  
There was discord in the Council, and Lundy turned  
to fly,

For the man had no assurance of Ulstermen's endurance,  
Nor the strength of him who trusteth in the arm of God  
Most High.

" These limbs, that now are weak, were strong then, and  
thy cheek

Held roses that were red as any rose in June—  
That now are wan, my daughter! as the light on the Foyle  
water

When all the sea and all the land are white beneath the  
moon.

" Then the foemen gather'd fast—we could see them  
marching past—

The Irish from his barren hills, the Frenchmen from  
his wars,

With their banners bravely beaming, and to our eyes their  
seeming

Was fearful as a locust band, and countless as the  
stars.

" And they bound us with a cord from the harbour to the  
ford,

And they raked us with their cannon, and sallying was  
hot;

But our trust was still unshaken, though Culmore fort was  
taken,

And they wrote our men a letter, and they sent it in  
a shot.

"They were soft words that they spoke, how we need not  
fear their yoke,  
And they pleaded by our homesteads, and by our children  
small,  
And our women fair and tender ; but we answered : ' No  
surrender ! '  
And we called on God Almighty, and we went to man  
the wall.

"There was wrath in the French camp ; we could hear  
their Captain's stamp,  
And Rosen, with his hand on his cross'd hilt, swore  
That little town of Derry, not a league from Culmore ferry,  
Should lie a heap of ashes on the Foyle's green shore.

"Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral Church  
Above the tide-vest river looks eastward from the bay—  
Dear namesake of St Columb, and each morning, sweet  
and solemn,  
The bells, through all the tumult, have call'd us in to pray.

"Our leader speaks the prayer—the captains all are there—  
His deep voice never falters, though his look be sad and  
grave  
On the women's pallid faces, and the soldiers in their  
places,  
And the stones above our brothers that lie buried in the  
nave.

"They are closing round us still by the river ; on the hill  
You can see the white pavilions round the standard of  
their chief ;  
But the Lord is up in heaven, though the chances are  
uneven,  
Though the boom is in the river whence we look'd for  
our relief.

"And the faint hope dies away at the close of each long day,  
As we see the eyes grow lustreless, the pulses beating  
low ;  
As we see our children languish. Was ever martyr's  
anguish,  
At the stake or in the dungeon, like this anguish that  
we know ?

“With the foemen’s closing line, while the English make  
no sign,  
And the daily lessening ration, and the fall of staggering  
feet,  
And the wailing, low and fearful, and the women, stern  
and tearful,  
Speaking bravely to their husbands and their lovers in  
the street.

“There was trouble in the air when we met this day for  
prayer,  
And the joyous July morning was heavy in our eyes ;  
Our arms were by the altar as we sang aloud the Psalter,  
And listen’d in the pauses for the enemy’s surprise.

“‘Praise the Lord God in the height, for the glory of His  
might!’  
It ran along the arches and it went out to the town :  
‘In His strength He hath arisen, He hath loos’d the souls  
in prison,  
The wrong’d one He hath righted, and raised the fallen-  
down.’

“And the preacher’s voice was bold as he rose up then  
and told  
Of the triumph of the righteous, of the patience of the  
saints,  
And the hope of God’s assistance, and the greatness of  
resistance,  
Of the trust that never wearies and the heart that never  
faints.

“Where the river joins the brine, canst thou see the ships  
in line?  
And the plenty of our craving just beyond the cruel  
boom?  
Through the dark mist of the firing canst thou see the  
masts aspiring,  
Dost thou think of one who loves thee on that ship  
amidst the gloom?”

She was weary, she was wan, but she climb'd the  
rampart on,

And she look'd along the water where the good ships  
lay afar :

"Oh! I see on either border their cannon ranged in order,  
And the boom across the river, and the waiting  
men-of-war.

"There's death in every hand that holds a lighted brand,  
But the gallant little *Mountjoy* comes bravely to the  
front.

Now, God of Battles, hear us! Let that good ship draw  
near us.

Ah! the brands are at the touch-holes—will she bear  
the cannon's brunt?

"She makes a forward dash. Hark! hark! the thunder-  
crash!

O father, they have caught her—she is lying on the shore.  
Another crash like thunder—will it tear her ribs asunder?

No, no! the shot has freed her—she is floating on once  
more.

"She pushes her white sail through the bullets' leaden hail—  
Now blessings on her captain and on her seamen bold!—

Crash! crash! the boom is broken; I can see my true  
love's token—

A lily in his bonnet, a lily all of gold.

"She sails up to the town, like a queen in a white gown  
Red golden are her lilies, true gold are all her men.

Now the *Phoenix* follows after—I can hear the women's  
laughter,

And the shouting of the soldiers, till the echoes ring  
again."

She has glided from the wall, on her lover's breast to fall,  
As the white bird of the ocean drops down into the  
wave;

And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices  
singing,

And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph  
stave :

"Sing ye praises through the land; the Lord with His  
right hand,  
With his mighty arm hath gotten Himself the victory  
now.  
He hath scattered their forces, both the riders and their  
horses.  
There is none that fighteth for us, O God! but only  
Thou."

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## FATHER CROTTY'S HAT

BY F. M. ALLEN

FATHER PHIL CROTTY was the parish priest of Kilmacow for many a long year, never thravellin' a dozen miles outside his own disthricht, an' seldom or ever meetin' wud any one outside his own parish. He was a stout, eldherly man, as aisy-goin' as a dog to a patthorn, an' as innocent of the ways of the world as a child in a perambulathor; but for all that, he was as full of life an' sperits, in due saison, as if he wor a sportin' squireen.

Wan summer it occurred to his reverence that, for the good of his sowl, he ought to make a tower of the Holy Land, includin' Rome, of coorse. The poor man started out all alone, and he had a dale of difficulty at first in makin' himself undherstud in furrin parts, but the Latin carried him over all obstacles in a hand-gallop.

Well, when he arrived in Rome he didn't know a livin' sowl in the place, though he could give you the bearin's of the four bones of every saint in the Catacombs. He had an inthroduction, which he carried in the linin' of his baiver hat, to a larned professor in the Irish college—a fellow-counthryman, by the name of Docthor O'Flanagan. To the Irish college Father Phil natur'lly made thracks the first mornin' he was in Rome.

He was towld the larned dochter was very busy puttin' some of the stewgents through their coorses, an' he sent a Tallyan clargyman out to the refecthry to Father Crotty wud his compliments. The Tallyan, who could just spayke a little broken English, tuk the parish priest of Kilmacow out for a sthroll, in ordher to show him some of the sights of Rome, an' amongst other things he got an ordher for the Vatican, which he handed to Father Phil, tellin' him that they'd do their best to inthroduce him to the Pope in person next day.

Of coorse, poor Father Crotty was overjoyed; an' faix he scarcely knew whether it was on his head or his heels he was standin' when he was biddin' good-day to the Tallyan an' arrangin' about meetin' him the next day to be inthroduced to the Head of the Church.

Afther his dinner the parish priest of Kilmacow thought he'd take a solithary sthroll about the Holy City, an' in the cool of the evenin' he encounthered the Vatican by chance. It sthruke him all of a sudden that he had an ordher to visit the place. So he showed the ordher to the guards at the main enthance an' passed through the turnstile as jauntily as if he wor a recrutin' sergeant.

The good man wandhered about the grounds for a spell, an' then he dived into the intayrior of the buildin' an' walked about through the halls an' the lobbies, no wan takin' any particular notice of him, seein' that he was in holy ordhers. At last he came to the enthance of the private wing where the Pope's billiard-room was partly consailed. He looked up at the notice-board, but, as the warnin' to thresspassers was prented in a furrin language, poor Father Phil didn't undherstand it, so he sthrolled along a corridoor an' up a saycret staircase until he came to the door of the billiard-room itself. The door was a thrifle on the jar, an' the poor *soggarth*<sup>1</sup> felt very tired afther his day's thramp, so, thinkin' it was some kind of a chapel, he med up his mind to go an' say a few prayers an' rest his tired bones. He shoved the door open, an' then in a great fright he dhrew it back again, for he saw that it was by no manes a place of worship, an' that it was occupied by an elderly gentleman who was sittin' on a bench readin' a newspaper.

<sup>1</sup> A priest.



"A billiard-room, by all that's wonderful!" says Father Phil. "Who'd ever think of the like?"

The strange gentleman inside was no other than the Pope himself; but, of coorse, Father Crotty hadn't the laste glimmer of a notion of this, for His Holiness was dhressed only in an ordinary habit, such as might be worn by a friar. It so happened that this very evenin' the College of Cardinals wor havin' a private smokin'-concert in another wing of the Vatican, an' the Pope, not bein' partial to that form of amusement, thought he'd have a quiet evenin' all to himself, readin' the papers an' thryin' some new fancy shots on the green table.

"Come in, neighbour," he cried out in Church Latin, thinkin' the intruder was some sthray Cardinal who had got tired of the concert.

Father Phil, tremblin'ly enough, enthered the room at the summons an' said a few words of salutation in the Latin language. His Holiness at wance saw this man was no Cardinal but some misguided clergyman who had wandhered, by mistake, no doubt, into his private apartments; an' for the moment he felt almost as confused as the poor priest. However, His Holiness soon picked himself together an' axed Father Phil who an' what he was; an' Father Phil made answer, but in such bad Latin that the Pope could scarcely undherstand a word, so says he,—

"I can discoorse in most languges, reverend father. Talk in your own tongue an' we'll get on betther together."

Afther a few minutes, the Pope knew all about Father Crotty's business, but he never let on for a minute who himself was, and he tuk a soort of a fancy to the *soggarth*.

"Hang your hat up on a nail there over your head," says His Holiness, "an' we'll have a chat."

So Father Phil hung up his baiver, never thinkin' he was in the company of any one higher in rank than himself, an' he was too shy wud sthrangers to ax the gentleman his name.

"So you're from Kilmacow?" says the Pope.

"Ay, sir," says Father Phil, "in the County Kilkenny where the rod-iron grows."

"Where the *what* grows?" says the Pope, dhrawin' his eyebrows together.

"The rod - iron, sir; but you'd want to live in the neighbourhood to undherstand the richness of the soil."

"Begor, it's a quare name for a place, sure enough," says the Pope. "An' is this yer reverence's first thrip to the Holy City?"

"The very first," says Father Phil; "an' to - morrow I'm promised an inthroduction to His Holiness in person. 'Tis the proud man I am this minute."

"Pride is a dangerous thing for a clergyman," says the Pope.

"But there's such a thing as proper pride, my child," says Father Crotty.

"Maybe so," says His Holiness, thryin' to keep a smile from curlin' his lips. "Tell me," says he, "do you ever play a game of billiards at all?"

"I do then, sir," says Father Phil, "though I fear I give scandal to my parishioners by doin' the like. I visit a friendly squire in our parts of an odd evenin', an' he has a very nate table. Faix, to tell the thruth, I can see no harm in a quiet hundhred up."

"The divil a morsel of harm," says the Pope. "Maybe you'd thry a game wud meself?"

"Wud all the veins of my heart," says Father Phil, glancin' at the grand table.

"What soort of a player are you?" axes the Pope.

"Among the middlin's," answers Father Phil.

"Do you ever make a break at all?" axes His Holiness.

"Of an odd time," says Father Crotty.

"What's your favourite sthroke?" inquires the Pope, anxious to find out how many points he might safely offer the parish priest.

"I'm best at an all-round cannon game," says Father Phil.

"Thay lays itself open to a dale of flukin'," says the Pope. "I suppose you don't bar the spot sthroke?" says he, winkin' to himself.

"Is it thryin' to take a rise out of me you are?" says Father Phil. "Let us thry a game, an' we'll soon undherstand aich other."

"But you don't ax me how I play?" says the Pope,

who was thinkin' how he'd open the eyes of the poor Irish priest wud some of his dazzlin' hazards.

"That wouldn't be good manners," says Father Phil, "an' 'twould be only a pleasure to me to be baiten by a gentleman like yerself."

"Well, take a cue out of the rack," says the Pope, startin' to walk across the room to a cupboard where he kept his private billiard matayrials.

Father Phil wasn't long pickin' out a stick, an' then the Pope, seein' all was ready, axed his visithor to start the game.

So the parish priest of Kilmacow gave a miss in balk, an' then His Holiness thried a cannon off the red, an' missed it badly.

The balls wor nicely broke for Father Phil, an' he ran up a break of twenty-seven in less than no time.

"Oh, Holy Saint Pether!" cries the Pope at the end of the break, "you play the mischief's own game."

"All luck, sir," says Father Crotty, modestly enough.

"An' the deuce a thing you have left me," says His Holiness, dhrummin' the fingers of his left hand on the cloth. "Except," says he, in a half shame-faced way, "the white over the top hole. I wondher will I run it down, an' thry for a double balk?"

"Play the game daycently," says Father Crotty, a bit angry at the notion of bein' potted. "Thry a cannon off the red—give yer ball plenty of giz."

"Plenty of what?" axes the Pope.

"Giz—side," answers Father Crotty, who saw that he could knock spots out of his companion, an' didn't mind offerin' him instruuctions. "'Tis an aisy shot. Spot yer ball a little at the side," for His Holiness was in hand. "That's it," says he a minute laither. "Now then—gently does it. Bravo!" he cries, as the Pope made the cannon. "There's the makin's of a good player in you, if ye only study the game properly, an' play it daycently."

Begor, the Pope never felt so small in his life, an', though he was proud of havin' made the cannon, he felt half inclined to jack up the game. But he thought this might seem like givin' way to temper, an' of coorse he couldn't afford to do that.

"Do all the people in Kilmacow play like yerself?"

axes the Pope a few minutes laither, as he watched Father Crotty doin' a mystayrious run up the side of the cushion.

"Oh, faix, there are very few that play there at all!" says the *soggarth*. "It's a mighty quiet place altogether."

"Kilmacow!" says the Pope, chalkin' his cue. "I can't get over the name at all. I suppose ye're given to bulls over there—real Irish bulls! Come now, reverend father," says His Holiness, who was fond of a small taste of a joke, "what's the difference between an Irish bull—I mane a bull in conversation—an' wan direct from Rome by special envoy?"

"That's more than I could answer ye," says Father Phil.

"Do you give it up?" says the Pope.

"I do, sir," says Father Phil.

"Well," says the Pope, "'twas only this moment I thought of it, mind you. Wan is a convarson of maynin' an' the other is a manes of convarson."

"Not bad at all," says Father Crotty, who didn't in his private mind think very much of the answer to the riddle. "But stop a minute!" says he. "You'll never screw in off that ball. Take a friend's advice an' thry to dhribble it into the top pocket, an' don't hold your cue as if you wor goin' into a faction fight wid it."

And so they went on playin' an' discoorsin', Father Crotty payin' more attention to his companion's game than to his own, until at last they stood at *ninety-seven all*.

When the game was called it was the *soggarth's* turn to play, an' the red was convaynient to the left-hand top pocket. All at wance came back to the Pope the memory of the night when he had such a narrow shave wud the American Archbishop, an' he couldn't help thinkin', as he looked at the table, that it was a kind of meracle. He fell to wondherin' what would be the result of the game, an' was he raley goin' to be bet at last by a common parish priest. Father Phil knew almost from the start that he was thirty to forty points in a hundhred better than his companion, but he didn't like to run away wud a first game wud a sthranger on the man's own table. However, when he saw the red ball so handy to the top pocket, he felt he couldn't in conscience miss the shot, so he turned to the Pope, an' says he, "Give

us the rest," for his own ball was a good bit out of his reach.

The Pope's jaw fell at the words, for he knew by them that the parish priest from Kilmacow meant business. He cursed—of course in a holy way—his bad luck in havin' to lose to a parish priest the first game he ever lost. In fact he felt he couldn't stomach such a defeat at any price.

"Reverend father," says he, in a husky voice, "before you make that shot will you oblige me by puttin' on yer hat?"

"Sartingly," says Father Phil, lettin' the butt of his cue touch the ground.

The simple, poor man thought it might be a braich of Roman law to win a game bare-headed.

"I'll fetch yer hat," says the Pope; "wud the crutch you mane to pot that ball, I suppose?"

"By the hole of my coat, I do," answers Father Phil. "Why, it would be almost a sin cryin' to Heaven for vengeance if I missed such an aisy chance."

"Don't break the Ten Commandments, whatever you do," says the Pope, sighin' deeply, an' steppin' across the room.

Father Phil quietly chalked his cue, an' blew some of the extra chalk off of it while His Holiness was lookin' for the rest.

"Here ye are," says the Pope, handin' the article to Father Crotty wud his left hand, "an' here's yer head-gear," howldin' out a bright red hat wud his right hand.

"That's not mine," says Father Phil onaisily, pointin' to the red hat. "Mine was a new baiver."

"This is your hat," says the Pope, in a solemn voice, and then to poor Father Crotty's astonishment His Holiness dived his hands undher the table an' pulled out a crown, which he fixed on his own head.

Begor, it flashed on Father Phil in a minute who his companion was, an' he very nearly fell in a fit on the floor. Anyhow, his spayche left him completely.

"I couldn't stand bein' bet by anything undher a Cardinal," says the Pope, "an' I couldn't ax you to lose the game after hearin' you swear such a terrible oath that you meant to win it. Kneel down there before you make the dhrive at that red ball. An', afther all, sure it ought

to be a pleasure to make a prince of the Church of a man wud so much knowledge of 'side,' more especially a native of a disthrick where they grow rod-iron."

Father Phil could never tell how he managed to get properly on his knees, or how he managed to rise up again a full Cardinal an' finish the game. But finish it he did, potting the red ball handsomely.

An', widout a word of a lie, that's how Father Phil became His Eminence, Cardinal Crotty.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

## THE ABBOT OF INISFALEN

A KILLARNEY LEGEND

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

### I

THE Abbot of Inisfalen awoke ere dawn of day ;  
Under the dewy green leaves went he forth to pray.  
The lake around his island lay smooth and dark and deep,  
And wrapt in a misty stillness the mountains were all  
asleep.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac when the dawn was dim  
and gray ;

The prayers of his holy office he faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac while the dawn was  
waxing red ;

And for his sins' forgiveness a solemn prayer he said :

Low kneel'd that holy Abbot while the dawn was waxing  
clear ;

And he pray'd with loving-kindness for his convent-  
brethren dear.

Low kneel'd that blessed Abbot while the dawn was  
waxing bright ;

He pray'd a great prayer for Ireland, he pray'd with all  
his might.

Low kneel'd that good old Father while the sun began to  
dart;  
He pray'd a prayer for all men, he pray'd it from his  
heart.  
His blissful soul was in Heaven, tho' a breathing man  
was he;  
He was out of time's dominion, so far as the living may be.

## II

The Abbot of Inisfalen arose upon his feet;  
He heard a small bird singing, and O but it sung sweet!  
It sung upon a holly-bush, this little snow-white bird;  
A song so full of gladness he never before had heard.  
It sung upon a hazel, it sung upon a thorn;  
He had never heard such music since the hour that he  
was born.  
It sung upon a sycamore, it sung upon a briar;  
To follow the song and hearken this Abbot could never  
tire.  
Till at last he well bethought him; he might no longer  
stay;  
So he bless'd the little white singing-bird, and gladly  
went his way.

## III

But, when he came to his Abbey, he found a wondrous  
change;  
He saw no friendly faces there, for every face was strange.  
The strange men spoke unto him; and he heard from all  
and each  
The foreign tongue of the Sassenach, not wholesome Irish  
speech.  
Then the oldest monk came forward, in Irish tongue  
spake he:  
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress, and who hath  
given it to thee?"  
"I wear the holy Augustine's dress, and Cormac is my  
name,  
The Abbot of this good Abbey, by grace of God, I am.

I went forth to pray, at the dawn of day ; and when my  
prayers were said,  
I hearken'd awhile to a little bird, that sung above my head."  
The monks to him made answer, "Two hundred years  
have gone o'er,  
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate, and never  
was heard of more.  
Matthias now is our Abbot, and twenty have pass'd away.  
The stranger is lord of Ireland ; we live in an evil day."  
"Days will come and go," he said, "and the world will  
pass away,  
In Heaven a day is a thousand years, a thousand years  
are a day."

## IV

"Now give me absolution ; for my time is come," said he.  
And they gave him absolution, as speedily as might be.  
Then, close outside the window, the sweetest song they  
heard  
That ever yet since the world began was utter'd by any  
bird.  
The monks look'd out and saw the bird, its feathers all  
white and clean ;  
And there in a moment, beside it, another white bird was  
seen.  
Those two they sang together, waved their white wings,  
and fled ;  
Flew aloft, and vanish'd ; but the good old man was dead.  
They buried his blessed body where lake and greensward  
meet ;  
A carven cross above his head, a holly-bush at his feet ;  
Where spreads the beautiful water to gay or cloudy skies,  
And the purple peaks of Killarney from ancient woods  
arise.

[By kind permission of Mrs Allingham.]

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## A DREAM

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night ;  
I went to the window to see the sight ;  
All the Dead that ever I knew  
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd ;  
Townsfellows all, from first to last ;  
Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd  
At soldiers once—but now more staid ;  
Those were the strangest sight to me  
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk ; bent and weak, too ;  
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;  
Some but a day in their churchyard bed ;  
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,  
Yet of them all there was one, one only,  
Raised a head or look'd my way :  
She linger'd a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face !  
Ah ! Mother dear ! might I only place  
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,  
Young and old, women and men ;  
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

## WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

And first there came a bitter laughter ;  
 A sound of tears the moment after ;  
 And then a music so lofty and gay,  
 That every morning, day by day,  
 I strive to recall it if I may.

[*By kind permission of Mrs Allingham.*]

## THE FAIRIES

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men ;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together ;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their haire,  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam ;  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain-lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
 The old King sits ;  
 He is now so old and grey  
 He's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkill he crosses,  
 On his stately journeys  
 From Slieveleague to Rosses ;

Or going up with music,  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long ;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow ;  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite ?  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up t<sup>g</sup>airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting,  
For fear of little men ;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together ;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !

## THE LEPRACAUN OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,  
 Up on the lonely *rath's*<sup>1</sup> green mound?  
 Only the plaintive yellow bird  
 Sighing in sultry fields around,  
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—  
 Only the grasshopper and the bee?—

“Tip-tap, rip-rap,  
 Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather, sewn together,  
 This will make a shoe.  
 Left, right, pull it tight;  
 Summer days are warm;  
 Underground in winter,  
 Laughing at the storm!”  
 Lay your ear close to the hill.  
 Do you not catch the tiny clamour,  
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,  
 Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill  
 As he merrily plies his trade?  
 He's a span  
 And a quarter in height.  
 Get him in sight, hold him tight,  
 And you're a made  
 Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,  
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;  
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,  
 Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?  
 Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!  
 “Big boots a-hunting,  
 Sandals in the hall,  
 White for a wedding-feast,  
 Pink for a ball.

<sup>1</sup> A circular earthen fort.

This way, that way,  
So we make a shoe ;  
Getting rich every stitch,  
Tick-tack-too ! ”

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks

This keen miser-fairy hath,  
Hid in mountains, woods and rocks,  
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,  
And where the cormorants build ;  
From times of old  
Guarded by him ;  
Each of them fill'd  
Full to the brim  
With gold !

I caught him at work one day, myself,  
In the castle-ditch, where fox-glove grows,—  
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,  
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,  
Silver buckles to his hose,  
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—  
“ Rip-rap, tip-tap,  
Tick-tack-too !  
(A grasshopper on my cap !  
Away the moth flew !)  
Buskins for a fairy prince,  
Brogues for his son—  
Pay me well, pay me well,  
When the job is done ! ”

The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.  
I stared at him ; he stared at me ;  
“ Servant, Sir ! ” “ Humph ! ” says he,  
And pull'd a snuff-box out.  
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,  
The queer little Lepracaun ;  
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—  
Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,  
And, while I sneezed,  
Was gone !

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

OH, lovely Mary Donnelly, my joy, my only best!  
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest;  
 Be what it may the time o' day, the place be where it will,  
 Sweet looks o' Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me  
 still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,  
 How clear they are, how dark they are! they give me  
 many a shock;  
 Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a  
 show'r,  
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its  
 pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye-brows lifted  
 up,  
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china  
 cup,  
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;  
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,  
 No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;  
 But Mary kept the belt o' love, and oh, but she was gay!  
 She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart  
 away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so  
 complete  
 The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her feet;  
 The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so much  
 praised,  
 But bless'd his luck to not be deaf when once her voice  
 she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you sung,  
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my  
tongue ;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both  
your hands,  
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

'Tis you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town ;  
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.  
If some great lord should come this way, and see your  
beauty bright,  
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,  
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall !  
Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,  
With sods o' grass the only roof, and mud the only wall !

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress,  
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.  
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and  
low ;  
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go !

*[By kind permission of Mrs Allingham.]*

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## THE TOUCHSTONE

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,  
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand ;  
And tested all things in the land  
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote  
The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;  
Purple nor ermine did he spare,  
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

## WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,  
Were many changed to chips and clods,  
And even statues of the gods  
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
"The loss outweighs the profit far ;  
Our goods suffice us as they are ;  
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so prevail  
To check his unrelenting guest,  
They seized him, saying—"Let him test  
How real it is, our jail !"

But, tho' they slew him with the sword,  
And in a fire his Touchstone burn'd,  
Its doings could not be o'erturn'd,  
Its undoings restored.

And when to stop all future harm,  
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze ;  
They little guess'd each grain of these  
Convey'd the perfect charm.

North, south, in rings and amulets,  
Throughout the crowded world 'tis borne ;  
Which, as a fashion long outworn,  
Its ancient mind forgets.

*[By kind permission of Mrs Allingham.]*

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## VENUS OF THE NEEDLE

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

O MARYANNE, you pretty girl,  
Intent on silky labour,  
Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,  
Excuse a peeping neighbour !



Those eyes, for ever drooping, give  
The long brown lashes rarely ;  
But violets in the shadows live—  
For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough  
Of looks so long and earnest ?  
Lo, here's more " penetrable stuff,"  
To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped !  
How slender, and how nimble !  
Oh, might I wind their skeins of thread,  
Or but pick up their thimble !

How blest the youth whom love shall bring,  
And happy stars embolden,  
To change the dome into a ring,  
The silver into golden !

Who'll steal some morning to her side  
To take her finger's measure,  
While Maryanne pretends to chide,  
And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,  
Well conscious that it *is* hers ;  
Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,  
With those so ready scissors.

Who'll taste those ripenings of the south,  
The fragrant and delicious—  
Don't put the pins into your mouth,  
O Maryanne, my precious !

I almost wish it were my trust  
To teach how shocking that is ;  
I wish I had not, as I must,  
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,  
 Across a street so narrow ;  
 A silken thread to string his bow,  
 A needle for his arrow !

[By kind permission of Mrs Allingham.]

## HOW TERRY SAVED HIS BACON

ANONYMOUS

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, *ma bouchal*!<sup>1</sup> sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry: "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast; an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick: "Sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the *gossoons*<sup>2</sup> at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take

<sup>1</sup> My boy. Pronounced *büch-ill* (ch as in German).

<sup>2</sup> Small boys. Derived from the French *garçon*.

it: why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he; "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it."

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry. What'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out,—

"Oh! stop, stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh! never mind: tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business; an' he bein' ingaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you;" and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins. "No, certainly not: give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest: "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an'

I'll do that same immediately ; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

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### KITTY OF COLERAINE<sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,  
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.  
"Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you now!  
I'm sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again.  
'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney McCleary,  
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;  
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her  
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
'Twas the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—  
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain !  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

<sup>1</sup> Coleraine is generally pronounced in Ireland *Col'raïne*.

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## MUSIC IN THE STREET

ANONYMOUS

IT rose upon the sordid street,  
A cadence sweet and lone ;  
Through all the vulgar din it pierced,  
That low melodious tone.  
It thrilled on my awakened ear  
Amid the noisy mart,  
Its music over every sound  
Vibrated in my heart.

I've heard full oft a grander strain  
Through lofty arches roll,  
That bore on the triumphant tide  
The rapt and captive soul.  
In this the breath of my own hills  
Blew o'er me soft and warm,  
And shook my spirit, as the leaves  
Are shaken by the storm.

As sounds the distant ocean wave  
Within a hollow shell,  
I heard within this far-off strain  
The gentle waters swell  
Around my distant island shore,  
And gurgle through the rocks,  
While o'er their full and gliding wave  
The sea-birds wheeled in flocks.

There, through the long delicious eves  
Of that old haunted land  
The Naiads, in their floating hair,  
Yet dance upon the strand ;  
Till near and nearer came the sound,  
And swelled upon the air,  
And still strange echoes trembled through  
The magic music there.

It rose above the ceaseless din,  
It filled the dusty street,  
As some cool breeze of freshness blows  
Across the desert's heat.  
It shook their squalid attic homes—  
Pale exiles of our race—  
And drew to dingy window-panes  
Full many a faded face,

And eyes whose deep and lustrous light  
Flashed strangely, lonely there,  
And many a young and wistful brow  
Beneath its soft brown hair ;  
And other eyes of fiercer fire,  
And faces rough and dark—  
Brave souls ! that bore thro' all their lives  
The tempests on their bark.

In through the narrow rooms it poured,  
That music sweeping on,  
And perfumed all their heavy air  
With flowers of summers gone,  
With waters sparkling to the lips,  
With many a summer breeze,  
That woke into one rippling song  
The shaken summer trees.

In it, along the sloping hills  
The blue flax-blossoms bent ;  
In it, above the shining streams  
The "Fairy Fingers" leant ;  
In it, upon the soft green Rath,  
There bloomed the Fairy Thorn ;  
In it their tired feet felt the dew  
Of many a harvest morn.

In it, the ripe and golden corn  
Bent down its heavy head ;  
In it, the grass waved long and sweet  
Above their kindred dead ;  
In it, the voices of the loved  
They might no more behold  
Came back and spoke the tender words  
And sang the songs of old.

Sometimes there trembled through the strain  
A song like falling tears,  
And then it rose and burst again  
Like sudden clashing spears ;  
And still the faces in the street  
And at the window-panes  
Would cloud or lighten, gloom or flash  
With all its changing strains.

But, ah ! too soon it swept away,  
That pageantry of sound—  
Again the parted tide of life  
Closed darkly all around,  
As in the wake of some white bark,  
In sunshine speeding on,  
Close in the dark and sullen waves,  
The darker where it shone.

The faces faded from my view,  
Like faces in a dream ;  
To its dull channel back again  
Crept the subsiding stream.  
And I, too, starting like the rest,  
Cast all the spell aside,  
And let the fading music go—  
A blossom down the tide.

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## THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED

ANONYMOUS

THE night before Larry was stretched,  
The boys they all paid him a visit ;  
A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched ;  
They sweated their duds till they riz it :

For Larry was ever the lad,  
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,  
Would fence all the duds that he had  
To help a poor friend to a sneezer,  
And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,  
They drew all their stools round about him,  
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,  
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.  
When one of us asked could he die  
Without having duly repented,  
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye;  
And first by the clargy invented,  
To get a fat bit for themselves."

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,  
"To see you in this situation;  
And, blister my limbs if I lie,  
I'd as lieve it had been my own station."  
"Ochone! it's all over," says he,  
"For the neckcloth I'm forced for to put on,  
And by this time to-morrow you'll see  
Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,  
Because, why, his courage was good.

"And I'll be cut up like a pie,  
And my nob from my body be parted."  
"You're in the wrong box, then," says I,  
"For blast me if they're so hard-hearted:  
A chalk on the back of your neck  
Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;  
Then mind not such trifles a feck,  
For why should the likes of them grieve you?  
And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,  
Till Larry found one of them cheated;  
A dart at his napper he made  
(The boy being easily heated):



" Oh, by the hokey, you thief,  
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle !  
You cheat me because I'm in grief,  
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,  
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,  
He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;  
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,  
And pitched his big wig to the devil ;  
Then sighing, he threw back his head  
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,  
And pitiful sighing, he said :  
" Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle  
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

" Though, sure, it's the best way to die,  
Oh, the devil a better a-livin' !  
For, sure, when the gallows is high  
Your journey is shorter to Heaven :  
But what harasses Larry the most,  
And makes his poor soul melancholy,  
Is to think of the time when his ghost  
Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly—  
Oh, sure, it will kill her alive !"

So moving these last words he spoke,  
We all vented our tears in a shower ;  
For my part, I thought my heart broke,  
To see him cut down like a flower.  
On his travels we watched him next day ;  
Oh, the throttler ! I thought I could kill him ;  
But Larry not one word did say,  
Nor changed till he come to " King Will'am"—  
Then, *musha* !<sup>1</sup> his colour grew white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,  
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,  
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,  
And he died with his face to the city ;

<sup>1</sup> Dear me !

He kicked, too—but that was all pride,  
 For soon you might see 'twas all over ;  
 Soon after the noose was untied,  
 And at darky we waked him in clover,  
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

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THE SHAN VAN VOCHT<sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

OH! the French are on the sea,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
 The French are on the sea,  
 Says the Shan van Vocht ;  
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,  
 They'll be here without delay,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,  
 They'll be here by break of day,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp ?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
 Where will they have their camp ?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;  
 On the Curragh of Kildare,  
 The boys they will be there,  
 With their pikes in good repair,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Curragh of Kildare  
 The boys they will repair,  
 And Lord Edward will be there,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

<sup>1</sup> Shan Van Vocht or Vo—a symbolical name for Ireland, meaning Poor Old Woman, or, to take their words in their order, Old Woman Poor.

Then what will the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What will the yeomen do?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What should the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht?

What should the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What colour will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What colour should be seen  
Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But their own immortal Green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What colour should be seen  
Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But their immortal Green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurrah for Liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea;  
Then hurrah for Liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

## THE GLEN OF THE HORSE

BY GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG

"YONDER's the cleft in the Mountain, their 'Glen of the Horse,'

Lonely, with bulwarks of granite to left and to right  
 Lifted above its great boulders, its bracken and gorse  
 Hiding the rillet that gurgles in giddy delight  
 Hurrying down to the valley of grey Glenmalure.  
 What is the legend that haunts it, of wizard or sprite,  
 Mortal or devil or angel or dragon impure?"

"This. I have reason to know it, none living so well.  
 I am a part of a story that blackens the Glen.  
 Ever the name of it rings in mine ear like a knell;  
 Ever its memory darkens my path among men. . . .

"It was an evening of Summer in red 'Ninety-eight'  
 When, as we climbed from the Valley my troopers and I,  
 Up by the mule-path, and drew in the breezes, elate,  
 Reaching the Pass of Imahl and the moorlands on high,  
 Suddenly rose from the gully the torrents had torn  
 Wide in the heather a Horseman in Rebel's array,  
 Leapt with his steed from the cover he lay in forlorn,  
 Sprang like a hare when it starts at a loud 'hark-away!'  
 Turned for a moment to scan us, then, striking his spurs  
 Deep in the sides of his chestnut, away to the height,  
 Out toward the brown Lugnaquilla through bracken and  
 furze  
 Rode for his life o'er the moors in the face of the night.

"'Follow!' I shouted. 'That Horseman, by Heaven, is a prize!  
 Thoroughbred chestnut he rides, and he rides like a king.  
 Follow him, men . . . follow me; for as fast as he flies,  
 Surely my bay is a bird of as rapid a wing.'

"Up then and out o'er the mountain I leaped as he led,  
 Looked not behind or to left or to right as I flew,  
 Watching the flanks of his steed, and the plumes o'er his  
 head

Glancing away toward the moon as she rose in the blue.  
 Now on the sward and the heather, and now at a dash  
 Clearing a torrent, or plunging hock-deep in the peat,  
 Now in wet mountain-mosses with splash upon splash,  
 Now on the gorse and the gravel with galloping feet,  
 Struggling, we rode such a ride as a madman might  
 dare . . .

Mad?—I was mad that I followed, not he that he fled ;  
 Flying from death was my quarry, made strong with  
 despair ;  
 Wild with the joy of the chase was my soul as I sped.

" 'Where will he lead me,' I thought, 'to what pit or what  
 pool?—

Let him lead on to Hell-gates, I will follow him still—  
 Now that I'm well on his track, shall I turn like a fool?  
 Never a man of my name had a tameable will.'  
 Proud of its old Norman blood was the heart that I bore,  
 Proud of my race that had battled six centuries through  
 Beating the kern from the lands we had conquered of  
 yore.—

'What! shall the Keltic knave baffle me?—Slay, as we  
 slew,

Slay me he may if he can, but not force me to yield.  
 On, little mare, to the doom ; never yield up the chase ;  
 On, gallant bay ; ever first thou hast been in the field,  
 First over water and wall and the first in the race ;  
 On till we run him to earth, or he runs us to death !'

"So to my hunter I murmured. She heard me, and  
 sprang

Up from the hollow we strove in, and over the heath  
 Bounded with stride ever swifter and audible clang,  
 Striking the masses of granite that broke from the clod ;  
 Forward still fleeter, and close at the heels of our prey ;  
 Nearer and nearer with thunder of hoofs on the sod,  
 Scattering the russet-brown peat-dust about us like spray.

"Foam from my bay with the foam of his chestnut flew by :  
 'Yield in the King's name !' my lips all but muttered, so  
 nigh

Snorted the nose of my horse to the knave's saddlebow—  
 When all at once from the holster his pistol he snatched,  
 Turned, and let fly at my forehead, but, aiming too low,  
 Close by my neck whisked his bullet—and left me  
 unscratched.

"Loud then I laughed at the Rebel as anger and pain  
 Flashed in the gleam of his teeth, and he galloped away,  
 Spurring more fiercely the sides of his chestnut. Again  
 Out of my reach he had swept, and I urged on my bay.

"Then in a moment he doubled. With face to the Vale  
 Downward he swerved with a start as if driven with a  
 goad.

Headlong he galloped, I after him hard on the trail . . .  
 Ay, but I knew what he saw not, that right in his road,  
 Dim in the twilight, yon precipice, sudden and sheer,  
 Broke o'er the Glen, with Death staring up grim from the  
 gap! . . .

'Let him go forward' (I laughed) 'in his frantic career ;  
 Out on the verge of the crags he is caught in a trap ;  
 There he must rein in his steed, he must turn on his  
 track ;

There he must lie in my grip, or for liberty fight.'  
 Then for the first time I thought of my men, and looked  
 back ;

Saw them behind in the moor coming on with the night.

"'If he resists now,' I said, 'we shall fight all alone.  
 Dexterous doubtless he'll prove, and of sinew and bone,  
 Tough, quick of eye and of wrist, by no danger dismayed ;  
 Short will the duel be surely, with pistol or blade. . . .

"'Nay, he is nearing the verge. . . . Will he fail to discern  
 The abyss? Will he rein not his steed till it yearns at his  
 feet?'

Nearer and nearer. . . . 'The nearer the sharper the turn ;  
 Now in a trice he recoils at the chasm, and we meet.'

"Close in his wake I was bounding. . . . 'Great God, is he blind?'—

Right in his way the great precipice plunged like a wall. . . .

Out there in front there was nought but the gulf and the wind!

Giddy and horrible seemed it, a sight to appal! . . .

'What! has he lost his command of the brute that he strides? . . .

Nay, do I see but a spectre that flies in the gloom,  
See the wild *phookah*<sup>1</sup> of Erin that haunts the hillsides,  
Galloping wildly for ever, a phantom of doom?'

"Up from my heart came a cry with a catching of breath—

'Stay!—Though I love not thy cause, I would save if I might

Foe more detested than thou from so ghastly a death.' . . .

Vainly I cried. Man and horse like a flash from my sight

Out o'er the edge of the crag with a wild leap in air

Sprang . . . and a sickness came o'er me as, tightening the rein,

Blankly I stared at the valley, and murmured a prayer

For the wretch I had hunted to death, and hunted in vain.

"Mournfully, silently, down from the summit I crept,

Round by the slopes of the mountain, as over me sailed,

Dull in the mist, the faint moon, and the valley-wind swept

Coldly my forehead, and round me the wild plover wailed.

"Huddled beside his dead charger, bruised, broken, and dead,

There 'mid the green beds of bracken, his face to the sky,

Pale with death's pallor, more pale for the moon overhead,

There I beheld in his blood the poor fugitive lie.

"Laying a pitying hand on the heart that was still, '

Gently a picture I drew from the bosom laid bare,

Lifted it up in the moon from the dusk of the hill,

Gazed for a moment, and stared. . . . 'So young and so fair! . . .

<sup>1</sup> A fairy monster in the shape of a horse.

Nay, but her features I know . . . O my God, can it  
be? . . .

Florence—thy face on his bosom! . . . Alas! was the  
youth,

Florence, thy lover, thine, Cousin—thine, slain, and  
through me?’

Then all at once through my spirit outbroke the whole  
truth.

“Bending above the dead man once again, I beheld  
Dimly the face of the friend I had known long ago,—  
Randal, the bold young enthusiast, madly impelled,  
Breaking away from his kindred, to strike a wild blow  
Thus for the race that his fathers had swayed with the  
sword—

Randal, the eloquent talker, the graceful, the brave,  
Randal, the chivalrous ever in act and in word,  
Randal, poor Florence’s chosen, brought thus to his  
grave!

“Down on my knees in the heather I knelt at his side,  
Felt all the rapture of living fade out in eclipse,  
Claspt the dead hand that in life had been proudly  
denied,

Bent o’er his face in loud sobbing, and kissed his cold  
lips.

Then, as men hunt for excuses to justify wrong  
Ever, when conscience is sorest and deepest their guilt,  
Idly I sung to my conscience the hypocrite’s song—  
‘Surely in doing my duty this blood have I spilt. . . .  
Duty, ay, Duty, what crimes have been wrought in thy  
name?—

Was it my passion for Duty alone that inspired?  
How much of prejudice, hatred, a hunger for fame,  
How much the thirst for mere blood by the brute’s heart  
desired? . . .

Randal, my friend of old days, if thy spirit could bend  
From out the cold azure of heaven and see me this hour,  
Could’st thou have love to forgive the deep wrong of  
thy friend

Done not in virtue, but ignorance? . . . O Sovran Power,



God of the worlds who hast made us, and knowest full  
well

Us and the forces that fret us Thyself hast ordained,  
Here in thy lonely waste places of mountain and dell  
Stretch I my hands to the worlds by thy wisdom sustained,  
Here, face to face with awe of Thy being revealed,  
Here, with the gulfs of deep Horror around me rent wide,  
Kneeling, I cry to Thee, God, who with purpose concealed  
Mad'st me, and light in my need to my footsteps denied,  
Thou who has girdled our lives with the river of Death,  
Save us, O God, from this horror of horrors, that men  
Die by the hands of their brothers! . . . Oh, deep in its  
sheath

Bury the sword that divideth us ; back to their den  
Drive Thou the furies that rend us ; expunge and efface,  
Father, the frenzies that scatter our Isle in their sway,—  
Vengeance, the passions of party, the rancours of race,  
Angers that madden and darken, and hates that betray !'

" Long o'er the dead in mine agony cried I to God.  
There by the body still kneeling they found me that  
night ;  
There with our sword-blades we hewed out his grave in  
the sod. . . .

" Never that evening of blood shall be swept from my  
sight ;  
Never that chase of the brave human heart in the gloom ;  
Never the vision in front of the beautiful form  
Swaying in strong airy motion away to its doom :  
Never the face in the bracken, the bosom still warm  
Bearing that picture . . . Ah God ! . . . o'er the heart that  
was still :  
Never the gloom of the vale in the silent night-air,  
As again, with face bent o'er the saddle, I climbed the hill,  
Sick with the anguish of Cain, in my lonely despair."

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Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.]



## GLENS OF WICKLOW

BY GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG

GLENS of Wicklow, o'er the sea  
Comes to-night a voice to me,  
Bidding faint-winged Memory hie  
Backward to the years that lie  
'Mid a past so drear and clouded  
The sick heart, in sorrow shrouded,  
Seldom dares to peer at it,  
But where sun-born phantoms flit;  
And I roam, a blissful child,  
Through your woodland-hollows wild,  
Hear your plunging cataracts cry,  
Watch the wild-hawks in the sky,  
Climb the fraughan-tufted<sup>1</sup> steep,  
Down the dizzy gorges peep;  
And in boyhood's vision see  
The sweet false dreams of days to be.

Glens of Wicklow, forest-crowned,  
In your deeps a Spirit I found  
Strayed adown the sunbeams golden  
'Twixt the bearded branches olden  
To the torrent's pools of gold;  
And her eyes, beneath the fold  
Of bright tresses aureoled,  
Held within their azure wells  
Magic smiles and wildering spells;  
And she chanted down the breeze  
Songs that swayed me as swept trees  
Tossed i' the whirlwind; till I panted  
For the things whereof she chanted,—  
Victory's wreath, and Wisdom's dower,  
Glory of great deeds, and Power,  
Knowledge, Fame for endless days,  
The world's worship, the world's praise.

Ah, I think that truer-hearted  
Lived I then, or e'er I parted,  
Following her wild music's flight  
By weird ways through thickest night,

<sup>1</sup> Fraughan = bilberry. Pronounced fraw-háun.

To find bitter her most sweet !  
 Now anew my pulses beat  
 To a music old and dear  
 Dropping dreamily on mine ear—  
 Sound of rivulets o'er the rocks,  
 Bleating of the mountain flocks,  
 Buzz of bees in blooms a-sway,  
 Laughter of light winds at play,  
 Blackbird's pipe and robin's trill,  
 Patter of nuthatch's bill,  
 Crash of boughs where the squirrel leaps,  
 Splash of troutlet in still deeps,  
 Herdsman's cry, and maiden's song,  
 Sounds that unto you belong,  
 And whereon my spirit fed  
 In the purer summer sped,  
 Finding life and goodliest rest,  
 Nursed on kindly Nature's breast.

Glens of Wicklow, torrent-cloven,  
 Round your streams my life was woven ;  
 Even now as faces fled  
 Of the dearest droopt and dead  
 Flashing on the changed brain,  
 To revive a soul nigh slain  
 With the loss of their love's dower  
 And that withereth hour by hour,  
 Are ye to my heart left dry  
 By a drear Philosophy.  
 What of beauty here remaineth  
 From your olden influence raineth ;  
 What of noble in me liveth,  
 That your far-off impulse giveth ;  
 What of childhood's heart here stays  
 Is your boon of the olden days,  
 Folded in your mild caress,  
 Cared with loving-tenderness.

[By kind permission of Mrs Savage-Armstrong, and of the  
 Publishers, Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.]

## THE WATER SPIRIT

A LEGEND OF CASTLE-CONNELL

BY THE BARD OF THOMOND

ON the fringe of the fern the moonbeam is yellow—  
 On the shore's dusky marge droops the gray-tassell'd  
 willow

From the bank's misty verdure the tide is retreating,  
 Where young Donal Bhan for his sweetheart is waiting—  
 No breath the blue sheen of the river has ruffled,  
 No cloud the brown head of the mountain has muffled,  
 No sound the dim face of the landscape floats over,  
 Save the shrill, airy note of the lone moorland plover.

Up and down paced the youth on the moonlight bank  
 airy,

He linger'd and watch'd till his spirit grew weary ;  
 The moon stole her splendour away from the valley,  
 And he soon must go home without greeting his Eily.  
 But a sound thrills the air, and he pauses to listen,  
 Near the hedge of wild brier where the thorn-flowers  
 glisten—

'Tis gone—yet again his young heart-pulses quiver,  
 As the rising sound swells and rolls up from the river.

Around him a gush of wild music is flowing  
 In rich waves of harmony, coming and going ;  
 Note after note, with deep breathings of sweetness,  
 Rush into his spirit, with passionate fleetness.  
 As one in a dream hears the Fairy-choir singing,  
 Where the snow-bosom'd buds of the woodland are  
 springing,

Thus his senses, enraptur'd, grew madden'd with pleasure,  
 Till he danced, in wild joy, to the full-swelling measure.

Yet for some maiden partner his bosom was yearning,  
 To dance to those wild, magic numbers till morning,  
 When a light floating shade in the moonbeam pass'd o'er  
 him,

And a lady sprang up, like a white cloud, before him :

From the stream to the bank's dewy slope she ascended,  
Her pale, azure hand to young Donal extended ;  
Who felt it as something 'twixt substance and shadow,  
Like a *cean-a-bhan*<sup>1</sup> moist with the dews of the meadow.

As the youth, in the flying maze, pass'd and repass'd her,  
His blood leapt in fire, and his pulses beat faster ;  
The swell of the music grew richer and sweeter,  
And the feet of the dancers flew farther and fleetier.  
Their steps on the pearly sward, humid and hazy,  
Circled thus for an hour over grass-blade and daisy,  
Till the moon in the west, like a white flower descended,  
And farm-cocks proclaim'd that night's journey was ended.

Then melted to silence the music enchanted,  
The pale-bosom'd stream in the dewy dawn panted ;  
While a thin airy shade, o'er the waters blue-sheeted,  
From the river's dim margin the white lady fled ;  
And Donal sank down, in the dawn's fairy stillness,  
With his tired limbs convulsed into strange palsied chill-  
ness.

And there, while the morning-birds warbled around him,  
The young milking-maids, in a frozen trance found him.

And Eily, with tears in her beauteous eyes welling,  
Has gone o'er the hills to a weird woman's dwelling,  
Who, dreading the priest, to a lone glen retreating,  
For years the strong power of the fays has been cheating.  
The fiery-eyed witch heard her story, and turn'd  
To a dell, where the lusmore by lightning lay burned ;  
There she cypher'd some spell on the moss of the heather,  
With the blood of an owl and a hill-raven's feather.

Then she cheered, in low whispers, the maiden repining,  
"Come here the first night, when the new moon is shining,  
Alone, you must shun the broad track of the highway,  
And steal by the brier-skirted path of the by-way.  
I tell you a truth—but let nobody hear it—  
Your lover has danced with a dread Water Spirit ;  
But the strength of her spell that so darkly hangs o'er him  
I have charms that shall break, and to you, dear, restore  
him."

<sup>1</sup> Bog cotton. Pronounced *cannah-bawn*.

## OLIVER'S ADVICE

BY COLONEL WILLIAM BLACKER

THE night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast—  
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast ;  
The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky—  
But "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry."

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with honour due,  
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and  
true—  
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in  
honour's tie,  
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder  
dry.

When Treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened  
round the land,  
For King, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready  
brand ;  
Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was,  
"Do or die."  
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder  
dry.

But now, alas ! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,  
And worth and gallant services remembered are no more ;  
And, crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains of  
grief we lie—  
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scaped of Ninety-  
eight,  
To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of state—  
E'en they whose hands are reeking yet with murder's  
crimson dye ;  
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadined the Slaney's silver  
wave—

They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome  
gave ;

He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit sly ;  
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapped the land in foul  
rebellious flame,

Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks  
untinged by shame.

Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,  
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

The Power that led His chosen, by pillared cloud and  
flame,

Through parted sea and desert waste, that Power is still  
the same ;

He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on Him rely—  
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder  
dry.

The Power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's  
chosen few,

The Power that led great William, Boyne's reddening  
torrent through—

In His protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

Already, see, the star of hope emits its orient blaze,  
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers thro' the haze.

It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh—

Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,  
But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head.  
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the  
cry—

Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

Then cheer, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,  
Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.  
The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes by ;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the  
ready sword—  
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word.  
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the  
Lord on high ;  
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your  
powder dry.

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## A PEASANT WOMAN'S SONG

BY DION BOUCICAULT

I'M very happy where I am,  
Far across the say,  
I'm very happy far from home,  
In North Amerikay.

It's lonely in the night, when Pat  
Is sleeping by my side,  
I lie awake, and no one knows  
The big tears that I've cried ;

For a little voice still calls me back  
To my far, far counthrie,  
And nobody can hear it spake,  
Oh ! nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground  
Behind the chapel wall,  
It's nothing but a tiny mound,  
Without a stone at all ;



It rises like my heart just now,  
It makes a *dawny*<sup>1</sup> hill ;  
It's from below the voice comes out,  
I cannot keep it still.

Oh ! little Voice ; ye call me back  
To my far, far counthrie,  
And nobody can hear ye spake,  
Oh ! nobody but me.

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## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

ADAPTED BY DION BOUCICAULT

O PADDY dear, and did you hear the news that's going  
round ?

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground ;  
St Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be  
seen,

For there's a bloody law again the wearing of the Green.  
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, " How's poor old Ireland, and how does she  
stand ? "

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,  
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the  
Green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel  
Red,  
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they  
have shed.  
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on  
the sod,  
But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot  
'tis trod.

<sup>1</sup> Little.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as  
they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare  
not show,  
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the  
Green.

Yet if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's  
heart,  
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle  
will part;  
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,  
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's  
day.  
O Erin, must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?  
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and  
distant land?  
Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen,  
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of  
the Green.

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## BRIDGET BRADY

A LOVE SONG

BY WILLIAM BOYLE

OH, Bridget Brady's beautiful; her cheeks are like the  
rose;  
In ringlets rare her raven hair adown her shoulders flows;  
The light that lies within her eyes the heavens might  
emulate—  
I'm very fond of Bridget, but I think I'll marry Kate.

Oh, Bridget, wise and beautiful, has wealth in plenteous  
store,  
And fortune fine in calves and kine, and lovers, half-a-  
score;  
Her faintest smile would saints beguile or sinners  
captivate—  
Oh, I think a dale of Bridget, but I'll surely marry Kate.

When Bridget takes her walks abroad the air is filled with  
song,  
And round, to greet her dancing feet, the bright young  
daisies throng.  
The rose and thyme their sweets combine her breath to  
imitate;  
But they can't compare with Bridget, yet I'm going to  
marry Kate.

Oh, Bridget loves me dearly with a love beyond compare,  
And when we meet, her eyes entreat that I her love may  
share;  
And as I gaze, with soul ablaze, I can't exaggerate  
The love I bear for Bridget, though I'm vowed to marry  
Kate.

Now to let you know the raison why I cannot have my  
way,  
Nor bid my heart decide the part the lover must obey—  
The calves and kine of Kate are nine, while Bridget owns  
but eight,  
So, with all my love for Bridget, I'm compelled to marry  
Kate.

[From "*A Kish of Brogues*" = "A Wicker Basket of Irish Heavy  
Shoes." By kind permission of the Author.]

## THE ELOQUENT DEMPSY

BY WILLIAM BOYLE

SCENE: DEMPSY'S *Drawing-room, above his shop. Doors C. and L. Window L. An easy chair, some other chairs, a stool and a sofa. A side-table. A cabinet. A green dressing-gown with orange lining hangs across the back of the easy-chair. Evening. Lamp lighted. Curtains of window drawn.*

[MRS DEMPSY *discovered seated knitting. MARY KATE and O'NEILL come in.*

MRS DEMPSY (*rising*). I asked you to come round, Brian, to give me your advice.

O'NEILL. Thank you, ma'am. It's an honour to me.

MRS DEMPSY (*to MARY KATE*). Your father's asleep, Mary Kate?

MARY KATE. He's just taking a nap, Ma.

MRS DEMPSY. It'll do him no harm. Tell us if he wakes.

[MARY KATE *goes out. MRS DEMPSY and O'NEILL sit.*

The advice I want, Brian, is, first of all, about yourself.

O'NEILL. My advice about myself, Mrs Dempsy?

MRS DEMPSY. Yes, yourself and Mary Kate. Tell me, like an honest boy, what you think about her.

O'NEILL (*confused*). I hope to marry her some day, if you have no objection, Mrs Dempsy.

MRS DEMPSY. Some day is a far day, Brian.

O'NEILL. I'm sorry you think that. I'd marry her to-morrow if I had the means to do it.

MRS DEMPSY. And how do you expect to get the means some day?

O'NEILL. An uncle of mine promised to help me.

MRS DEMPSY. Rich uncles are a blue look-out, Brian. Have you nothing better in your mind than that?

O'NEILL. She promised to wait.

MRS DEMPSY. I don't doubt that, Brian ; but *I'll* not promise you she'll wait. Mr Dempsy's constitution won't allow it, I'm sorry to say.

O'NEILL. Mr Dempsy's constitution, ma'am?

MRS DEMPSY. Yes. He's destroying his health and spending money treating people all day long, and unless I get him out of Cloghermore he'll ruin himself and us. Are you willing to assist me?

O'NEILL. I'm sorry for your trouble, Mrs Dempsy, but I don't see how I can be of any use to you in this.

MRS DEMPSY. You can help me, Brian, by opposing his election and getting him put out. I wouldn't ask you if I hadn't reason for it.

O'NEILL. Oh, Mrs Dempsy, why should I do that? He's one of our best men.

MRS DEMPSY. For his daughter's sake you ought to do it, Brian.

O'NEILL. I'm afraid, Mrs Dempsy, I can't bring myself to promise that.

MRS DEMPSY. It doesn't look as if you cared much for her, then.

O'NEILL. She knows herself how much I care for her.

MRS DEMPSY. And, I suppose, you think it's no other person's business?

O'NEILL. I didn't say that, ma'am.

MRS DEMPSY. No, but you looked it, Brian. It's no matter. Now, If you won't help me for Mary Kate's sake, will you help me for your own?

O'NEILL. I don't know what you mean, ma'am.

MRS DEMPSY. I'll tell you. Supposing we go out to our farm in the country, and leave the business here to you and her—wouldn't it be better for you than waiting, God knows how long, for your uncle's shoes?

O'NEILL. It's a folly to talk, Mrs Dempsy. I couldn't go against a man that served the people as well as he has done. Indeed, I couldn't!

MRS DEMPSY. Not to win a home for yourself and Mary Kate?

O'NEILL (*rising*). No, Mrs Dempsy, no. I'd like to help you, and I'd like to marry Mary Kate; but I'm not going to turn traitor to the Cause if I'm never rich enough to put a ring on her finger.

MRS DEMPSY (*briskly, also rising, and patting his shoulder*). Good boy, Brian! You're the very sort I hoped you'd prove to be. Sit down. I have more to tell you. (*They sit.*) Mr Dempsy's not exactly what you take him for.

O'NEILL. No?

MRS DEMPSY. No. (*Sighs.*) Dr Bunbury has got the soft side of him by promising to get him made a Magistrate, and he's going to sign the address to the Chief Secretary, after all.

O'NEILL. But the Chief Secretary's gone by, and the address is all thrown over.

MRS DEMPSY. No, it's not. He's going to stop at the station on his way back, and they're working at the game as hard as ever.

O'NEILL. But, surely, Mr Dempsy's on our side?

MRS DEMPSY. Is he? (*Hands letter.*) Throw your eye over that. He got it from Bunbury after you and Flanigan went off to-day.

O'NEILL (*looking at letter*). This is bad news. I'll go and see Mike Flanigan at once about it.

MRS DEMPSY. Do. (*They rise.*) You won't object to work against my husband now?

O'NEILL. I'll work against treachery as long as I've a leg to stand on. Though sorry I am it's Mr Dempsy's in it.

MRS DEMPSY. You're an honest lad! I thought you would.

[MARY KATE *comes in softly* L. D.]

MARY KATE (*in a warning voice*). Pa! (*Points behind her.*)

MRS DEMPSY. It's as well he shouldn't see you. Go at once, and God enable you and Mike to save us!

[O'NEILL *goes out hastily, followed by* MARY KATE, C. DEMPSY *comes in, L. He is dressed in a tweed suit.*

DEMPSY (*yawning*). Was that Brian O'Neill I seen going out?

MRS DEMPSY. Yes.

DEMPSY. What brings him here again?

MRS DEMPSY. He came to warn us that the town knows all about your plots with Bunbury.

DEMPSY. My plots, Catherine? (*Yawns.*)

MRS DEMPSY. Yes, your plots and plans, over the Chief Secretary's visit.

DEMPSY. Then old Bunbury has let it out!—Of course, you said there's no foundation for the rumour?

MRS DEMPSY. How could I say the likes of that?

DEMPSY. A wife has to keep up the good name of her husband.

MRS DEMPSY. I'm doing more for your good name than you know.

DEMPSY. That's right. Anything that makes a gentleman of me, makes you a lady, Catherine. (*He puts his arm round her.*) You know it's not fair of you to pull against me on my up-hill climb.

MRS DEMPSY. Your down-hill trot, Jerry, it appears to me.

DEMPSY. Up-hill or down-hill, Catherine, I'm moving anyway; and if you don't help me, I must go on without you.

MRS DEMPSY. Very well. But when you're landed in the ditch, don't ask *me* to pull you out again.

DEMPSY. Well, at any rate you'll stick to me till this election's over.

MRS DEMPSY. Oh, I'm sticking to you much closer than you think, Jerry.

DEMPSY. Come now! That's the proper frame of mind, Catherine. With you to work the pint o' porter boys, and Dr Bunbury the port and sherry people, everything's safe for me and all concerned.

MRS DEMPSY. Dr Bunbury's working you for the address and nothing else. He doesn't care what becomes of you or your business afterwards.

DEMPSY. And I'm working him as much as he is working me.

MRS DEMPSY. All right! stick to Dr Bunbury. We'll see who'll suffer by it in the end.

DEMPSY. Nobody at all. I'll benefit, you'll benefit; the town will benefit more than any one. Me and Dr Bunbury understand each other thoroughly.

MRS DEMPSY. Well, between you, you can fight it with the town; I'll have no more to say about it.

I must mind the shop as long as we have any customers.

[*She goes out, L. D.*]

DEMPSY (*alone*). Fight Cloghermore on the address! I might as well attempt to fight a mad bull with a red handkerchief! (*He peeps out L.; looks puzzled. Then goes to the sideboard, takes out a bottle, and drinks.*) Somebody's coming in the front door. I believe it's Dr Bunbury. (*Wipes his mouth and goes out hastily, leaving bottle on the table.*)

[*MARY KATE comes in, followed by DR BUNBURY and CAPTAIN McNAMARA C. from L.*]

MARY KATE. Mother said Pa was here. I'll go and look for him.

[*She goes out C.*]

CAPT. McNAMARA. I say, Bunbury, this is hardly playing the game—hunting a man down in his own den.

DR BUNBURY. My dear McNamara, it's only for his good.

McNAMARA. I don't see where his good comes in at all, Bunbury.

DR BUNBURY. It's good for every man to be made a loyal citizen. I hope he hasn't taken to his bed again.

McNAMARA. Shouldn't wonder at a man doing anything to escape this damn political quackery.

DR BUNBURY. Don't talk frivolously, McNamara. He may overhear you.

McNAMARA. What matter? It will give the man a chance to hide or run away.

DR BUNBURY. Run away from what?

McNAMARA. From Dr Bunbury's vivisection in the interests of Government.

DR BUNBURY. But, my dear friend, public safety demands the operation. You wouldn't give up Cloghermore to Mike Flanigan and the forces of disruption?

McNAMARA (*laughing*). My dear Doctor, in the public interests I'm prepared to burn Cloghermore to the ground, torture Dempsey into apoplexy, and undermine the con-



stitution of the Chief Secretary with five addresses and a cold luncheon—is that satisfactory to you?

DR BUNBURY (*rising*). Speak lower! (*He looks round, and comes closer to McNAMARA.*) It would be perfectly satisfactory, McNamara, if you meant it. But young men are so indolent, nowadays, they'd drift anywhere if some one didn't undertake to steer them carefully.

McNAMARA. Better drifting with the tide than trying to keep it out with a pitchfork.

DR BUNBURY. Not a word more, McNamara. You placed yourself in my hands, and you must follow my instructions.

McNAMARA. Well, Bunbury, as I'm in for it, I'd rather follow you than Mike Flanigan, the Furious.

[DEMPSY *comes in, C. He is out of breath, and swings round backwards till he bumps against BUNBURY.*

DEMPSY (*gushingly*). Upon my soul—I beg pardon—upon my honour, gentlemen, it's proud I am to see you both under my humble roof. (*Shakes hands.*)

DR BUNBURY. Thank you, thank you, Mr Dempsy, and proud I am, in my personal and professional capacity, to see you in your normal health again.

DEMPSY. Never was better in my life, Doctor. All owing to your wonderful medicine. Won't you try a glass of something, gentlemen? (*Points to bottle.*)

DR BUNBURY. I never look at it before dinner.

DEMPSY. No more do I. No more do I. So I suppose the best thing we can do is just put it out of Mrs Dempsy's reach.

[*He puts away the bottle in the side-board. DR BUNBURY and CAPTAIN McNAMARA shake their heads at each other, and come down the stage.*

DR BUNBURY. A good fellow, Captain McNamara. A worthy, genial gentleman who will be a credit to us on the bench.

McNAMARA. A decided acquisition, I'm sure.

DR BUNBURY. He'll raise the commercial standing of the town in the estimation of the Empire.

MCNAMARA. How nice of him!

DR BUNBURY. And teach us many things we're not quite up to yet.

MCNAMARA. Not a doubt he will.

DEMPSY (*coming down*). Herself likes a drop—(BUNBURY *looks surprised*)—kept handy when a friend calls. She's busy in the shop at present, and I am making myself a bit useful in her absence.

DR BUNBURY. Of course, of course. Business before pleasure, always, Mr Dempsy. Which reminds me this is a business call entirely. You got my message announcing that the Chief Secretary had yielded to our wishes at last?

DEMPSY. I got it, Doctor, just as I was beginning to fear all hope for us was over.

DR BUNBURY. My dear friend, you're far too easily depressed. The Right Honourable gentleman is on the road, and Captain McNamara has the address already drafted in his pocket.

MCNAMARA. Yes, Dempsy (*taking out paper*). Here's the weapon fully charged and primed to slaughter treason. All you've got to do is to pull yourself together and put your hand to it.

DEMPSY (*feebly*). I'm afraid Captain, I can scarcely hold a pen.

MCNAMARA. Come now, Dempsy, don't be dodging us again.

DEMPSY (*annoyed*). Dodging, Captain McNamara! Who ever seen me dodging?

DR BUNBURY. That's the Captain's military way of putting it. We know you're with us heart and soul—as you were when you broke down a week ago.

DEMPSY. I'm with you more than ere a man in Ireland.

DR BUNBURY. Any one with half an eye can see that, Mr Dempsy. And, if you'll excuse a poor practitioner whose time is not his own, I'll tell you how the matter stands. Your Commission of the Peace depends on your behaviour in the present crisis. If you do as we advise, everything is safe; if you follow other people's clamour everything is doubtful.

DEMPSY. Your advice is like your medicine, Doctor, always sound and stimulating.

MCNAMARA. Well, prepare to take your dose (*places paper before DEMPSY*). The J.P.-ship is the lump of sugar to remove the flavour of the Chief Secretary.

DEMPSY (*rising and assuming an oratorical manner*). Gentlemen, nothing but your presence in the room prevents me saying how much I am indebted to you both.

MCNAMARA. Then sign the document, and we'll leave you here to say it at your leisure.

[MRS DEMPSY comes in. MCNAMARA hands the paper to DEMPSY, who spreads it out and falls back in the chair on seeing MRS DEMPSY.]

MCNAMARA (*handing DEMPSY a pen*). Come, get it over you as soon as possible.

DEMPSY. Ah, Captain, you military gentlemen are always in a dreadful hurry. But, Doctor, there's no signature to this at all! Don't you think it's rank presumption in an humble man like me to sign first?

DR BUNBURY. Certainly not (*confidentially*). Besides, I wish the Chief Secretary to take particular notice of your name, and he's so busy a man he rarely looks below the first signature.

DEMPSY. Doctor, I couldn't think of coming in before the Church. The clergy ought to be the first to sign.

MCNAMARA. But they don't mind a straw.

DEMPSY. Captain McNamara, you are well aware that in this country the clergy come before us all.

MRS DEMPSY. Quite right, Jerry. Don't give way on that.

DEMPSY. My dear, I'll not give way on that, or any other point concerning my convictions.

MCNAMARA. Bunbury, I think we shouldn't press this matter further.

DR BUNBURY. Mrs Dempsy, we respect your husband's scruples, but is there any reason why he should not sign before his clergyman?

MRS DEMPSY. I have nothing to say on the subject, Doctor.

DR BUNBURY (*speaking with suppressed anger*). No,

you are perhaps right to abstain from interference in all public business. I do the same myself, generally speaking.

MCNAMARA (*to DEMPSY*). You undertake to sign it after the Dean?

DEMPSY. When his reverence leads the way, I may safely follow after him.

DR BUNBURY. Very satisfactory, indeed. Although, Mrs Dempsy, I must say your husband's action is a little trying to his best friends.

MRS DEMPSY. I wouldn't put up with it if I were you, Doctor.

DR BUNBURY (*changing to a genial manner*). No matter; Mr Dempsy and I are old friends. We understand each other. (*Patting DEMPSY*.) He'll come and make a speech and be presented to the Chief Secretary—if there's time. Now, Captain McNamara. (*He takes his hat*). We'll not be long away, Mrs Dempsy. (*Going*.)

DEMPSY. Gentlemen, I can't allow you to depart with the unfounded notion I have raised mere frivolous objections to participate in this delightful function.

DR BUNBURY. Certainly not. (*Going*.)

MCNAMARA (*going*). We'll take your explanations as delivered in our absence, Mr Dempsy.

[DEMPSY gets between them and the door.]

DEMPSY. This address is a document, gentlemen, which reflects honour on the head and heart of every one concerned in it——

DR BUNBURY. We'll be back presently. (*Trying to go out*.)

DEMPSY (*stopping DR BUNBURY*). A document in which the great principles of freedom, dignity and self-reliance are unflinchingly upheld.

DR BUNBURY (*near the door*). Quite so. (*Puts on his hat*.)

DEMPSY. Gentlemen, in that document are embodied sentiments of devoted loyalty and patriotism——

[CAPTAIN MCNAMARA runs out. DR BUNBURY follows. DEMPSY continues, following them to the door and speaking off in a louder voice.]

the two noblest inheritances of our common humanity ;

and, if the efforts of a lifetime, the fellowship of years, the pains of sickness and the joys of health—*(in a lower voice)*—I wonder have they had enough?—*(raising his voice again)*—the convictions that have moved the multitude of men since the beginning of the world—*(coming from the door and speaking in an ordinary tone)*—Yes, I think I heard the door close.

MRS DEMPSY *(laughing)*. O Jerry! The poor Captain is a decent man. Why do you plague him with such awful speeches?

DEMPSY. Because they are the only weapons of defence a benevolent Government has left us.

[MARY KATE comes in L. D.]

MARY KATE. Brain O'Neill and Mike Flanigan are coming up the stairs.

DEMPSY *(alarmed)*. Did they see the other gentlemen go out?

MARY KATE. Yes, Pa. They were both standing in the shop as the other two went out the hall door.

DEMPSY *(quietly)*. No doubt they're coming now about my nomination papers.

MARY KATE. Brian said they're coming to heckle you.

MRS DEMPSY. What's heckling?

DEMPSY. An instrument of torture for the punishment of candidates, said to have been invented by the Scotch. Like everything else, they stole it out of Ireland.

MRS DEMPSY. And they're going to try that on you, Jerry! I must stay and see the way it works.

DEMPSY. Do, Catherine. They'll not be quite so hard if you are with me.

MRS DEMPSY. I am not too sure of that, Jerry.

[O'NEILL and FLANIGAN come in.]

DEMPSY. Ah, boys! I wish you were here a little sooner to help against the shoneens. I'm quite exhausted with the battle.

FLANIGAN. I hope that we're in time to staunch your wounds.

DEMPSY (*jocularly*). The wounds are with the enemy, my boy.

[*Tapping his breast.* MRS DEMPSY, MARY KATE, and O'NEILL stand conversing at door.

Do I look like a defeated man?—Like one who had the worst of it?

FLANIGAN. No, sir; you look extremely well.

DEMPSY. I feel extremely well because I routed our opponents, Mike. I fired shot and shell into their ranks until they fled the field.

FLANIGAN. I'm glad you were so deadly, Mr Dempsy. Still, I must say, the portion of your speech I overheard sounded remarkably like blank cartridge.

DEMPSY. I fired all my heavy bullets first. (*To MRS DEMPSY.*) Didn't I drive the Captain and the Doctor off, my dear?

MRS DEMPSY. You blew them out the door like sparks before a bellows, Jerry.

FLANIGAN. Then, since your ammunition's shot away, we're safe to challenge you. (*He unfolds a paper.*) This is a proclamation calling on the people to repudiate the foolish address intended for the Chief Secretary. We want your name the very first upon it.

DEMPSY. Certainly, Mike. Sit down. (*They sit.*) You know my health (*assuming a feeble tone*) isn't what it used to be, at all; and now, with my election coming on, I feel the strain is terrible. Indeed, the Doctor's only after telling me it's in my bed I ought to be, and not exciting myself with any earthly business, good or bad.

FLANIGAN. But, Mr Dempsy, you said just now you were in splendid fighting form.

DEMPSY. That's the worst of my complaint. One moment well, the next ready to lie up for burial. I keep the good side out as well as I can, Mike, but it's only a pretence. I'm not the man people take me for at all.

FLANIGAN. So I have been told! But sign this, and we'll relieve you of the whole responsibility.

DEMPSY. I wish that I was strong enough to go into this battle heart and soul. But the way I am, it's thinking of my end I ought to be.

FLANIGAN. If it was the last breath in your body, it's your duty to devote it to the honour of the town which this welcome imperils.

DEMPSY (*caressing* FLANIGAN'S *hand*). Heaven reward you for your fervour, Mike! It's what I used to say, myself, when I was young. (*To O'NEILL.*) Come over here, Brian.

[O'NEILL *nods to* MRS DEMPSY *and* MARY KATE, *and comes down.* MRS DEMPSY *and* MARY KATE *go out.*

FLANIGAN. It's not so long since you said it, Mr Dempsy; and principles are the same to old or young.

DEMPSY. They are, my boy, and the longer you live the more you feel the want of them. But they're wasting, terribly wasting, on the constitution, Mike.

O'NEILL. You have our warmest sympathy, Mr Dempsy. Nothing but necessity makes us trouble you. They say that you're leaning to the other side. We want to contradict them.

DEMPSY. Brian, dear, some people will say anything.

FLANIGAN. The way to stop them is to sign this public protest.

DEMPSY. But what harm will that address of Bunbury's do any one? If half-a-dozen busybodies want to make fools of themselves, where's the good of stopping them?

FLANIGAN. These people figure in the name of Cloghermore. We can't let them dishonour us by welcoming a tyrant.

O'NEILL. It wouldn't do at all. The town would be disgraced for ever.

DEMPSY. Post up your paper on the walls unsigned. It will do just as well. (*Confidentially.*) I'll pay half the cost of printing it myself.

FLANIGAN (*to O'NEILL, rising*). We're only wasting our time talking to him. He's committed to the other side already.

DEMPSY. Now don't be jumping at conclusions, Mike. Did I say I wouldn't sign anything you asked me?

FLANIGAN. You made excuses, which is very much the same.

DEMPSY. You are altogether wrong in your suspicions,

Mike. I'll sign your protest with a heart and a half. Indeed, if you hadn't been so kind as to bring the paper to my bedside—(FLANIGAN *looks round the room*)—It's all the same as my bedside when I'm so ill—I'd travel to the Town Hall to sign it, if I had to crawl upon my knees.

FLANIGAN. Mr Dempsy, I ask your pardon for my doubts, I quite misunderstood you.

DEMPSY. Don't mention it, my friend, don't mention it. It does my heart good to see such spirit in the young men of to-day. It does that so; though I'm broken down myself and failing every hour——

[MRS DEMPSY *comes in*.

though the light is fading from my eyes—(to MRS DEMPSY) My dear, I want my spectacles—though old age creeps in upon me, and my hands tremble, and my limbs stiffen—(MRS DEMPSY *hands DEMPSY his spectacles*)—thank you, my dear!—it makes me young (*raising his voice*) to put my armour on once more. (*He puts on his spectacles.*) Gentlemen—(in a business tone)—I have your words for it, that, no matter what happens after this, you'll not oppose my re-election to the Council. (MRS DEMPSY *stands looking out of the window.*)

FLANIGAN. Certainly, Mr Dempsy. We'll do all we can to help you.

O'NEILL. We'll denounce any one who raises an objection to you now.

DEMPSY. Then the deed is done. (*He signs paper.*)

MRS DEMPSY. May the Lord forgive you, Jerry! (O'NEILL and FLANIGAN *look surprised at MRS DEMPSY, who goes out.*)

DEMPSY. Ladies don't understand these matters, boys. They're Conservatives at heart—every blessed one of them.

FLANIGAN (*going*). Mr Dempsy, you have acquitted yourself nobly. Your return is assured.

DEMPSY (*taking O'NEILL and FLANIGAN by the hand*). God bless you both. You're a credit to the town. I wish we had a few more of your stamp to counteract the evil influences at work around us.

[DR BUNBURY and CAPTAIN MCNAMARA *come in from L. D., followed by MRS DEMPSY.*



DR BUNBURY. We are in a hurry, Mr Dempsy, and, finding Mrs Dempsy at the door, came straight up. We knew you would be anxiously awaiting us. The Dean has signed most willingly. (*He looks suspiciously at O'NEILL and FLANIGAN.*)

DEMPSY. Two young friends of mine who just dropped in to cheer my lonely solitude.

[*He leads O'NEILL and FLANIGAN towards the door, and motions MRS DEMPSY to get them off. Comes down with DR BUNBURY and CAPTAIN MCNAMARA. MRS DEMPSY motions O'NEILL and FLANIGAN to remain. They stand near door L.*]

DEMPSY (*turning round to O'NEILL and FLANIGAN*). Good evening to you, boys. It was very good of you to call. (*To CAPTAIN MCNAMARA*). Won't you take a seat, Captain, till we have a chat about the races? Doctor, I'll put out my tongue to you immediately.

[*CAPTAIN MCNAMARA walks to window and looks out.*]

DR BUNBURY (*to DEMPSY*). These young men are trying to create dissension in the town, I hear. I hope you gave them good advice, and they will follow it.

DEMPSY (*confused, to MRS DEMPSY*). Have you nothing downstairs, my dear, to offer our friends? They won't put you to the trouble of carrying it up here, I know.

MRS DEMPSY (*turning to sideboard*). All they'll take's at hand, I think. (*She proceeds to open sideboard and take out glasses and two bottles of lemonade.*)

DR BUNBURY. Mr Dempsy, you will pardon one devoted to the cause of suffering humanity. Every moment of my time is precious.

DEMPSY. Life and death attend your footsteps, Doctor. Catherine, the doctor wants to sound my chest. Must we go into the bedroom? (*Looks at O'NEILL and FLANIGAN suggestively.*)

MRS DEMPSY. He sounded you thoroughly half-an-hour ago. Didn't you, Doctor? (*She pours out lemonade for FLANIGAN and O'NEILL.*)

DR BUNBURY. As a professional man, my lips are sealed.

MCNAMARA (*coming from window*). Really, we've all had quite enough of this. There's the address to the Chief Secretary. Sign it or not just as you're disposed. (*Throws paper on table*.) Perhaps these gentlemen (*pointing to O'NEILL and FLANIGAN*) will oblige us with the use of *their* names also!

DR BUNBURY. A happy thought, indeed! Speaking from a neutral point of view, I don't see how they can refuse after their leading clergyman has signified approval. Mr Dempsy, according to his promise, leads the way.

DEMPSY (*taking paper up*). It's a mere matter of politeness, after all. A mere, idle matter of politeness.

FLANIGAN. A matter of politeness that will cost you your seat on the Council, Mr Dempsy.

DR BUNBURY. Refusal will endanger your appointment to the bench.

FLANIGAN (*angrily*). So, Dempsy, that's the price of your apostasy! The treason's out at last!

DR BUNBURY. Treason is more in your line than in ours, my young man.

FLANIGAN. What you call treason, Dr Bunbury, I call loyalty.

MCNAMARA. It all depends upon one's point of view.

DR BUNBURY. In this matter there is only one point of view. It's Mr Dempsy's interest to sign. As your medical adviser, I prescribe it to get rid of all excitement.

DEMPSY. You hear what the Doctor orders. I'm a patient in his hands.

O'NEILL. As your nearest friend, I beg of you to decline his orders.

MCNAMARA (*jocularly*). As your political confederate, I advise you not to throw over the Chief Secretary.

DEMPSY. I'll lose my health if I do.

FLANIGAN. You'll lose your character if you don't.

DR BUNBURY. You'll lose the custom of the gentry if you refuse.

FLANIGAN. You'll be avoided by the people if you yield.

DR BUNBURY. Your licence will be forfeited, as well as every claim to sit upon the bench.

MRS DEMPSY. Your business will be ruined, Jerry.

FLANIGAN. And you'll be left to drink porter with policemen.

DEMPSY (*taking up a pen*). With my future so amply provided for by you all, I can afford to be a trifle generous. (*He signs.*) There it is, Captain. The Chief Secretary is welcome to my bones. (*Falls back in chair.*)

MCNAMARA (*flourishing paper*). Jeremiah Dempsy, County Councillor, welcomes the Chief Secretary for Ireland to Cloghermore!

FLANIGAN. Jeremiah Dempsy denounces the address. (*Produces his paper.*)

MCNAMARA. His name's here!

FLANIGAN. And here!! (*They examine each other's papers, and then put them in their breast pockets.* CAPTAIN MCNAMARA and MRS DEMPSY *laugh.*)

DR BUNBURY. Well, I've seen some complications in the course of my career, but this one fairly staggers me.

FLANIGAN. Well, Mr Dempsy, it's all up with your election. I must denounce you as a traitor to the town.

MCNAMARA. Looks a bit like hedging, Mr Flanigan?

FLANIGAN. It is worse than hedging, Captain. It's riding under false colours.

DEMPSY. No, gentlemen, nothing of the kind. I acted like an open-minded man who sees the good on both sides and endeavours to be fair to everybody.

FLANIGAN (*to O'NEILL*). What are we to do now, Brian?

O'NEILL. Fight the issue at the poll, if we can find an honest man to stand against him.

FLANIGAN. We'll have no difficulty in that.

DR BUNBURY. As a mere onlooker, anxious to avoid all violent expressions, I am reluctantly compelled to tell you, Mr Dempsy, you have acted like a ruffian.

DEMPSY. O Doctor! After all I did to please you!

DR BUNBURY. You have made the town ridiculous.

MCNAMARA (*jocularly*). With the eyes of the world riveted upon it.

DR BUNBURY. McNamara, come away. You have his signature to the address. We'll present it without minding the other thing at all. His absurdities are of no consequence whatever.

MRS DEMPSY. Is that your political or professional opinion, Doctor?

DR BUNBURY. Madam, it is both.

DEMPSY. Did you ever see such unreasonable people in your life, Catherine? They both forced me into this against my will; and, after doing all I could to satisfy them, they are ten times worse on me than ever.

MRS DEMPSY (*smiling*). Perhaps if you explain yourself they'll change their minds.

MCNAMARA. By all means, Mr Dempsy, let us have a speech.

DEMPSY (*standing on a chair*). Gentlemen, Mrs Dempsy's genius solves the difficulty.

DR BUNBURY. Oh, indeed! (MRS DEMPSY *sits with arms folded, smiling*.)

DEMPSY. Yes, she's in my confidence, she understands my hidden springs and inner workings, and ventures to suggest if I reveal them your suspicion, doubt, and hesitation will be instantly dispelled.

MCNAMARA. We haven't many doubts, Mr Dempsy.

DR BUNBURY. We know you now. You can't deceive us further.

DEMPSY. Dr Bunbury and Captain McNamara, I thank you both for your acquittal. (*They smile*.) It does honour to your sense of justice, as you did honour to my humble name when you requested it so prominently among the clergy, nobility and gentry in that unnecessary document which the gallant Captain nurtures in his bosom. Gentlemen, for a few brief moments after you had left me my cup of joy seemed full. I gazed upon it, so to speak, surmounted by a foamy head which I felt that I must blow away ere I could taste the substance.

MRS DEMPSY. It all helps to fill the pot.

FLANIGAN. You drank it froth and all, Jerry.

DEMPSY. No, Mike, I put it down untasted till you came tendering me a more seductive beverage—a beverage to which the Doctor's measure seemed the merest heel-tap. (*Steps down*.)

FLANIGAN. You swallowed both of them.

O'NEILL. But, Mr Dempsy, you haven't explained anything.

DEMPSY. Brian, when a simple man like me puts pen to paper, he's always sure to get the worst of it.

O'NEILL. We warned you before you signed it.

DR BUNBURY. What right have you, young man, to interfere?

DEMPSY. My friends, I'm not worth fighting over. I'm a man of few words, and even these I find it hard to stick to.

DR BUNBURY. That's no explanation of your conduct, sir.

DEMPSY. Dr Bunbury, it is your own conduct, not mine, requires explanation.

DR BUNBURY. My conduct, sir?

DEMPSY. Yes; you have, on both sides, signatures obtained from me by threats and promises. I think if I enforce the law, I have it in my power to punish all of you, for gross intimidation. But, being a man of peace, anxious to avoid ill-will, I offer you a compromise. Tear up the incriminating evidence, withdraw your opposition to my candidature, and I promise solemnly to forgive everybody. (*He thumps the table. They all laugh. MARY KATE comes in.*)

DR BUNBURY. Upon my word, Dempsy, you're remarkably magnanimous!

FLANIGAN. Magniloquent!

MCNAMARA. Magnificent!

FLANIGAN. Generous to the last!

DEMPSY (*bowing*). Thank you, gentlemen. I felt you would acquit me.

MARY KATE. The head-constable is below, and sends up word that the Chief Secretary can't stop after all.

FLANIGAN. The people's will has triumphed!

DR BUNBURY. And Cloghermore's dishonoured in the eyes of Europe.

MCNAMARA (*laughing*). The Empire totters on her diamond throne.

DEMPSY. There you are! You see what a lot of bother you have all been making over nothing. You might as well have taken my advice and torn up the papers when I asked you.

MARY KATE (*coming to DEMPSY and embracing him*). Pa, you're the wisest man among them. You said at the beginning that the Secretary wouldn't stop to visit at such a cracked pitcher of a town as this.

DEMPSY. My dear, you shouldn't repeat your father's idle jokes.

FLANIGAN. You'll find it's no joke calling Cloghermore a cracked pitcher. I'll stand against you for the Council, and I'll fight you out on this as well as other issues.

DR BUNBURY. McNamara, you must stand against them both. The respectable people of the town will rally round you to a man.

MCNAMARA. For the fun of the rallying, I don't mind if I do. Dempsy, I'm going to be your rival with the many-headed multitude.

MRS DEMPSY. Now we're in for sport!

FLANIGAN. Now we're in for principle!

DEMPSY. Now we're in for ructions!

O'NEILL. Three cheers for Flanigan!

DR BUNBURY. Three cheers for McNamara!

MARY KATE. Three cheers for Pa!

[*They all cheer together.* DEMPSY bows.

CURTAIN.

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## THE ETHICS OF DAYLIN'

BY WILLIAM BOYLE

MICK MURPHY was as poor as Job,  
 An' twicet as well-desarvin',  
 No cash took lodgings in his fob,  
 His wife an' kids were starvin'.  
 His pantaloons were incomplete,  
 His brogues were never matches,  
 His coat was like my lord's estate,—  
 Big rints and little patches.

His friends were few an' far between,  
 An' rich ones rarely sought him,  
 While invitations from the Queen  
 To every coort-house brought him.

The baker knew he couldn't pay,  
The butcher darn't trust him;  
But whin the bailiff dhrove that way,  
His pony stopped from custom.

Now Mick's misfortunes all came round  
Bekase of honest daylin' ;  
He thought a lie to make a pound  
Was all as one as staylin'.  
With thim results I told before  
That every mortal rogued him,  
An' wise men hurried by his door,  
An' fortune *malavogued*<sup>1</sup> him.

Well, one black day he sat remote,  
Wid hunger to tormint him,  
For all he had was one ould goat,  
That chawed its cud fornint him ;  
An' Mick, who had no cud to chaw,  
Comminced a-ruminatin'  
Why he should be by human law  
Deprived of half his atin'.

And stared till Nanny's wizzen'd face,  
An' eyes, so cute and nimble,  
Appeared of all the human race  
The very type and symbol.  
"Go lang ! ye wicked thief," he cried ;  
"Your cowl'd, black heart you mask ill !  
An honest fool I'll starve no more—  
I'll jump an' turn a rascal !"

That instant, deep in hell's black book,  
Ould Nick commenced inditin',  
While grief an angel's bosom shook  
To end a fairer writin' !  
Mick drove the goat he loved from birth  
To market on a tether,  
An' sowld her there for twicet her worth  
By swearin' 'twas a wether ;  
An' started daylin' thin and there,  
An' still pursues the callin',  
An', up an' down, at every fair,  
Goes nanny-goats a-haulin'.

<sup>1</sup> Made little of.

Ould shes that niver milked a dhrop  
 He guarantees as rippers.  
 The simple English buys them up  
 For Kerry cows an' sthrippers.

An' hes, with flesh as tough as hide,  
 To gorge the Saxon glutton,  
 He ships across wid every tide  
 As primest mountain mutton.  
 An' if his conscience dares to spake  
 When Michael's lies grows awful,  
 He answers, "'Tis for business' sake,  
 An' that, I'm tould, is lawful."

His wife now dhrives her jaunting-car,  
 His second son's at college ;  
 His wealth is worshipped near and far,  
 An' all applaud his knowledge.  
 An' when he meets wid dacent min,  
 He steps aside to thrate thim ;  
 But rogues he hates like mortal sin,  
 Bekase he cannot chate thim.

[From "*A Kish of Brogues.*" By kind permission of the Author.]

## THE ORIGIN OF THE BROGUE

BY WILLIAM BOYLE

IN the ould anshent days, when blue murther was sport,  
 And sound whisky sowld for three-ha'-pence a quart,  
 There lived a bould monarch who welted away  
 At fighting and dhrinking the whole of the day,  
 And the fights and the dhrinks got so mixed in his head,  
 That, when sconces grew scarce, he cracked bottles instead,  
 An' the bottles bled often so free in the fight,  
 They floated the breakfast-time into the night,  
 An' the king grew so plagued between former and latter  
 day  
 That the poor man could hardly tell Friday from Saturday ;



An' the fasts and the faists, so entangled, he spint  
 From Aisther to Whitsuntide keeping the Lint,  
 And only knew Christmas day by the snow  
 An' the steam of plum-puddings a-cooking below.  
 Now, it chanced that St Pathrick, one morning in spring,  
 Collecting his Aisther-oats,<sup>1</sup> called on the king,  
 An' handin' his horse to the groom at the gate,  
 An' biddin' the boy give her somethin' to ait,  
 Stepped in and disturbed the ould king at his booze  
 By sayin' he had called on his rounds for the dues.  
 The monarch looks up wid a shmile in his eye,  
 An' roars, "*Musha*,<sup>2</sup> Pathrick, you're welcome, me b'y!  
 Dhraw a stool to the table—I'll ordher in lunch,  
 An' herself, sure, 'ill make us a hot sup o' punch."  
 The saint at a glance saw the way the wind lay—  
 "Your Majesty, no; I can't touch it to-day.  
 Besides, I have ordhers," he says, "from the Pope,  
 To taste nothin' *hard* in my mithre and cope."  
 "The Pope," says the king, "has no rights in the case,  
 For you know, Pat *a-gra*,<sup>3</sup> I'm the lord of this place.  
 Religion, as much as you like, out of Rome,  
 But manners! Bedad, we can make *thim* at home!  
 So, to show your respect both to Church and to State,  
 Hang your cope on a nail and dhrag over a sate.  
 There's a sinsible saint! Take the weight off your legs—  
 Throth! that's not the first time you put mithres on pegs!"  
 "You're the playboy, all out!" says the good-natured saint,  
 "And, to tell you the truth, I *do* feel a bit faint.  
 We can't put a finger, I see, in your eye,  
 For the sorra a hap'orth on earth you don't spy."  
 "*Nabacolish*,<sup>4</sup> Pat!" says the king, with a wink;  
 "And now, my most reverend, what will you dhrink?"  
 "Well, seeing it's yerself's in it," answers Saint Pat,  
 "I think I'll be tastin' a toothful of *that*."  
 "Of this?" cries the king, wid a roar of a laugh,  
 "Oh, murther! It's only the queen's shandygaff!"  
 "Thin lave it alone," says the saint, "if it's brought her;  
 I'll just dhrink your health in a glass of cowl'd water."  
 The king gev a start, an' his beetle-brows lowered,  
 Thin he raiched for the jug at his elbow and powered

<sup>1</sup> The payment of "dues" in kind has been continued in some parts of Ireland down to our time.

<sup>2</sup> Indeed!

<sup>3</sup> My dear.

<sup>4</sup> Don't mind it!

A three-naggin' tumbler right up to the brim,  
 Pretendin' to humour the saint's holy whim.  
 But his eye beamed as bright as the bead on the measure  
 As he bowed to the saint with, "Your will is my pleasure.  
 Besides," he adds softly, "in troth, I must own,  
 I never take sthronger myself whin alone."  
 An' begorra! the statement was thrue as he gave it,  
 For the bumper he filled was the purest Glenlivit.  
 But the saint, who could read the ould rogue through an  
 through,

*Wid a sign* changed the liquor to pure mountain dew,  
 An' tossed it off smiling, wid never a wink,  
 As if he'd been weaned on the sthrongest Scotch dhrink.  
 The king stared wid invy. "God bless me!" he said,  
 "These saints must be blessed wid a powerful head!  
 If they're all only gifted like this holy elf,  
 I'd lave off cutting throats and get sainted myself!"  
 For the king, though he outwardly always complied,  
 To tell the plain thruth, was half pagan inside.  
 But before he had time to think more, the ould sinner  
 Was roused to himself by the clatther of dinner.  
 The queen glided in wid her hair to the ground,  
 An' twenty-four maids of her chamber around,  
 Thin the lords an' the butlers, an' boys from the haggards,  
 An' behind them, the *shulers*<sup>1</sup> and bare-footed blaggards.  
 An' all this parade was to fetch in a sthring  
 Of two-eyed beefsteaks to set down to the king,  
 Who vowed to himself he would recompinse nature,  
 Just for once, by an extra taste of the crather.  
 So he sthruggled, as well as he could, to his feet,  
 An' urthered the saint to say grace before meat;  
 "Or rather," he sighed, wid a glance at the dish,  
 "If the good man prefers, we'll say grace before fish."  
 An' whin it was over, remarked, wid a squint,  
 "It's a pity your riverence visits in Lint.  
 So don't think, my lord, it's the larder we're sparin',  
 Bekase we set nothin' before you but herrin'."  
 The saint gave a smile. "Oh, don't mention it, pray!  
 I can do very well—I get chops to my tay."  
 Well, the queen looked so startled, you'd think that she'd  
 drop

At the mintion in Lint by a saint of a chop;

<sup>1</sup> Gípsies.

While a bald-headed lord at her back made a shiver,  
 An' the king thinks, "Oh, this, thin, accounts for his  
 liver!"

An' whispers across, "Won't you thry a dhrop more?"

To which Pathrick responded—"The same as before."

So the jug was passed down, an' the saint filled so often,  
 That the dhrunken ould king began laughin' and scoffin',  
 An' ordhered two footmin to hurry up smart

And prepare to lave Pathrick at home wid the cart.

But where's the use talkin'? A babby can tell

That the saint, if he liked, could dhrink dhry an ould well,

An' still be the soberest man of the crew,

Bekase what he dhrank was the pure mountain dew.

An' so, when they rose at the ind of the meal,

Not a man of the crowd but himself didn't reel.

An' the couple the king thought the cart wor preparin',

Fell flat at the feet of the Pathron of Erin;

While the queen hurried off wid her maids in a frown

An' the king asked the raison the tables wint roun'.

Well, Saint Pathrick, seeing the way things wor tindin',

Made ready his pasthoral call to be indin'.

So he takes down his mithre and cope from the wall,

An' stands in his majesty facing them all.

"An'," says he, "mighty king, many thanks for this feast,

But, as rude people say, sir, it won't pay the priest,

An' the richest red herrings or rarest ragoos

Won't satisfy saints when they look for their dues.

So send me my oats while seed-time is here,

For the markets fall flat at the ind of the year."

The king, dhriven wild to see Pathrick so steady,

Replied, "I'll not sind you one sack till I'm ready!

Forby, Bishop darlin', I don't think it sthaight

To ax me to honour your bills before date.

The week after Aisther's the time they fall in,

An' bad luck to the bushel I'll pay you till thin!"

"The week afther Aisther's a fortnight gone by,

As the faithful well know," was the good saint's reply.

"So, to ind the debate, I'll send over the grippers,

An' we'll see if you'll satisfy thim boys wid kippers,

Pretendin', *aneagh*!<sup>1</sup> you're obsarvin' the Lint,

Whin the beggars outside say it's nothin' but stint."

<sup>1</sup> Forsooth.

Well, my jewel, the king felt just fit to be tied,  
 And his hand med a lep to the soord at his side,  
 An' he half dhrew the blade, when a glance from the saint  
 Made him fumble an' stop as he murmured quite faint,  
 "Never mind! Pat *a-hagur*!<sup>1</sup> It's hardly your fault,  
 I forgot for a moment that jug of Scotch malt,  
 An' the best of us, sometimes, may go a bit wrong  
 Whin the dhrop is inside and we're loose wid the tong'.  
 But, Pathrick, in future, just take my advice,  
 Whin you talk to a gintleman, thry to be nice."  
 Now, I want to remark that the king, till that day,  
 Had a tongue as jinteel as an ould maid at tay,  
 An' the Irishman spoke wid no accent at all  
 But an Eastendish lisp or a Westendish d'wa-al;  
 An' broad-mouthed remarks, even Parliament min  
 Never used in abusing aich other till thin,  
 When Saint Pathrick, to taich that ould monarch a lesson  
 An' give sich offenders his lift-handed blessin',  
 Just stooped where he stood, an' unloosened his brogue,  
 An' flung it right into the mouth of the rogue,  
 Where it fastened an' stuck till his death like a leech,  
 An' evermore flavoured the tone of his speech.  
 An' all his posterity still have it there,  
 Whatever the title or tongue they may bear,  
 An' the only reward that the punishment brings  
 Is the knowledge they all are descended from kings.

[From "*A Kish of Brogues*." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## REMEMBRANCE

BY EMILY BRÖNTÉ

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,  
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

<sup>1</sup> O my dear object! my treasure.

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,  
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover  
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,  
From these brown hills, have melted into spring!  
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,  
While the world's tide is bearing me along;  
Other desires and other hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong;

No later light has lighted up my heaven,  
No second morn has ever shone for me;  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten,  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish  
How could I seek the empty world again?

## THE EARTH AND MAN

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west,  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,  
So quick with love and life her frame ;  
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,  
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,  
So ready for new hope and joy ;  
Ten thousand years since it began  
Have left it younger than a boy.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## THE NOBLE LAY OF AILLINN

AFTER AN IRISH TALE FROM THE "BOOK OF LEINSTER"

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE

PRINCE BAILÈ of Ulster rode out in the morn  
To meet his love at the ford ;  
And he loved her better than lands or life,  
And dearer than his sword.

And she was Aillinn, fair as the sea,  
The Prince of Leinster's daughter,  
And she longed for him more than a wounded man,  
Who sees death, longs for water.

They sent a message each to each :  
"Oh, meet me near or far ;"  
And the ford divided the kingdoms two,  
And the kings were both at war.

And the Prince came first to the water's pass,  
And oh, he thought no ill :  
When he saw with pain a great grey man  
Come striding o'er the hill.

His cloak was the ragged thunder-cloud,  
And his cap the whirling snow,  
And his eyes were the lightning in the storm,  
And his horn he 'gan to blow.

"What news, what news, thou great grey man ?  
I fear 'tis ill with me."  
"Oh, Aillinn is dead, and her lips are cold,  
And she died for loving thee."

And he looked and saw no more the man,  
But a trail of driving rain.  
"Woe! woe!" he cried, and took his sword  
And drave his heart in twain.

And out of his blood burst forth a spring,  
And a yew-tree out of his breast,  
And it grew so deep, and it grew so high,  
The doves came there to rest.

But Aillinn was coming to keep her tryst,  
The hour her lover fell ;  
And she rode as fast as the western wind  
Across the heathery hill.

Behind her flew her loosened hair,  
Her happy heart did beat ;  
When she was 'ware of a cloud of storm  
Came driving down the street.

And out of it stepped a great grey man,  
And his cap was peaked with snow ;  
The fire of death was in his eyes,  
And he 'gan his horn to blow.

“What news, what news, thou great grey man ?  
And is it ill to me ?”  
“Oh, Bailè the Prince is dead at the ford,  
And he died for loving thee.”

Pale, pale she grew, and two large tears  
Dropped down like heavy rain,  
And she fell to earth with a woeful cry,  
For she broke her heart in twain.

And out of her tears two fountains rose  
That watered all the ground,  
And out of her heart an apple-tree grew  
That heard the water's sound.

Oh, woe were the kings, and woe were the queens,  
And woe were the people all ;  
And the poets sang their love and their death  
In cottage and in hall.

And the men of Ulster a tablet made  
From the wood of Bailè's tree,  
And the men of Leinster did the like  
Of Aillinn's apple-tree.

And on the one the poets wrote  
The lover-tales of Leinster,  
And on the other all the deeds  
That lover wrought in Ulster.

Now when a hundred years had gone  
The King of all the land  
Kept feast at Tara, and he bade  
His poets sing a strand.

They sang the sweet unhappy tale,  
The noble Aillinn's lay.  
“Go, bring the tablets,” cried the King,  
“For I have wept to-day.”



But when he held in his right hand  
The wood of Bailè's tree  
And in his left the tablet smooth  
From Aillinn's apple-tree,

The lovers in the wood who kept  
Love-longing ever true,  
Knew one another, and at once  
From the hands of the king they flew.

As ivy to the oak they clung,  
Their kiss no man could sever—  
Oh, joy for lovers parted long  
To meet, at last, for ever!

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE GILLY OF CHRIST

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

I AM the gilly of Christ,  
The mate of Mary's Son;  
I run the roads at seeding-time,  
And when the harvest's done

I sleep among the hills,  
The heather is my bed;  
I dip the termon-well for drink,  
And pull the sloe for bread.

No eye has ever seen me,  
But shepherds hear me pass,  
Singing at fall of even  
Along the shadowed grass.

The beetle is my bellman,  
The meadow-fire my guide,  
The bee and bat my ambling nags  
When I have need to ride.

## ETHNA CARBERRY

All know me, only the Stranger,  
 Who sits on the Saxons' Height :  
 He burned the bacach's<sup>1</sup> little house  
 On last St Brigid's Night.

He sups off silver dishes,  
 And drinks in a golden horn,  
 But he will wake a wiser man  
 Upon the Judgment Morn !

I am the gilly of Christ,  
 The mate of Mary's Son ;  
 I run the roads at seeding-time,  
 And when the harvest's done.

The seed I sow is lucky,  
 The corn I reap is red,  
 And whoso sings the "Gilly's Rann" <sup>2</sup>  
 Will never cry for bread.

[*By kind permission of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs  
 Maunsell & Co., Ltd.*]

## ANGUS THE LOVER

BY ETHNA CARBERRY

I FOLLOW the silver spears flung from the hands of dawn.  
 Through silence, through singing of stars, I journey on  
 and on :

The scattered fires of the sun, blown wide ere the day  
 be done ;  
 Scorch me hurrying after the swift white feet of my fawn.

I am Angus the Lover, I who haste in the track of the  
 wind,  
 The tameless tempest before, the dusk of quiet behind,  
 From the heart of a blue gulf hurled, I rise on the  
 waves of the world,  
 Seeking the love that allures, woeful until I find.

<sup>1</sup> Lame man, or poor man.

<sup>2</sup> Song, or epigram in verse.

The blossom of beauty is she, glad, bright as a shaft of  
flame,  
A burning arrow of life winging me joy and shame,  
The hollow deeps of the sky are dumb to my searching  
cry,  
Rending the peace of the gods with the melody of her  
name.

[From "The Four Winds of Eirinn." Poems by Anna MacManus  
("Ethna Carberry"). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. By kind  
permission of Seumas MacManus, Esq.]

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## GLEN MOYLENA

BY ETHNA CARBERRY

ALL the Summer for our loving, with the soft wind in the  
wheat!  
Ah! but Autumn brought disaster, speeding far on  
deadly feet.  
We two kept our tryst that eve; how you clasped me,  
loth to leave  
Though the pikemen sought their chief in Glen Moylena.  
"Ere I go to meet my doom, Love, one kiss—the best and  
last.  
Sweet wet eyes, oh, vex me not with haunting memories  
of the past.  
Make me brave for death, I pray, since I tread a sterner  
way  
Than the woodbine-scented paths of Glen Moylena."  
To the wise moon gleams of steel flashed defiance from  
the shade,  
Round the hill the red-coats toiled, plunder-laden,  
unafraid;  
Then the horror of the meeting, pike and pike sprang out  
in greeting—  
(Sleep in peace, ye pallid ghosts of Glen Moylena).

" *This* for Eileen, yellow-haired, *this* for dear and dark-  
 eyed Maeve,  
*This* for altar overthrown, *this* for desecrated grave,  
 Strong and swift for hunger dire, withered mother,  
 murdered sire"—  
 Red the heart's-blood tinged each pike in Glen Moylena.

Fighting through the startled night, fighting while the shy  
 dawn peeps  
 On stark forms upon the sward, green and red in ghastly  
 heaps;  
 Hand to hand in desperate strife, fighting for your  
 country's life,  
 Fighting till ye lost the day in Glen Moylena.

Since you came not, *stor mo chroidhe*,<sup>1</sup> through the gloom I  
 wandered far:  
 High above in heaven trembled here and there a frightened  
 star,  
 I could hear the sleuth-hounds bay, tracking sure their  
 bleeding prey,  
 Hear the cry of spear-tossed babes in Glen Moylena.

In those awful hours, while Death reaped for harvest  
 Ireland's best,  
 By the thorn-crowned *rath*<sup>2</sup> I stole, where some old king  
 takes his rest.  
 Kindly angels mourned with me, when beneath our  
 trysting-tree,  
 Cold and wan I found you, love, in Glen Moylena.

Brave in life, brave in death, in the foremost ranks you  
 fell,  
 With the torn green banner draped round the heart that  
 loved it well,  
 Staring with your dead grey eyes to the pitiful wet skies,  
 Saddest day of all the days in Glen Moylena!

<sup>1</sup> Treasure of my heart. Pronounced *stòr mo chree*—the "ch" sounded as in the German "Ich."

<sup>2</sup> A circular earthen fort.

There's a quiet dell, unknown save to Love and me alone,  
 Where the Springtime enters first, and where Summer  
     holds her throne;  
 Where I kneel at eve and weep tears that never thrill  
     your sleep,  
 Only keep your grave-grass green in Glen Moylena.

[From "*The Four Winds of Eirinn.*" *Poems by Anna MacManus*  
 ("*Eithna Carberry*"). *Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. By kind*  
*permission of Seumas MacManus, Esq.*]

## MY YELLOW YORLIN

BY ETHNA CARBERRY

I WOULD build myself a nest, a little downy nest,  
 And a warbler of the woodland I would wed—  
 Oh, not the blackbird bold, nor the thrush with voice so  
     cold,  
 But the Yorlin<sup>1</sup> with the yellow on his head.

I would keep him safe and warm, I would screen him from  
 the storm;  
 Together we would greet the golden sun—  
 We would mount the greening stair of the slender larch  
 and fir,  
 And sing our love until the day be done.

Should he journey far away I would watch both night and  
 day,  
 I would call upon the seas to go asleep,  
 And to be a floor of glass, that my wandering love might  
 pass,  
 Nor fear the curly snares of the deep.

Oh, my Yellow Yorlin dear, I should ever go in fear  
 Of the Little Folk who dance beneath the moon:  
 They would steal you from my side for to mate a fairy  
 bride,  
 And cage my darling Yorlin in the *dún*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Yellow-hammer.<sup>2</sup> A stone fort.

But I know a way to take to a secret lonely lake  
 Where scented groves above the waters sway ;  
 And I know a secret tree for my Heart's Desire and me,  
 Where we'll live and love, for ever and a day.

[From "The Four Winds of Eirinn." Poems by Anna MacManus  
 ("Ethna Carberry"). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. By kind  
 permission of Seumas MacManus, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

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## KILLEEVY

BY WILLIAM CARLETON

THE bride she bound her golden hair—

*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

And her step was light as the breezy air

When it bends the morning flowers so fair,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,

*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,

Her bridal vows of love to plight,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,

*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;

"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now ?"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry !—'twas her maidens spoke,

*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke ;

And the sleep she sleeps will be never broke,"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,

*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*

And his cheek became like the marble stone—

"Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone !"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *keen*<sup>1</sup> is loud ; it comes again,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And rises sad from the funeral train,  
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,  
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice but one can hear,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,  
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *keen* is loud, but that voice is low,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,  
And names young Turlough's name with woe  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,  
The fairest corpse among the dead,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid ;  
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh ! go not yet—not yet away,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"  
The long-departed seem to say,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

<sup>1</sup> Lament.

## WILLIAM CARLETON

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And beneath each cold forgotten stone  
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he that lingereth yet ?  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet  
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,  
And to his death-bound Eva rave ?  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
"Should youth and valour thus despair,  
And pour their vows to the empty air ?"  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Such beauty—bright, and warm and young—  
Was never seen the maids among,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Sparkled in beauty around her face,  
That grief from mortal heart might chase,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Thy grief or love can ne'er recall ;  
She rests beneath that grassy pall,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.



"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
And now that thy plighted love is free  
Give its unbroken pledge to me,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
His faithless tears are already dry,  
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;  
Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

Again the funeral voice came o'er  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,  
The streams of mournful music bore,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here  
Where lay thy bridal Eva's bier,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
And his *banshee's*<sup>1</sup> wail—now far and broken—  
Murmured "Death," as he gave the token  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Adieu! adieu!" said the lady bright,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy!*  
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,  
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

<sup>1</sup> Woman of the fairy hill.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,  
And gold for those who will calm his brain,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech ; right swiftly ride,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,  
Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The leech groaned loud : "Come, tell me this,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,  
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy ? "

"The *banshee's* cry is loud and long,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
At eve she weeps her funeral song,  
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

"Then the fatal kiss is given. The last  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Of Turlough's race and name is past ;  
His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain ;  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,  
And half his lands thou shalt retain,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest,  
*Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
With pious shrift his soul released,  
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,  
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The *shanachies*<sup>1</sup> now are assembled all,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,  
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,  
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is clos'd, and Green Truagha's pride,  
    *Killeevy, O Killeevy !*  
Is married to death—and, side by side,  
He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,  
    By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

---

## MAIRE<sup>2</sup> MY GIRL

BY JOHN KEEGAN CASEY

OVER the dim blue hills  
    Strays a wild river,  
Over the dim blue hills  
    Rests my heart ever.  
Dearer and brighter than  
    Jewels and pearl,  
Dwells she in beauty there,  
    Maire my girl.

Down upon Claris heath  
    Shines the soft berry,  
On the brown harvest tree  
    Droops the red cherry.  
Sweeter thy honey lips,  
    Softer the curl  
Straying adown thy cheeks,  
    Maire my girl.

<sup>1</sup> Professional story-tellers.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced, "Maira."

'Twas on an April eve  
 That I first met her ;  
 Many an eve shall pass  
 Ere I forget her,  
 Since my young heart has been  
 Wrapped in a whirl,  
 Thinking and dreaming of  
 Maire my girl.

She is too kind and fond  
 Ever to grieve me,  
 She has too pure a heart  
 E'er to deceive me.  
 Were I Tyrconnell's chief  
 Or Desmond's earl,  
 Life would be dark, wanting  
 Maire my girl.

Over the dim blue hills  
 Strays a wild river,  
 Over the dim blue hills  
 Rests my heart ever ;  
 Dearer and brighter than  
 Jewels or pearl,  
 Dwells she in beauty there,  
 Maire my girl.

---

### CUSHLA MA CHREE<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises !  
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea !  
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,  
 Thou queen of the west ! the world's cushla ma chree !

<sup>1</sup> Pulse of my heart ; the "u" in "Cushla" pronounced as in the word "push."

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—  
There smiles hospitality hearty and free ;  
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,  
And the wand'rer is welcomed with cushla ma chree.

Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,  
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree ;  
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
The soul-speaking blush that says cushla ma chree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin !  
While sadly I wander an exile from thee ;  
And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
May heaven defend its own cushla ma chree !

---

## THE DESERTER

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

IF sadly thinking,  
With spirits sinking,  
Could more than drinking  
My cares compose,  
A cure for sorrow  
From sighs I'd borrow,  
And hope to-morrow  
Would end my woes.  
But as in wailing  
There's nought availing,  
And Death unfailing  
Will strike the blow,  
Then for that reason,  
And for a season,  
Let us be merry  
Before we go.

## GEORGE DARLEY

To joy a stranger,  
 A way-worn ranger,  
 In every danger  
     My course I've run ;  
 Now hope all ending,  
 And Death befriending,  
 His last aid lending,  
     My cares are done :  
 No more a rover,  
 Or hapless lover,  
 My griefs are over,  
     My glass runs low ;  
 Then for that reason,  
 And for a season,  
 Let us be merry  
     Before we go !

---

## THE FAIRY CAMP

BY GEORGE DARLEY

THE fairy camp, with tents displayed,  
 Squadrons and glittering files arrayed  
 In strict battalion o'er the plain :  
 Gay trumpets sound the shrill refrain ;  
 From field to field loud orders ring,  
 And couriers scour from wing to wing,  
 On a soft ambling jennet-fly  
 And girt with elfin chivalry  
 Who mingle in suppressed debate,  
 Rides forth the pigmy Autocrat.  
 Her ivory spear swings in its rest,  
 Close and succinct her martial vest  
 Tucked up above her snowy knee,  
 A miniature Penthesilee !  
 Her Amazonian nymphs beside  
 Their queen, at humble distance ride ;

Encased in golden helms their hair,  
In corslets steel their bosoms fair,  
With trowsered skirt loopt strait and high  
Upon the limb's white luxury,  
That clasps so firm, yet soft, each steed  
Thinks himself manfully bestrid,  
And snorts and paws with fierce delight,  
Proud of his own young Maiden knight,  
Whose moony targe at saddle bow  
Hangs loose, and glimmers as they go.  
Now breathe your pipes and roll your drums,  
'Tis the Queen's Majesty that comes!

---

## LOVE SONG

BY GEORGE DARLEY

SWEET in her green dell the Flower of Beauty slumbers  
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;  
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers  
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming  
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from  
above;  
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,  
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound  
her,  
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,  
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round  
her,  
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come, then, my bird! For the peace thou ever bearest,  
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me,  
Come, this fond bosom, O faithfulest and fairest,  
Bleeds with its death-wound its wound of love for thee.

## THE FALLEN STAR

BY GEORGE DARLEY

A STAR is gone ! a star is gone !  
There is a blank in Heaven,  
One of the cherub choir has done  
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire  
That hung for ages there,  
And lent his music to the choir  
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were past,  
With a cherubic sigh  
He vanish'd with his car at last,  
For even cherubs die !

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—  
The minstrels of the spheres—  
Each chiming sadly in his turn  
And dropping splendid tears.

The Planetary Sisters all  
Join in the fatal song,  
And weep this hapless brother's fall  
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band  
The Lunar Spirit sings,  
And with a bass according hand  
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome  
Where sleepless Uriel lies,  
His rude harmonic thunders come  
Mingled with mighty sighs.



The thousand car-borne cherubim,  
The wandering Eleven,  
All join to chant the dirge of him  
Who fell just now from Heaven.

---

# IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND

BY GEORGE DARLEY

It is not Beauty I demand,  
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,  
Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
Your breast where Cupid trembling lies,  
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,  
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,  
A breath that softer music speaks  
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds ; nay, what are lips ?  
Coral beneath the ocean stream,  
Whose brink, when your adventurer sips  
Full oft he perishes on them.

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft  
That wave hot youths to fields of blood ?  
Did Helen's breast though ne'er so soft,  
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn,  
Poison can breath that erst perfumed,  
There's many a white hand holds an urn  
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

## GEORGE DARLEY

For crystal brows—there's nought within,  
They are but empty cells for pride ;  
He who the Syren's hair would win  
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,  
A tender heart, a loyal mind,  
Which with temptation I could trust,  
Yet never linked with error find.

One in whose gentle bosom I  
Could pour my secret heart of woes,  
Like the care-burthened honey-fly  
That hides his murmur in the rose.

My earthly comforter ! whose love  
So indefeasible might be,  
That when my spirit won above  
Hers could not stay for sympathy.

---

## THE SEA-RITUAL

BY GEORGE DARLEY

PRAYER unsaid, and mass unsung,  
Deadman's dirge must still be rung :  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound !  
Mermen chant his dirge around !

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,  
Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair :  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go !  
Mermen swing them to and fro !

In the wormless sand shall he  
Feast for no foul glutton be :  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime !  
Mermen keep the tone and time !

## GEORGE DARLEY

We must with a tombstone brave  
Shut the shark out from his grave :  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll !  
Mermen dirgers ring his knoll !

Such a slab will we lay o'er him  
All the dead shall rise before him !  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom !  
Mermen lay him in his tomb !

[*From " Syren Songs."*]

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## THE WILD BEE'S TALE

BY GEORGE DARLEY

WHEN the sun steps from the billow  
On the steep and stairless sky,  
" Up ! " I say, and quit my pillow,  
" Bed, for many an hour, good-bye ! "

Swiftly to the East I turn me,  
Where the world's great lustre beams,  
Warm to bathe, but not to burn me,  
In its radiant fount of streams.

Then unto the glittering valley,  
Where Aurora strews her pearls,  
With my favourite flowers to dally,  
Jewelled all, like princely girls !

There I hum amid the bushes,  
Eating honey, as it grows,  
Off the cheek of maiden blushes,  
And the red lip of the rose.

In the ear of every flower  
Buzzing many a secret thing,  
Every bright belle of the bower  
Thinks it is for her I sing.

## GEORGE DARLEY

But the valley and the river,  
That go with me as I go,  
Know me for a grand deceiver,  
All my pretty pranks they know.

How I lulled a rose with humming  
Gentle ditties in her ear,  
Then into her bosom coming,  
Rifled all the treasure there.

How I kissed a pair of sisters  
Hanging from one parent tree,  
Whilst each bud-mouth, as I kissed hers,  
Called me her own little bee!

Now my flower-gentle sighing,  
To so wild a lover true,  
Tells me she is just a-dying,  
So I must go kiss her too.

Down the honeysuckle bending,  
As I light upon her crest,  
And her silken tucker rending,  
Creep I bold into her breast.

There entranced, but scarcely sleeping,  
For one odorous while I lie,  
But for all her woe and weeping  
In a moment out I fly.

Golden-chain, with all her tresses,  
Cannot bind me for an hour;  
Soon I break her amorous jesses,  
And desert the drooping flower.

They may talk of happy Heaven,  
Of another world of bliss;  
Were I choice and freedom given  
I would ask no world but this.

Have they lawns so wide and sunny?  
Have they such sweet valleys there?  
Are their fields so full of honey?  
What care I for fields of air!

Give me Earth's rich sun and flowers,  
Give me Earth's green fields and groves,  
Let him fly to Eden's bowers,  
He who such cold bowers loves.

O'er the broom and furze and heather,  
That betuft the mountain side,  
In the sweet sunshiny weather  
Let me here for ever glide.

Let me o'er the woodland wander  
On my wild bassooning wing,  
Let me, as the streams meander,  
Murmur to their murmuring.

I can dream of nothing sweeter  
Under or above the moon;  
Tell me anything that's better  
And I'll change my song as soon.

But if Heaven must be, I prythee,  
God of woodlands, grant my prayer,  
Let me bring my woodland with me,  
Or find such another there!

---

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN  
RUADH O'NEILL<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS DAVIS

"DID they dare — did they dare to slay Owen Roe  
O'Neill?"

"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with  
steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease  
to flow!

May they walk in living death who poisoned Owen Roe!

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "Owen Roe O'Neill."

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."

"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords ;

But the weapon of the Sassenach met him on his way,  
And he died at Cloch Uachtar upon St Leonard's Day.

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One ! Wail, wail ye for the Dead !

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him ! How deeply we deplore !  
Holy Saviour ! but to think we shall never see him more !

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall :

Sure, we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.

Had he lived—had he lived, our dear country had been free ;

But he's dead—but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,  
Audley and MacMahon, ye are valiant, wise, and true ;

But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone ?

The Rudder of our ship was he—our Castle's corner-stone !

"Wail, wail him through the island ! Weep, weep for our pride !

Would that on the battlefield our gallant chief had died !

Weep the victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old !

Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold !

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,

And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—

Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—

Oh ! why did you leave us, Owen ? Why did you die ?

“Soft as a woman’s was your voice, O’Neill! Bright was  
your eye.  
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?  
Your troubles are all over; you’re at rest with God on  
high;  
But we’re slaves, and we’re orphans, Owen! Why did you  
die?”

---

## MY GRAVE

BY THOMAS DAVIS

SHALL they bury me in the deep,  
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?  
Shall they dig a grave for me,  
Under the green-wood tree?  
Or on the wild heath,  
Where the wilder breath  
Of the storm doth blow?  
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,  
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?  
Sweet ’twere to lie on Italy’s shore;  
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.  
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?  
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?  
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?  
Just as they fall they are buried so—  
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,  
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;  
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—  
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,  
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,  
But green sods decked with daisies fair;

Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew  
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.  
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind.  
 "HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY, AND LOVED HIS KIND."

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,  
 If one were sure to be buried so.

---

## CREMONA

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

[The French army, including a part of the Irish Brigade, under Marshal Villeroy, held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugène, with the Imperial Army, surprised it one morning, and, owing to the treachery of a priest, occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroy was captured, together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugène's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugène, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.]

THE Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall;  
 The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall;  
 They have marched from far away  
 Ere the dawning of the day,  
 And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh;  
 Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés,  
 They have crept up every street,  
 In the market-place they meet,  
 They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed;  
 The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head;  
 "I have lost my men!" quoth he,  
 "And my men they have lost me,  
 And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona."



Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place ;  
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face ;  
Says he, "Our work is done,  
For the Citadel is won,  
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there ;  
Says he, "Come in your shirt,  
And you won't take any hurt,  
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,  
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor  
wait ;  
There's Dillon and there's Burke,  
And there'll be some bloody work  
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport ;  
"Come, take a hand !" says he,  
"And if you will stand by me,  
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona !"

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,  
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race :  
"MacDonnell, ride, I pray,  
To your countrymen, and say  
That only they are left in all Cremona !"

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke,  
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike ;  
Six companies were there  
From Limerick and Clare,  
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,  
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late ;  
For when I gallop back  
'Tis the signal for attack,  
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona !"

And Major Dan he laughed : "Faith, if what you say be true,

And if they will not come until they hear again from you,  
Then there will be no attack,  
For you're never going back,  
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came,  
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame,  
They have filled the ditch with dead,  
And the river's running red ;  
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,  
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,  
Taafe and Herberstein,  
And the riders of the Rhine ;  
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German  
roar,  
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore ;  
For better men were there  
From Limerick and Clare,  
And who will take the gateway of Cremona ?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip ;  
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip :  
"Call off! Call off!" he cried,  
"It is nearing eventide,  
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchope to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack."  
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack ;  
But who will stop the game  
While there's light to play the same,  
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona ?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and  
come,  
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken  
Diak's drum ;  
And along the winding Po,  
Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,  
The Kaiserlics are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall ;  
Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call ;  
But what's the odds of that,  
For it's all the same to Pat  
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, " You've done a soldier's work !  
And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of  
Burke !

Ask what you will this day,  
And be it what it may,  
It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

" Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, " one favour we entreat,  
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.  
We've no quarrel with the shirt,  
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,  
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

[From "*Songs of Action*" (*Smith, Elder & Co.*). By kind permission  
of the Author.]

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## THE FRANKLIN'S MAID

BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

THE franklin he hath gone to roam,  
The franklin's maid she bides at home ;  
But she is cold, and coy, and staid,  
And who may win the franklin's maid ?

There came a knight of high renown  
In bassinet and ciclatoun ;  
On bended knee full long he prayed—  
He might not win the franklin's maid.

There came a squire so debonair,  
His dress was rich, his words were fair.  
He sweetly sang, he deftly played—  
He could not win the franklin's maid.

There came a mercer wonder-fine,  
 With velvet cap and gaberdine ;  
 For all his ships, for all his trade,  
 He could not buy the franklin's maid.

There came an archer bold and true  
 With bracer guard and stave of yew ;  
 His purse was light, his jerkin frayed—  
 Haro, alas ! the franklin's maid !

Oh, some have laughed and some have cried,  
 And some have scoured the countryside ;  
 But off they ride through wood and glade,  
 The bowman and the franklin's maid.

[From "*Songs of Action*" (Smith, Elder & Co.). By kind permission  
 of the Author.]

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## THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,  
 He jested, quaffed, and swore ;  
 A drunken private of the Buffs,  
 Who never looked before.  
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
 He stands in Elgin's place,  
 Ambassador from Britain's crown  
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
 Bewildered, and alone,  
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
 He yet can call his own.  
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame :  
 He only knows, that not through *him*  
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed  
Like dreams, to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
One sheet of living snow ;  
The smoke, above his father's door,  
In grey soft eddyings hung :  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by.  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons.  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

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## THE SPANISH MOTHER

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE

YES ! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud  
career,  
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and  
near—  
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,  
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle  
forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,  
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the  
machine;  
Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that  
lived to kill,  
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows that rise  
and fall,  
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal;  
The woful things both seen and done, we heeded little then,  
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of aged men.

The German and the Englishmen were each an open foe,  
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding  
snow,  
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched,  
remain  
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding  
soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,  
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain  
stream;  
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet  
silver eye,  
And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the  
deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we  
found,  
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the  
ground;—  
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each  
trailing vine,  
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of  
wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning  
way,  
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,  
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts  
no more,  
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he  
lay;  
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and  
wrenched away;  
They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and  
cursings grim,  
"Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb  
from limb."

The woman shaking off *his* blood, rose raven-haired and  
tall,  
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than  
all;  
"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them  
for the dead,  
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a  
secret place,  
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's  
face;  
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent  
mien,  
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the  
scene:

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering  
eyes,  
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor  
surprise;  
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,  
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered  
man.

She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber  
sweet;  
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around  
our feet;  
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the  
wine,  
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold ; and moments thus flew by without  
a breath,  
A company of living things where all was still — but  
death—  
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I  
stood  
And watched the only thing that stirred—the ripple of  
the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the  
solemn spell,  
And human fear displacing awe upon our spirits fell—  
“Ho ! slayers of the sinewless, ho ! trampers of the weak !  
What ! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought  
wine ye seek ?—

“Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my  
store ;  
Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be seen no  
more—  
Poison ! is that your craven fear ?” she snatched a goblet  
up,  
And raised it to her queenlike head, as if to drain the  
cup—

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, “No ! woman,  
no !” he said,  
“A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it your child  
instead.”  
She only smiled a bitter smile,—“Frenchmen, I do not  
shrink ;  
As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink.”—

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning the inmost  
soul,  
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.  
And we, with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care,  
Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild  
and light—  
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine  
that night ;



I just had filled a single cup, when through my very  
brain  
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of  
pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous  
cheer,  
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen  
spear.  
“Ay,” shrieked the woman, darting up, “I pray you trust  
again  
A widow's hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.

“Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I  
swore  
To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.  
Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that if ye did not  
spare,  
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

“A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase  
it ill,  
But in your hunger, ye forgot that hate is deeper still.  
The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered  
love the wife—  
To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life.”

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,  
Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single  
stone;  
I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour went by,  
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die—

But though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like  
beasts of prey,  
And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life  
away,  
Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of  
pain,  
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye  
of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and  
wild,  
Drifting, like storm-tost clouds, around the mother and  
her child—  
While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the  
while,  
And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same  
unchanging smile.

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## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

BY LADY DUFFERIN

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright May mornin', long ago,  
When first you were my bride :  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high—  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the lovelight in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary ;  
The day is bright as then ;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again ;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near—  
The church where we were wed, Mary ;  
I see the spire from here.  
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends :  
But, oh ! they love the better still,  
The few our Father sends !  
And you were all I had, Mary—  
My blessin' and my pride !  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on  
When the trust in God had left my soul  
And my arm's young strength was gone ;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there  
And you hid it for *my* sake ;  
I bless you for the pleasant word  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true !  
But I'll not forget *you*, darling,  
In the land I'm goin' to :  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget Old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies ;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride.

## TERENCE'S FAREWELL

BY LADY DUFFERIN

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me  
 All alone by myself in this place,  
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me—  
 Oh no, if there's truth in that face.  
 Though England's a beautiful city,  
 Full of illigant boys—oh, what then?  
 You would not forget your poor Terence;  
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och! those English, deceivers by nature,  
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,  
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,  
 But don't you believe them, my dear.  
 No, Kathleen, *agra*!<sup>1</sup> don't be minding  
 The flattering speeches they'll make;  
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland  
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,  
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—  
 For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing  
 When next I shall see your sweet face.  
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen,  
 None the better will I be off then—  
 You'll be spaking such beautiful English,  
 Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry?  
 Don't flutter me so in this way,—  
 I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,  
 Every word I was maning to say;  
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye,—  
 Can I talk if you bother me so?—  
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye  
 Ev'ry inch of the way that you go!

. <sup>1</sup> My love,

## ON CHARITY

BY W. P. DUNNE

"BR-R-R!" cried Mr McKenna, entering stiffly and spreading his hands over the pot-bellied stove. "It's cold."

"Where?" asked Mr Dooley. "Not here."

"It's cold outside," said Mr McKenna. "It was ten below at Shannahan's grocery when I went by, and the wind blowing like all possessed. Lord love us, but I pity them that's got to be out to-night."

"Save ye'er pity," said Mr Dooley comfortably. "It ain't cowl'd in here. There's frost on th' window, 'tis thrue for ye; an' th' wheels has been singin' th' livelong day. But what's that to us? Here I am, and there ye are, th' stove between us an' th' kettle hummin'. In a minyit it'll bile, an' thin I'll give ye a taste iv what'll make a king iv ye."

"Well, tubby sure, 'tis thryin' to be dhrivin' a coal wagon or a sthreet-car; but 'tis all in a lifetime. Th' diffrence between me an' th' man that sets up in th' seat thumpin' his chest with his hands is no more thin th' diffrence between him an' th' poor divvle that walks along behind th' wagon with his shovel on his shoulder, an' 'll thank th' saints fr th' first chanst to put tin ton iv ha-ard coal into a cellar f'r a quarther iv a dollar. Th' lad afoot invies th' dhriver, an' th' dhriver invies me; an' I might invy big Cleveland if it wasn't f'r th' hivinly smell iv this here noggin. An' who does Cleveland invy? Sure, it'd be sacreliege f'r me to say."

"Me ol' father, who was as full iv sayin's as an almanac, used to sink his spoon into th' stirabout, an' say, 'Well, lads, this ain't bacon an' greens an' porther; but it'll be annything ye like iv ye'll on'y think iv th' Cassidys.' Th' Cassidys was th' poorest fam'ly in th' parish. They waked th' oldest son in small beer, an' was little thought of. Did me father iver ask thim in to share th' stirabout? Not him. An' he was the kindest man in th' wurruld. He had a heart in him as big as a lump iv tuft, but

he'd say, 'Whin ye grow up, take no wan's sorrows to ye'ersilf,' he says. "'Tis th' wise man that goes through life thinkin' iv himsilf, fills his own stomach, an' takes away what he can't ate in his pocket.' An' he was r-right, Jawn. We have troubles enough of our own. Th' wurruld goes on just th' same, an' ye can find fifty men to say th' lit'ny fr ye to wan that'll give ye what'll relieve a fastin' spit. Th' dead ar-re always pop'lar. I knowed a society wanst to vote a monymnt to a man an' refuse to help his fam'ly, all in wan night. 'Tis cowl'd outside th' dure, ye say, but 'tis war-rum in here; an' I'm gettin' in me ol' age to think that the diff'rence between hivin an' hell is no broader——"

Mr Dooley's remarks were cut short by a cry from the back room. It was unmistakably a baby's cry. Mr McKenna turned suddenly in amazement as Mr Dooley bolted.

"Well, in the name of the saints, what's all this?" he cried, following his friend into the back room. He found the philosopher, with an expression of the utmost sternness, sitting on the side of his bed, with a little girl of two or three in his arms. The philosopher was singing:—

"Ar-rah rock-a-bye, babby, on th' three top :  
Whin th' wind blo-ows, th' cradle ull r-rock ;  
An', a-whin th' bough breaks, th' cradle ull fa-a-a-ll,  
An' a-down ull come babby, cradle, an' all."

Then he sang :—

"In th' town iv Kilkinny there du-wilt a fair ma-aid,  
In th' town iv Kilkinny there du-wilt a fair ma-aid,  
She had cheeks like th' roses, and hair iv th' same,  
An' a mouth like ripe strawburries burrid in crame."

He rocked the child to and fro, and its crying ceased while he sang :—

"Chip, chip, a little horse ;  
Chip, chip, again, sir,  
How many miles to Dublin ?  
Threescore an' tin, sir."

The little girl went to sleep on Mr Dooley's white apron. He lifted her tenderly, and carried her over to his bed.

Then he tiptoed out with an apprehensive face, and whispered: "It's Jawn Donahue's kid that wandherd away fr'm home, an' went to sleep on me dure-step. I sint th' Dorsey boy to tell th' mother, but he's a long time gone. Do ye run over, Jawn, an' lave thim know."

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## ON POLITICAL PARADES

BY W. P. DUNNE

MR HENNESSY, wearing a silver-painted stove-pipe hat and a silver cape and carrying a torch, came in, looking much the worse for wear. The hat was dented, the cape was torn, and there were marks on Mr Hennessy's face.

"Where ye been?" asked Mr Dooley.

"Ma-archin'," said Mr Hennessy.

"Be th' looks iv ye, ye might have been th' line iv ma-arch f'r th' p'rade. Who's been doin' things to ye?"

"I had a currency debate with a man be th' name iv Joyce, a townty iv mine, in th' Audjioto-room Hotel," said Mr Hennessy. "Whin we got as far as th' price iv wheat in th' year iv th' big wind, we pushed each other. Give me a high glass of beer. I'm as dhry as a gravel roof."

"Well," said Mr Dooley, handing over the glass, "ye're an ol' man; an', as th' good book says, an ol' fool is th' worst yet. So I'll not thry to con-vince ye iv th' error iv ye'er ways. But why anny citizen that has things in his head shud dhress himself up like a sandwich-man, put a torch on his shoulder, an' toddle over this blessid town with his poor round feet, is more than I can come at with all me intelligence.

"I agree with ye perfectly, Hinnissy, that this here is a crisis in our histhry. On wan hand is arrayed th' Shylocks an' th' pathrites, an' on th' other side th' pathrites an' th' arnychists. Th' Constitution must be upheld, th' gover'mint must be maintained, th' down-

throdden farmer an' workin'man must get their rights. But do ye think, man alive, that ye're goin' to do this be pourin' lard ile fr'm ye'er torch down ye'er spine or thrippin' over sthreet-car tracks like a dhray-horse thryin' to play circus? Is th' Constitution anny safer to-night because ye have to have ye'er leg amputated to get ye'er boot off, or because Joyce has made ye'er face look like th' back dure-step iv a German resthrant?

"Jawnny Mack took me down in th' afthernoon fr to see th' monsthrous p'rade iv th' goold men. It was a glorious spectacle. Th' sthreets were crowded with goold bugs an' women an' polismin an' ambulances. Th' procission was miles an' miles long. Labour an' capital marched side be side, or annyhow labour was in its usual place, afther th' capitalists. It was a noble sight fr to see th' employer iv workin'men marchin' ahead iv his band iv sturdy toilers that to rest thimsilves afther th' layboryous occupations iv th' week was reelin' undher banners that dhrilled a hole in their stomachs or carryin' two-be-four joists to show their allegiance to th' naytional honour. A man that has to shovel coke into a dhray or shove lumber out iv th' hole iv a barge or elevate his profession be carryin' a hod iv mort to th' top iv a laddher doesn't march with th' grace iv an antelope, be a blamed sight. To march well, a man's feet have to be mates; an', if he has two left feet both runnin' sideways, he ought to have intherference boots to keep him fr'm settin' fire to his knees. Whin a man walks as if he expected to lave a leg stuck in th' sthreet behind him, he has th' gait proper fr half-past six o'clock th' avenin' befure pay-day. But 'tis not th' prance iv an American citizen makin' a glorious spectacle iv himsilf."

"They were coerced," said Mr Hennessy, gloomily.

"Don't you believe it," replied the philosopher. "It niver requires coercion to get a man to make a monkey iv himsilf in a prisidintial campaign. He does it as aisily as ye dhrink ye'er liquor, an' that's too aisly. Don't ye believe thim lads with lumber ya-ards on their necks an' bar'ls on their feet was co-erced. There wasn't wan iv thim that wuddn't give his week's wages fr a chanst to show how many times he cud thrip over a manhole in a mile. No more co-erced than ye are whin ye r-run down town an' make an ape iv ye'ersilf. I see ye marchin'



away fr'm Finucane's with th' Willum J. O'Briens. Th' man nex' to ye had a banner declarin' that he was no slave. 'Twas th' la-ad Johnson. He was r-right. He is no slave, an' he won't be wan as long as people have washin' to give to his wife. Th' man I see ye takin' a dhrink with had a banner that said if th' mines was opened th' mills would be opened, too. He meant be that, that if money was plenty enough f'r him to get some without wur-rukin', he'd open a gin mill. An' ye ma-arched afther Willum J. O'Brien, didn't ye? Well, he's a good la-ad. If I didn't think so, I wudden't say it until I got me strenth back or cud buy a gun. But did Willum J. O'Brien march? Not Willie. He was on horseback; an', Hinnissy, if dollars was made out iv Babbit metal, an' horses was worth sixty-sivin cints a dhrove, ye cudden't buy a crupper."

"Well," said Mr Hennessy, "annyhow, I proved me hathred iv capital."

"So ye did," said Mr Dooley. "So ye did. An capital this afthernoon showed its hatred iv ye. Ye ought to match blisters to see which hates th' worst. Capital is at home now with his gams in a tub iv hot wather; an' whin he comes down to-morrah to oppriss labour an' square his protisted notes, he'll have to go on all fours. As f'r you, Hinnissy, if 'twill aise ye anny, ye can hang f'r a few minyits fr'm th' gas fixtures. Did th' goold Dimmycrats have a p'rade?"

"No," said Mr Hennessy. "But they rayviewed th' day procission fr'm th' Pammer House. Both iv thim was on th' stand."

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## THE AMERICAN WAKE<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY

'Twas down at the Doherty's "wake,"  
(They were off to New York in the morning),  
So we thought we'd a night of it make,  
And gave all the countryside warning.

<sup>1</sup> The "American Wake" is the send-off given to people the night before their departure for America.

The girls came drest in their best,  
The boys gathered to, every soul of them,  
And Mary along with the rest—  
'Tis she took the sway of the whole of them.

We'd a fiddler, the pipes, and a flute—  
The three were enough sure to bother you,  
But you danced to whichever might suit,  
And tried not to think of the other two.  
The frolic was soon at its height,  
The small drop went round never chary,  
The girls would dazzle your sight,  
But all I could think of was Mary.

The first jig, faith, out she'd to go,  
The piper played "Haste to the Wedding,"  
And while I set to heel and toe,  
You'd think 'twas on eggs she was treading.  
So bright was her smile and her glance,  
So dainty the modest head bowed of her,  
'Tis she was the Queen of the Dance,  
And wasn't it I that was proud of her!

At last I looked out for a chair,  
And off I led Mary in state to it;  
But think of us when we got there,  
The sorra the sign of a sate to it!  
Still, as there was no other free,  
We thought we'd put up for a start with it—  
Och, when she sat down on my knee  
For an emperor's throne I'd not part with it.

When Mary sat down on my lap  
A tremor ran through every bit of me,  
My heart 'gin my ribs gave a rap  
As if it was going to be quit of me.  
I tried just a few words to say,  
To show the delight and pride of me,  
But my tongue was dry in a way  
As if I'd a bonfire inside of me.

And there sat the *cailín*<sup>1</sup> as mild  
 As if nothing at all was gone wrong with me,  
 And I just as wake as a child,  
 To have her so cosy along with me.  
 My arm around her I passed  
 When I saw there was no one persaiving us—  
 “Don’t you wish, dear,” says I, at long last,  
 “The Dohertys always were laving us?”

The words weren’t out of my mouth  
 When the thieves of musicians stopped playing,  
 And the boys ruz a laugh and a shout,  
 When they listened to what I was saying.  
 Poor Mary as swift as a hare  
 Ran off ’mong the girls and hid herself,  
 And except that I fell through the chair,  
 I fairly forget what I did myself.

The Dohertys scarce in New York  
 Were landed, I’m thinking, a week or more,  
 When a wedding took place in West Cork,  
 The like of it vainly you’d seek before.  
 Some day if my way you should pass,  
 Step in—I’ve a drop of the best of it ;  
 And while Mary is mixing a glass,  
 I’ll try and I’ll tell you the rest of it.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

## THE DONOVANS

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,  
 The cream of kindly welcome, and the core of cordiality :  
 Joys of all the olden time—you’re wishing to recall again ?  
 Come down to Donovans, and there you’ll meet them all  
 again.

<sup>1</sup> Young woman, girl—pronounced “colleen,” or “collyeen.”

*Céad míle fáilte*<sup>1</sup> they'll give you down at Donovans,  
 As cheery as the springtime and Irish as the *cannawoun*,<sup>2</sup>  
 The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—  
 That every luck that lightens life may light upon the  
 Donovans.

As soon as e'er you lift the latch, the little ones are meeting  
 you ;  
 Soon as you're beneath the thatch, oh ! kindly looks are  
 greeting you ;  
 Scarcely are you ready to be holding out the fist to them,  
 When down by the fireside you're sitting in the midst of  
 them.

*Céad míle fáilte* they'll give you down at Donovans, etc.

There sits the *cailín deas*<sup>3</sup>—oh ! where on earth's the peer  
 of her ?  
 The modest face, the gentle grace, the humour and the  
 cheer of her—  
 Eyes like the summer skies when twin stars beam above  
 in them,  
 Oh ! proud will be the boy that's to light the lamp of love  
 in them.

*Céad míle fáilte* they'll give you down at Donovans, etc.

Then when you rise to go, it's "Ah, then, now sit down  
 again !"  
 "Isn't it the haste you're in ?" and "Won't you soon come  
 round again ?"  
 Your *caubeen*<sup>4</sup> and your overcoat you'd better put astray  
 from them,  
 'Twill take you all your time to try and tear yourself away  
 from them.

*Céad míle fáilte* they'll give you down at Donovans, etc.

<sup>1</sup> A hundred thousand welcomes. Pronounced "Kaid-maela-faulte."

<sup>2</sup> Bog-cotton.

<sup>3</sup> Pretty girl. Pronounced, "collyeen" or "colleen dass."

<sup>4</sup> Small round hat.

## LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY

OH, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery,  
And the raison that I am not now the boy I used to be  
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in  
history,  
And sure half the country-side is as lost for her as me.

Travel Ireland up and down—hill, village, vale, and  
town—  
Fairer than the "cailín donn"<sup>1</sup> you'll be looking for in  
vain;  
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy  
Than emperor, without her be, o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a  
sight of her,  
And heard her sing the "Droighnean Donn,"<sup>2</sup> till tears  
came in my eyes,  
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and  
night of her;  
The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.

Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,  
Working, resting, night or noon, she never laves my mind;  
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,  
'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight  
about,  
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her  
eye?  
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon  
go to the right-about,  
If I thought the curly head would be resting there  
by'n'bye.

<sup>1</sup> Brown girl; pronounced "colleen" or "collyeen" or "collyeen donn."

<sup>2</sup> "The Brown Thorn," the name of a well-known Irish air, pronounced "Droinan Donn."

Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,  
Ship them across the say, or to the frozen zone :  
Lave me an orphan bare—but *lave me Mary Cassidy*,  
I never would feel lonesome with the two of us alone.

[From “ *Irish Songs and Poems.*” By kind permission of the Author.]

---

## THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

BY FRANCIS A. FAHY

NOT far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,  
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my  
way,  
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,  
A little Irish *cailín*<sup>1</sup> in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm ;  
And, oh ! her face, and, oh ! her grace, the soul of saint  
would charm ;  
Her brown hair rippled o’er her brow, but greatest charm  
of all  
Was her modest blue eyes beaming ’neath her ould plaid  
shawl.

I courteously saluted her—“ God save you, miss,” says I ;  
“ God save you, kindly sir,” said she, and shyly passed me  
by ;  
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,  
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,  
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my  
sight ;  
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,  
“ The grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl.”

<sup>1</sup> See page 130, note 3.

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with  
knives,  
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or  
their lives,  
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all  
To a simple little *cailín* in an ould plaid shawl!

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,  
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,  
But never cloak or hood or robe, in palace, bow'r, or hall  
Clad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,  
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;  
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but  
small—  
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid  
shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all  
through Clare,  
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller everywhere,  
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call  
That little Irish *cailín* in her ould plaid shawl.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

---

## THE BURIAL OF KING CORMAC<sup>1</sup>

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

“CROM CRUACH and his sub-gods twelve,”  
Said Cormac, “are but carven treene;  
The axe that made them, haft or helve,  
Had worthier of our worship been.

<sup>1</sup> There is a Christian legend which tells that Cormac MacArt, who ruled Ireland in the third century, had an early intuition of the true faith and turned away from Paganism. Thereupon the priests of the great idol Crom Cruach cursed him, and he died, but charged that he should be buried at Rosnaree, and not at the great royal cemetery of Brugh, which came about as the poem relates.

"But He who made the tree to grow  
And hid in earth the iron-stone,  
And made the man with mind to know  
The axe's use, is God alone."

Anon to priests of Crom was brought—  
Where, girded in their service dread,  
They minister'd on red Moy Slaught—  
Word of the words King Cormac said.

They loosed their curse against the King—  
They cursed him in his flesh and bones—  
And daily in their mystic ring  
They turn'd the maledictive stones,

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,  
Amid the revel and the wine,  
He choked upon the food he ate,  
At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

High vaunted then the priestly throng,  
And far and wide they noised abroad,  
With trump and loud lithurgic song,  
The praise of their avenging god.

But ere the voice was wholly spent  
That priest and prince should still obey,  
To awed attendants o'er him bent  
Great Cormac gather'd breath to say:

"Spread not the beds of Brugh<sup>1</sup> for me  
When restless death-bed's use is done;  
But bury me at Rosnaree,  
And face me to the rising sun.

"For all the Kings who lie in Brugh  
Put trust in gods of wood and stone;  
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew  
One, Unseen, who is God alone.

"His glory lightens from the East;  
His message soon shall reach our shore;  
And idol-god and cursing priest,  
Shall plague us from Moy Slaught no more."

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "Broo," meaning "Great House," one of the most remarkable Pagan cemeteries of Europe, extending on the River Boyne a little below Slane for nearly three miles, and full of sepulchral chambers and inscribed stones.



Dead Cormac on his bier they laid.

“He reign’d a king for forty years,  
And shame it were,” his captains said,

“He lay not with his royal peers.

“His grandsire, Hundred-Battle, sleeps

Serene in Brugh ; and all around

Dead kings in stone sepulchral keeps

Protect the sacred burial ground.

“What though a dying man should rave

Of changes o’er the Eastern sea ?

In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,

And not in noteless Rosnaree.”

Then northward forth they bore the bier

And down from Sletty side they drew,

With horseman and with charioteer,

To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh.

There came a breath of finer air,

That touch’d the Boyne with ruffling wings ;

It stirr’d him in his sedgy lair,

And in his mossy moorland springs.

And as the burial train came down

With dirge and savage dolorous shows,

Across their pathway, broad and brown,

The deep full-hearted river rose ;

From bank to bank through all his fords,

’Neath blackening squalls he swell’d and boil’d ;

And thrice the wondering Gentile lords

Essay’d to cross, and thrice recoil’d.

Then forth stepp’d grey-hair’d warriors four ;

They said : “Through angrier floods than these

On link’d shields once our King we bore

From Dread-Spear<sup>1</sup> and the hosts of Deece.

“And long as loyal will holds good,

And limbs respond with helpful thews,

Nor flood, nor fiend within the flood,

Shall bar him of his burial dues.”

<sup>1</sup> Ængus or Angus, called “Dread-Spear,” owing to his prowess with the spear. With a cast of it he had himself treacherously deprived Cormac of the sight of one of his eyes.

## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

With slanted necks they stoop'd to lift ;  
They heaved him up to neck and chin ;  
And, pair and pair, with footsteps swift,  
Lock'd arm and shoulder, bore him in.

'Twas brave to see them leave the shore ;  
To mark the deep'ning surges rise,  
And fall subdued in foam before  
The tension of their striding thighs.

'Twas brave, when now a spear-cast out,  
Breast-high the battling surges ran ;  
For weight was great, and limbs were stout,  
And loyal man put trust in man.

But ere they reach'd the middle deep,  
Nor steadying weight of clay they bore,  
Nor strain of sinewy limbs could keep  
Their feet beneath the swerving four.

And now they slide, and now they swim,  
And now, amid the blackening squall,  
Grey locks afloat, with clutchings grim,  
They plunge around the floating pall ;

While as a youth with practised spear  
Through justling crowds bears off the ring,  
Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier  
And proudly bore away the King.

At morning, on the grassy marge  
Of Rosnaree, the corpse was found ;  
And shepherds at their early charge  
Entomb'd it in the peaceful ground.

A tranquil spot—a hopeful sound  
Comes from the ever youthful stream,  
And still on daisied mead and mound  
The dawn delays with tenderer beam

Round Cormac Spring renews her buds ;  
In march perpetual by his side,  
Down come the earth-fresh April floods,  
And up the sea-fresh salmon glide.

And life and time rejoicing run  
 From age to age their wonted way ;  
 But still he waits the risen Sun,  
 For still 'tis only dawning Day.

---

## THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND

FROM THE IRISH

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

A PLENTIOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
*Uileacán dubh O!*<sup>1</sup>  
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow  
 barley ear,

*Uileacán dubh O!*

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,  
 And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters  
 fann'd ;

There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the  
 yellow sand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,

*Uileacán dubh O!*

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,

*Uileacán dubh O!*

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,  
 Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,  
 And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high  
 command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

*Uileacán dubh O!*

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,

*Uileacán dubh O!*

<sup>1</sup> Oh sad lament—pronounced, “Illeycaun doob O!”

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,  
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,  
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests  
grand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

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## THE FAIRY THORN

AN ULSTER BALLAD

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel ;  
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep ;  
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a Highland  
reel

Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,  
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green ;  
And Anna laid the *rock*<sup>1</sup> and the weary wheel aside—  
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,  
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare ;  
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,  
And the crags in the ghostly air.

And linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,  
The maids along the hillside have ta'en their fearless  
way,

Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty  
grow

Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,  
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee ;  
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and dim  
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

<sup>1</sup> Distaff.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,  
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,  
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go—  
Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze  
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,  
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,  
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky  
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,  
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie  
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above and the grassy ground beneath,  
And from the mountain-ashes and the old white-thorn  
between,  
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings  
breathe,  
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and, stealing side to side,  
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks  
so fair;  
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,  
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together  
bowed,  
Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—  
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,  
Like a river in the air gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,  
But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three;  
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away—  
By whom, they dare not look to see.

They feel her tresses twine with their parting locks of gold,  
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;  
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,  
But they dare not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies  
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;  
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,  
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,  
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;  
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning-tide,  
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,  
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—  
They pined away and died within the year and day,  
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

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## LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

I WALKED through Ballinderry in the spring-time,  
When the bud was on the tree;  
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding  
The sowers striding free,  
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty  
On the quick seed-clasping soil,  
"Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of  
Erin,  
Thomas Davis, is thy toil!"

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,  
And saw the salmon leap;  
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures  
Spring glittering from the deep,  
Thro' the spray, and thro' the prone heaps striving onward  
To the calm clear streams above,  
"So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas  
Davis,  
In thy brightness of strength and love!"

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,  
And I heard the eagle call,  
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation  
That filled the wide mountain hall,  
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie ;  
And I said, as he screamed and soared,  
"So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,  
For a nation's rights restored !"

And, alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,  
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;  
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,  
That face on earth shall never see :  
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,  
I may lie and try to say, "Thy will be done"—  
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin  
For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,  
In the fresh track of danger's plough !  
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow  
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?  
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge  
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,  
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting  
Against the Resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom  
That swells round Erin's shore !  
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent  
Of bigotry and hate no more :  
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,  
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—  
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their  
raging,  
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,  
That thy wrathful cry is still ;  
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners  
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill ;

Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,  
(God avert that horrid day, I pray!),  
That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal  
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,  
That He will not suffer those right hands  
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock  
To draw opposing brands.  
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal  
Would lie cold and silent then ;  
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin  
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,  
'Tis on you my hopes are set,  
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,  
To make Erin a nation yet :  
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,  
In union or in severance, free and strong—  
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis  
Let the greater praise belong.

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## WILLY GILLILAND

AN ULSTER BALLAD

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

UP in the mountain solitudes, and in the rebel ring,  
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of Church  
and king ;  
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge  
he hath,  
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death ;  
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,  
And his smoking roof-tree testifies they'd done their  
errand well.



In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;  
Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;  
His name was on the Carrick Cross, a price was on his  
head—

A fortune to the man who brings him in, alive or dead !  
And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan to the  
Bann,  
From house to house and hill to hill, he lurked an out-  
lawed man.

At last when in false company he might no longer bide,  
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon  
side ;

There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den,  
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill-fox  
then !

With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream, by  
day ;  
At night betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare  
he lay.

It was a summer evening, and mellowing and still  
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;  
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,  
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see—  
From Flemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,  
Save where, in many a silver coil, the river glanced  
between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning  
grey,  
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer  
day :  
Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from  
dawn,  
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and  
care had gone,  
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and  
streams,  
Where he that day his cares forgot in youth's delightful  
dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,  
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his  
brow,  
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,  
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God ;  
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,  
And against a godless Church and king he spoke up loud  
and clear.

And now upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon  
high,  
And over bush, and bank, and brae, he sent abroad his eye ;  
But all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,  
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the  
braes—  
When suddenly shot up a blaze—from the cave's mouth  
it came,  
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the  
same.

He crouched among the heather, and he saw them, as he  
lay,  
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;  
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came  
he,  
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins  
used to be,  
And stretched among the prickly coomb,<sup>1</sup> his heart's blood  
smoking round,  
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good  
greyhound !

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines ! they've ta'en my  
bonny mare !" —  
He plunged into the smoky hole—no bonny beast was  
there ;  
He groped beneath his burning bed (it burned him to the  
bone),  
Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there  
was none ;  
He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,  
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his  
moan—

<sup>1</sup> Gorse.

"I am a houseless outcast ; I have neither bed nor board,  
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the  
Lord.

Yet many a time were better men in worse extremity ;  
Who succoured them in their distress, He now will succour  
me ;

He now will succour me, I know : and, by His holy name,  
I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the  
same !

"My bonny mare ! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode  
behind,

And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like  
the wind ;

And while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank,  
I swear

Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace  
wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than  
this."

His fishing-rod with both his hands he gripped it as he  
spoke,

And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain  
he broke.

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,  
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron  
shod,

He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then pulled his  
bonnet down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall, and Carrick Castle  
grey,

And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning  
way ;

And to the North-gate sentinel displayeth far and near  
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness  
clear,

Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,  
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall, and Carrick Castle  
old,  
And all the western buttresses have changed their grey  
for gold;  
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas! the pilgrim of the  
sky  
Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary;  
But, as his last red glance he takes down past black  
Slieve-a-thru',  
He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill,  
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet  
still!  
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show  
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and troopers in  
a row;  
But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is he  
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,  
The iron and the hickory are through and through him  
gone!  
He lies a corpse; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,  
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and  
rein;  
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and  
run amain;  
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they  
plied in vain!

Ah! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry  
side  
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary  
ride,  
That where he lay, like hunted brute, a cavern'd outlaw  
lone,  
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his  
own;  
Yet so it was; and still from him descendants not a few  
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of  
Freedom too.

ALAS THAT SPRING SHOULD VANISH  
WITH THE ROSE

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument  
About it and about, but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:  
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd—  
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,  
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing!  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?  
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!  
Another and another Cup to drown  
The memory of this Impertinence!

There was a Door to which I found no Key:  
There was a Veil past which I could not see:  
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There seemed—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!  
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

Ah, Love! could thou and I with fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,  
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again :  
How oft hereafter rising shall she look  
Through this same Garden after me—in vain !

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass  
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass !

[*From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*]

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## THE END OF ALL

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes,—or it prospers ; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think in this battered caravanseraï,  
Whose portals are alternate night and day,  
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp  
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They saw the lion and the lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;  
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass  
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;  
That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green  
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean,—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows  
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears  
To-day of past regret and future fears :  
To-morrow !—why, to-morrow I may be  
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,  
Have drunk their cup a round or two, before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the dust descend ;  
Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie  
Sans wine, sans songs, sans singer, and—sans end !

*[From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.]*

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## AN IRISH BEAUTY

BY ELLEN FORRESTER

DARK eyes softly beaming, and pearly teeth gleaming,  
And black rippling tresses, loose, flowing, and free ;  
A face sweet and simple, and many an arch dimple—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

A small foot, a neat foot, a dainty and fleet foot,  
No foot in the dance half so nimble you'd see ;  
As gay as a fairy, and graceful and airy—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

Now teasing, now vexing, and always perplexing  
The heart that adores her to such a degree ;  
Now frowning, now smiling, bewitching, beguiling—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

Dark eyes softly beaming, and pearly teeth gleaming,  
Capricious, and wilful, and charming is she ;  
In kind mood or cruel, she's always my jewel—  
My own darling Nora, sweet Nora Magee.

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## A CASE OF ETIQUETTE

BY PERCY FRENCH

SIR Diagnosis Stethoscope Parietal De Brown  
Was perhaps the most astute of all the medicos in town,  
And thro' all his course of study and his practice he  
would let  
No sentiment divert him from his code of etiquette.

One evening in the hospital a friend he chanced to see  
Being treated for insomnia by Hillary, M.D.  
He saw that Max was treating him most ignorantly, yet  
He couldn't interfere—you see it wasn't etiquette.

He vowed the patient couldn't live beneath that upas tree—  
'Twas thus that he referred to old Max Hillary, M.D.  
His fingers fairly itched to try his hypodermic jet,  
But couldn't well suggest it—as it wasn't etiquette.

The case grew worse—the end drew near, old Max would  
say, "Dear me,  
There's something I can't fathom here." De Brown said,  
"So I see."  
And when the patient died he went with feelings of regret  
And placed a wreath upon his grave  
—But this was etiquette.

[By kind permission of the Author.]



## THE GRASSHOPPER'S RIDE

BY H-NS A-D-RS-N

## A STUDY IN STYLE

BY PERCY FRENCH

"I SHOULD like to see something of the world," chirped the grasshopper.

"Why not travel?" said an old snail, who happened to emerge from under a stone as the grasshopper spoke. "You are active enough, goodness knows, and appear to be unemployed just at present."

"Oh, I'm active enough," returned the grasshopper, surveying his hind legs complacently, "but my efforts are misdirected. I and my family have a fatal habit of turning in the air when we jump, so that the next bound brings us back to where we started. I fear it is an hereditary taint;" and the little grasshopper sighed.

"If you had wings, now," buzzed a bee, who had overheard the conversation, whilst drawing out a small deposit of gold from the Primrose Bank.

Just then there was a flash in the roadway, and a little boy on a bicycle went flying by.

"Wonderful improvements made in those cycles every day," said the bee. "Our record for a mile is 56 secs., but these cyclists will beat it if they go on improving."

The little boy was singing as he rode along, but he went so fast that the grasshopper could not catch the song. So he asked the wind to help him, and the wind having nothing to do at the time, brought back as much as he could remember—

"A boat upon the billow,  
A bird upon the wing,  
A boy upon a bicycle  
Sailing through the spring.

"There's a glamour in the greenwood  
Where I love to lie and dream,  
When the dragon flies are dancing  
To the music of the stream."

"The rest of the song got caught in the telegraph wires," said the wind; but the grasshopper made no reply; he was thinking, and a grasshopper is like other people in this, he has to remain silent when he wants to think really hard. Presently he said:

"I wonder if I could make a bicycle?"

The snail's shell fairly rocked with laughter at the idea, and the bee, who knew something of mechanics, replied scornfully:

"My dear sir, we bees, whose constructive powers are considered second to none, having never attempted such a thing, it is not likely that an insect whose parents have not taught him the rudiments of nest-building would succeed in the attempt."

But the grasshopper was not to be baulked by mere ridicule, so he jumped over to where a spider was repairing his web, and asked him if he thought making a bicycle was very difficult.

"*You* would find it hard," said the spider; "never having been taught to use your claws much, eh?"

"I have only studied high jumping and a little music," sighed the grasshopper.

The spider shook his head. "The way some people waste their time," he said—only he didn't say it out loud for fear of hurting the grasshopper's feelings. "No," he continued, "*you'd* never do it; but I might take on the job—for a consideration."

"About what—I mean how much," said the grasshopper timidly, "would your charge be?"

"Well, I won't be hard on you, for I know you crickets never put by a midge; say ten flies as a deposit, and fifteen more when the bike's complete."

"It's a lot of flies," said the grasshopper.

"Not a bit of it! An active chap like you can bowl over half-a-dozen in a day; anyhow, I can't do it for less. You'll want a pneumatic?"

"Of course," said the grasshopper.

"Ah, that comes expensive, it's the compressed air does it; I expect I'll be out of pocket before I get enough compressed air to fill two full-sized tyres."

You see the spider was what we would call "a good man of business." A bad man may be a good man of business, which shows us that there is good in everything.

So the grasshopper went off to get flies, and the spider set to work on the bicycle. The spokes were made of the very best gossamer, hollow grass straws made the tubing, and the tyres he manufactured out of the skin of a tough old earth-worm, which the spider found some beetles engaged in burying, but who handed it over to him when he represented himself as a surgeon in search of a subject for dissecting purposes.

"There," said the grasshopper next morning, putting down a leaf load of flies in front of the spider's door, "there's the last instalment in cash; and now where's my bicycle?"

The spider pulled aside a frond of the ferns which formed the rear of his establishment, and there stood the daintiest little wheel that ever was seen.

"I call it the Nevernewhow," said the spider, "as it's the first one I've made—of that pattern," he added hastily, "and I've put up some bits of gossamer and a little 'spiderite,' so that you can repair it yourself."

The grasshopper soon learned to balance himself, and getting into a cart-rut, he went spinning along at a tremendous rate. There were some children sitting in the road as he went by, and they called out to him to stop and come and play with them; but the grasshopper knew what child's play meant, so he put down his head and flew along faster than ever.

"I will soon go round the world at this rate," he said to himself, "and then how they will lionise me at home!" and he held his head up proudly, as much as to say, "Observe me, good people! the traveller! the celebrity of the season!"

But alas for the great explorer! he held his head so high that it was seen over the side of the cart-rut by an old cock pheasant, who, flying after him, put an end to his life and travels with a single peck.

This abrupt ending teaches us that the author's dinner is ready, and he is afraid of it getting cold.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## ALL SOULS' NIGHT

BY ALICE FURLONG

*IN a grave-yard lone  
Waileth a young maid ;  
With a heart-piercing moan  
Calling on her dead.*

" Morn, noon, and even,  
Heavy my hours creep.  
In your happy Heaven,  
Do you know I weep ?

" All Souls' night is here,  
Every spirit is free,  
Leave God's house of cheer,  
Travel home to me !

" Pass by every star  
Shining like a seraph,  
Moons that whitest are  
Shun the tempting thereof.

" Be your journey swift.  
I am waiting, blind.  
You, my light, shall lift  
The dark from my mind.

" Hush ! the midnight bell  
The last chime hath given.  
Yawneth deepest hell,  
Opeth highest Heaven.

" Some far sigh doth heave  
Through the murky gloom.  
Every ghost doth leave  
Every mouldering tomb,

"Greyly flits and goes  
Like a wandering mist,  
When the west wind blows  
As its will doth list.

"O I fear these things!  
And mine ears do hark  
Rustle of phantom wings  
Passing by on the dark!

"But come you . . . even as these.  
Heart of me, my own!  
Ah, my poor lips freeze  
Kissing your grave-stone!"

*Cock-crow and red dawn,  
The maid's dead face is grey.  
All Souls' night is gone,  
All Saints smile to-day.*

[By kind permission of the Author.]

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## IRELAND IN AMERICA

BY ALICE FURLONG

I'M a Judge in Boston city, I've a countless hoard of  
dollars:

I go northward in the summer, I go southward in the  
snow.

I've the smartest fur-trimmed overcoats, the whitest linen  
collars,

I enjoy the best society with Presidents and scholars,  
And the people shout "God bless him" as I go.

The lawyers call me Solomon, the merchants call me  
Crœsus:

I'm "most affable" to journalists when I am interviewed:  
I can never pass the fashionable, photo-selling places,  
But I'm smilingly confronted by my daughters' pretty faces  
They're exhibited in every attitude.

There's a queenly, quiet lady who is hostess at my table,  
 Who is mistress of my household, who is mother of my  
 girls.

(Gentle wife !) she dresses finer than the princess in a fable,  
 Oh, the shimmer of her satin and the richness of her sable !  
 Oh, the glory of her diamonds and her pearls !

I have all that man can wish for, I am honoured and  
 respected

By the highest and the lowest, by the freeman and the  
 slave.

They put me down Vice-President for each new work  
 projected,

For next session of the Congress I am sure to be elected—  
 Oh, my lost green land, my land beyond the wave !

Perhaps my eyes are age-dimmed, but I think the dawn  
 was whiter

Over Connemara's mountains than behind that eastern  
 range ;

On the grey grass the young lark sang, with no human  
 to affright her,

Yea, in Connemara's mountains even the song-bird's heart  
 was lighter—

But in the strange land everything is strange.

I remember summer evenings, when my mother milked  
 the *dhrimmin*,<sup>1</sup>

When the sun-rays on her white cap fell like rose-light  
 on the snow,

How I thought the blue eyes like to Her's, the blessed  
 amongst women,

And the red mouth bent and kissed me as the twilight  
 gathered dim in

Cool recesses where the *fraughans*<sup>2</sup> hide and grow.

Then we hurry through the gloaming lest the leprechaun  
 belate us,

And the sheep-dog runs before us on quick-pattering,  
 eager feet,

For the father and the master and the supper all await us,  
 And no diamonds ever glistened like the froth on the  
 potatoes

In the three-legged skillet on the fire of peat.

<sup>1</sup> Cow.

<sup>2</sup> Bilberries. See p. 48, note 1.

Little silver flames go trembling through the blocks of  
glowing amber,  
Reach the unlit outer edges, strain beyond ambitiously,  
Rise like baby tides of moonlight, creep and fly and spring  
and clamber,  
Lo! the firelight falls and flashes in the dusky, brown-  
roofed chamber—  
And the *gossoon*<sup>1</sup> laughs upon his father's knee!

Then I hear my mother whisper, "Let us bless Him who  
has blessed us!"  
And outside the corn-crake murmurs in the depths of  
dewy grass,  
In the dim blue sky the stars come out while we lie down  
and rest us—  
I've been dreaming! here I'm sitting by my fire of stiff  
asbestos,  
And my footman enters in to light the gas!

[By kind permission of the Author.]

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## MY SHARE OF THE WORLD

BY ALICE FURLONG

I AM jealous: I am true:  
Sick at heart for love of you,  
O my share of the world!  
I am cold, oh, cold as stone  
To all men save you alone.

Seven times slower creeps the day  
When your face is far away,  
O my share of the world!  
Seven times darker falls the night  
When you gladden not my sight.

<sup>1</sup> Small boy. *Conf.* French *garçon*, from which it is probably derived.

Measureless my joy and pride  
Would you choose me for your bride,  
    O my share of the world!  
For your face is my delight  
Morn and even, noon and night.

To the dance and to the wake  
Still I go for your sake,  
    O my share of the world!  
Just to see your face awhile,  
Meet your eyes and win your smile.

And the gay word on my lip  
Never let my secret slip  
    To my share of the world!  
Light my feet trip over the green—  
But my heart cries in the keen!

My poor mother sighs anew  
When my looks go after you,  
    O my share of the world!  
And my father's brow grows black  
When you smile and turn your back.

I would part with wealth and ease,  
I would go beyond the seas,  
    For my share of the world!  
I would leave my hearth and home  
If he only whispered "Come"!

Houseless under sun and dew,  
I would beg my bread with you,  
    O my share of the world!—  
Houseless in the snow and storm,  
Your heart's love would keep me warm.

I would pray and I would crave  
To be with you in the grave,  
    O my share of the world!  
I would go through fire and flood,  
I would give up all but God  
    For my share of the world!

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*



## AFTER AUGHRIM

BY ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN

Do you remember, long ago,  
     Kathaleen?  
 When your lover whispered low,  
 "Shall I stay or shall I go,  
     Kathaleen?"  
 And you answered proudly, "Go!  
 And join King James and strike a blow  
     For the Green!"

*Mavrone*,<sup>1</sup> your hair is white as snow,  
     Kathaleen;  
 Your heart is sad and full of woe.  
 Do you repent you made him go,  
     Kathaleen?  
 And quick you answer proudly, "No!  
 For better die with Sarsfield so  
 Than live a slave without a blow  
     For the Green!"

## THE MOUNTAIN FERN

BY ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN

OH, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
 That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough  
     Erne,  
 That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,  
 And bends, like a nun, over clear well and spring!  
 The fairy's tall palm tree! the heath-bird's fresh nest,  
 And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best,  
 With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,—  
 Oh, what can ye match with this beautiful stem?

<sup>1</sup> My grief.

From the shrine of Saint Finbar, by lone Avonbuie,  
 To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,  
 From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,  
 Like a chaplet it circles our green island o'er—  
 In the bawn<sup>1</sup> of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,  
 On the hill-top, or greenwood, by streamlet or well,  
 With a spell on each leaf, which no mortal can learn,—  
 Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
 That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern.<sup>2</sup>  
 Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale,  
 As the Saxons rushed forth, in their wrath, from the Pale,  
 With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,  
 To hunt through Cluncalla the wild Rapparee!<sup>3</sup>  
 Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,  
 And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs.

Through the copse, o'er the bog, and, oh, saints be his  
 guide!

His fleet step now falters—there's blood on his side!  
 Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,  
 And sinks on the hill-top 'mid bracken leaves green,  
 And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters piled,  
 And they cover his form, as a mother her child;  
 And the Saxon is baffled!—they never discern  
 Where it shelters and saves him—the Irish hill Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—  
 That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's grey cairn;  
 Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,  
 And the wind o'er the hill-side is moaning about,  
 With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone  
 That thrills through the heart with its whispering lone;  
 And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray  
 Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.

With night-owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,  
 And their dais of honour by cattle-hoofs prest,  
 With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs flung  
 Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,

<sup>1</sup> Irish "bádhún," a cattle enclosure.

<sup>2</sup> Irish "cethern," a light-armed foot soldier contrasted with the galloglass, Irish "galloglach," the heavy-armed Irish soldier.

<sup>3</sup> The later Irish rebel guerillas.

With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour  
That tarries so long—look ! what waves on the tower ?  
With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,  
'Tis the Green Flag of Time !—'tis the Irish hill Fern !

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## THE CLOWN'S REPLY

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

JOHN TROT was desired by two witty peers,  
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.  
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,  
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters :  
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,  
As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses."

---

## THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

SECLUDED from domestic strife,  
Jack Bookworm led a college life ;  
A fellowship at twenty-five,  
Made him the happiest man alive ;  
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,  
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.  
Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,  
Could any accident impair ?  
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix  
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six ?  
Oh ! had the archer ne'er come down  
To ravage in a country town,

Or Flavia been content to stop  
 At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop :  
 Oh ! had her eyes forgot to blaze,  
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze !  
 Oh !—— But let exclamation cease ;  
 Her presence banish'd all his peace ;  
 So with decorum all things carried,  
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married !

The honey-moon like lightning flew ;  
 The second brought its transports too ;  
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;  
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :  
 But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,  
 Jack found his goddess made of clay ;  
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face  
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace :  
 But still the worst remain'd behind,  
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,  
 But dressing, patching, repartee ;  
 And, just as humour rose or fell,  
 By turns a slattern or a belle ;  
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,  
 Half naked at a ball or race ;  
 But when at home, at board or bed,  
 Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.  
 Could so much beauty condescend  
 To be a dull domestic friend ?  
 Could any curtain lectures bring  
 To decency so fine a thing ?  
 In short, by night, 'twas fits of fretting ;  
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.  
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy  
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee :  
 The squire and captain took their stations,  
 And twenty other near relations :  
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke  
 A sigh in suffocating smoke ;  
 While all their hours were pass'd between  
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,  
 He thinks her features coarser grown ;

He fancies every vice she shows,  
Or thins her lip, or points her nose :  
Whenever rage or envy rise,  
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !  
He knows not how, but so it is,  
Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;  
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,  
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,  
As each a different way pursues,  
While sullen or loquacious strife  
Promised to hold them on for life,  
That dire disease, whose ruthless power  
Withers the beauty's transient flower,  
Lo ! the small-pox, with horrid glare  
Levell'd its terror at the fair ;  
And, rifling every youthful grace,  
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,  
Reflected now a perfect fright ;  
Each former art she vainly tries,  
To bring back lustre to her eyes.  
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,  
To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams ;  
Her country beaux and city cousins,  
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens ;  
The squire himself was seen to yield,  
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condem'd to hack  
The rest of life with anxious Jack,  
Perceiving others fairly flown,  
Attempted pleasing him alone.  
Jack soon was dazzled to behold  
Her present face surpass the old ;  
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,  
Humility displaces pride ;  
For tawdry finery, is seen  
A person ever neatly clean ;  
No more presuming on her sway,  
She learns good-nature every day :  
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,  
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

AN ELEGY<sup>1</sup> ON THE DEATH OF A  
MAD DOG

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

GOOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes ;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye ;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

<sup>1</sup> "An Elegy ;" see "Vicar of Wakefield," chap. xvii.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That show'd the rogues they lied ;  
The man recover'd of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

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## MOSES AT THE FAIR

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

AS we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife proposed that it was proper to sell our colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened my antagonists gained strength, till at length it was resolved to part with him. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going there myself ; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she ; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage ; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission ; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair ; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of goslin green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him

several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up



by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make your sides split with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back." As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; here they are—"a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over." "What!" cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong ; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There, again, you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for the third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

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## RETALIATION

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.  
If our landlord<sup>1</sup> supplies us with beef and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.

<sup>1</sup> "Our landlord": the master of St James's Coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

Our Dean <sup>1</sup> shall be vension, just fresh from the plains ;  
 Our Burke <sup>2</sup> shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;  
 Our Will <sup>3</sup> shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour ;  
 And Dick <sup>4</sup> with his pepper shall heighten the savour :  
 Our Cumberland's <sup>5</sup> sweetbread its place shall obtain,  
 And Douglas <sup>6</sup> is pudding, substantial and plain :  
 Our Garrick's <sup>7</sup> a salad ; for in him we see  
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :  
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,  
 That Ridge <sup>8</sup> is anchovy, and Reynolds <sup>9</sup> is lamb ;  
 That Hickey's <sup>10</sup> a capon ; and, by the same rule,  
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.  
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,  
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?  
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,  
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;  
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,  
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean,<sup>11</sup> re-united to earth,  
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth ;  
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt ;  
 At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;  
 Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,  
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,<sup>12</sup> whose genius was such,  
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;  
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;

<sup>1</sup> "Dean": Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> "Burke": Mr Edmund Burke.

<sup>3</sup> "Will": Mr William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

<sup>4</sup> "Dick": Mr Richard Burke, Collector of Granada.

<sup>5</sup> "Cumberland": Mr Richard Cumberland, author of "The West Indian," "The Fashionable Lover," "The Brothers," and other dramatic pieces.

<sup>6</sup> Dr "Douglas," Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

<sup>7</sup> "Garrick": David Garrick.

<sup>8</sup> "Ridge": Councillor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

<sup>9</sup> "Reynolds": Sir Joshua Reynolds.

<sup>10</sup> "Hickey": an eminent attorney.

<sup>11</sup> "Dean": see above.

<sup>12</sup> "Edmund": see above.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat  
 To persuade Tommy Townshend<sup>1</sup> to lend him a vote ;  
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :  
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;  
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;  
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;  
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.  
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,  
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,<sup>2</sup> whose heart was a mint,  
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't :  
 The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,  
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;  
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,  
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;  
 Would you ask for his merits ?—alas ! he had none ;  
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard,<sup>3</sup> whose fate I must sigh at ;  
 Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !  
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim ;  
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !  
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;  
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.  
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
 We wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;  
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland<sup>4</sup> lies, having acted his parts,  
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;  
 A flattering painter, who made it his care  
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.  
 His gallants all faultless, his women divine,  
 And Comedy wonders at being so fine :  
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,  
 Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.

<sup>1</sup> "Tommy Townshend" : Mr T. Townshend, member for Witchchurch.

<sup>2</sup> "William" : see page 169, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> "Richard" : Mr Richard Burke ; see page 169, note 4. This gentleman, having slightly fractured one of his arms and one of his legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

<sup>4</sup> "Cumberland" : see page 169, note 5.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd  
 Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud ;  
 And coxcombs, alike in their feelings alone,  
 Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.  
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?  
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?  
 Say, was it that, vainly directing his view  
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,  
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,  
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas<sup>1</sup> retires from his toils to relax,  
 The scourge of imposters, the terror of quacks ;  
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,  
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines :  
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,  
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own :  
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,  
 Our Dodds<sup>2</sup> shall be pious, our Kenricks<sup>3</sup> shall lecture ;  
 Macpherson<sup>4</sup> write bombast, and call it a style ;  
 Our Townshend<sup>5</sup> make speeches, and I shall compile ;  
 New Lauders and Bowers<sup>6</sup> the Tweed shall cross over,  
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;  
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick,<sup>7</sup> describe him who can  
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;  
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;  
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :  
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.  
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.  
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.  
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;

<sup>1</sup> "Douglas" : see page 169, note 6.      <sup>2</sup> "Dodds" : the Rev. Dr Dodd.

<sup>3</sup> "Kenricks" : Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

<sup>4</sup> "Macpherson" : James Macpherson, Esq., lately from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

<sup>5</sup> "Townshend" : see page, 170 note 1.

<sup>6</sup> "Lauders and Bowers" : see page 169, note 6.

<sup>7</sup> "Garrick" : see page 169, note 7.

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,  
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :  
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack ;  
 For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.  
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,  
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;  
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.  
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :  
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.  
 Ye Kenricks,<sup>1</sup> ye Kellys,<sup>2</sup> and Woodfalls,<sup>3</sup> so grave,  
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !  
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,  
 While he was be-Roscius'd and you were be-praised !  
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :  
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill  
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;  
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey<sup>4</sup> reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,  
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :  
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;  
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.  
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ;  
 I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser ;  
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?  
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.  
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,  
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !  
 Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn ye,—  
 He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :  
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :

<sup>1</sup> "Kenricks" : see page 171, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Kellys" : Mr Hugh Kelly, author of "False Delicacy," "Word to the Wise," "Clementina," "School for Wives," etc., etc.

<sup>3</sup> "Woodfalls" : Mr W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

<sup>4</sup> "Hickey" : see page 169, note 10.

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing :  
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet,<sup>1</sup> and only took snuff.

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## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

I.—ACT I.—*Scene 2*

MARLOW, HASTINGS, LANDLORD, TONY LUMPKIN

*An Ale-house Room**Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS*

MAR. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country and we have come above threescore.

HAST. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

MAR. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

HAST. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

TONY. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HAST. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor the way you came?

HAST. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road

<sup>1</sup> "Trumpet": Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company.

you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

MAR. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

MAR. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

TONY. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

HAST. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

TONY. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of?

MAR. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

TONY. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

HAST. Unfortunate!

TONY. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's! (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh. You understand me.

LAND. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

MAR. Cross down Squash Lane?

LAND. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

MAR. Come to where four roads meet?

TONY. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

MAR. O, sir, you're facetious.

TONY. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming



to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

MAR. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

HAST. What's to be done, Marlow?

MAR. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

LAND. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

TONY. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster.

HAST. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

MAR. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

TONY. You do, do you?—Then, let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

HAST. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

LAND. (*Aside to Tony.*) Sure, you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

TONY. (*Aside.*) Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*Aloud.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

HAST. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

TONY. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman and his aunt a justice of peace.

LAND. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

MAR. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

TONY. No, no ; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum !

LAND. Ah, bless your heart for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous devil ! (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

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II.—ACT II.—Scene 1

*An old-fashioned House*

*Enter SQUIRE HARDCASTLE followed by two or three of his Servants*

HARD. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

ALL. Ay, ay.

HARD. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

ALL. No, no.

HARD. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table ; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger ; and from your head, you blockhead you ! See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

DIG. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

HARD. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking ; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking ; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

DIG. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing as if you made part of the company.

DIG. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gunroom: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

HARD. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that;—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To Diggory.*)—Eh, why don't you move?

DIG. Ecod! your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD. What, will nobody move?

1ST SERV. I'm not to leave this place.

2ND SERV. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3RD SERV. Nor mine, for sartain.

DIG. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

HARD. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit* HARDCASTLE.]

DIG. By the elevens, my plaace is gone quite out of my head.

ROG. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1ST SERV. Where is mine.

2ND SERV. My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I'z go about my business.

[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.]

## THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

ADAPTED FROM TWO EARLY VERSIONS OF THE  
BALLAD BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

JULY the first of a morning fair  
In sixteen ninety famous,  
King William did his men prepare  
To fight with false King Shamus.  
King James he pitched his tents between  
The lines for to retire ;  
But King William threw his bomb-balls in  
And set them all on fire.

Thereat revenge the Irish vowed  
Upon King William's forces,  
And vehemently with cries did crowd  
To check their forward courses.  
A ball from out their batteries flew  
As our King he faced their fire ;  
His shoulder-knot away it shot,  
Quoth he, " Pray come no nigher ! "

Then straight his officers he did call,  
Saying, " Gentlemen, mind your station,  
And prove your valour one and all  
Before this Irish nation.  
My brazen walls let no man break,  
And your subtle foes you'll scatter ;  
Let us show them to-day good English play,  
As we go over the water. "

Then horse and foot we marched amain,  
Resolved their ranks to batter ;  
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was slain,  
As we went over the water.  
Then King William cried, " Feel no dismay  
At the losing of one commander,  
For God shall be our King to-day,  
And I'll be general under. "

Then stoutly we Boyne river crossed  
To give the Irish battle;  
Our cannon to his dreadful cost  
Like thunder-claps did rattle.  
In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,  
The stream ran red with slaughter,  
As with blow and shout we put to rout  
Our enemies over the water.

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## THE GIRL WITH THE COWS

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

So he *trassed*<sup>1</sup> away dreamin' of Nora na Mo,  
While the mist it crept down to the valleys below  
Unknownst to O'Neale, for each inch of the way  
He'd have travelled as surely by night as by day.  
Still an' all at long last on the edge of a bog  
There puffed in his face such a powderin' fog  
That he gave a great start and looked doubtin'ly down,  
To be sure he'd made off the right track to the town;  
And he just then could see to the left of his path,  
Roundin' out of the vapour, the ould Irish rath,  
And says he wid a smile: "Why, I might be a hound  
For facin' so fair for the Barony's bound.  
But I'd best hurry on, then, or—Mother Machree!—  
It's in dread for me out in the mist but you'll be."  
So he started to run, when he heard from above  
The voice of the girl that had stolen his love:  
"*Magrina*,<sup>2</sup> *magrina*, *magrinashin oge*!<sup>3</sup>  
*Come hither, my Laidir; come, Kitty, you rogue;*  
*Come up, Blackbird; come, Snow, to the beautiful house.*"  
"'Tis the Colleen na Mo," he said, "callin' her cows."

<sup>1</sup> Stumped along.<sup>2</sup> My darling<sup>3</sup> My little young darling. Pronounced "Magreïnashin-ogue."

But her voice sounded sadly and strange in his ear,  
 And the heart of O'Neale began knockin' for fear,  
 And he looked and he saw, risin' up from below,  
 The Shadow of the Shape of the Colleen na Mo,  
 Growin' greater for ever, till a monster of black,  
 Like the Spirit of Death, it stood out of the track ;  
 And O'Neale knew the warnin'—and shouted, "*Stand back,  
 Stand back for your life !*" But the Shadow went still,  
 Wid its arms wavin' wild on the brow of the hill ;  
 Then it trembled, and balanced, and staggered, and fell,  
 Down, down wid the moan of a muffled death-bell.

"Come, Jack, we'll go down to the foot of the rock,  
 And protect the poor corpse from the ravenous flock ;"  
 And he coaxed him to come, but the dog wouldn't stir,  
 So alone down the clift Pat went searchin' for her.

But as he was goin', a far hullahoo  
 Rose out of the distance, and into his view  
 Red torches came wavin' their way up the hill,  
 And he laughed a wild laugh, through his wanderin' will,  
 And he cried : "*Is it wake-lights<sup>1</sup> yez are drawin' near ?  
 Hurry up, then, and show me the corpse of my dear.*"  
 And the red lights approached, and a voice wid the light :  
 "*Who are ye in distress on the mountain to-night ?*"  
 And he answered : "*Come up, for our name it is Death  
 Wid the eagle above and the white-worm beneath ;  
 But the death-lights that hover by night o'er the grave  
 Will restore us our dead when your torches can save.*"

"What is it, O'Neale, man ? How wildly you rave !"  
 And the hand of Murt Shea, the best friend that he had,  
 Was lovingly laid on the arm of the lad.  
 "Oh, Murt, give me hould of that splinter," he said,  
 "And let me look down on the face of the dead ;  
 For Nora Maguire, Murt, my own secret love,  
 Has fallen from the clift of Coomassig above."  
 "Is it she, wirra ! wirra !<sup>2</sup> the pride of us all ?  
 Do you say that the darlin's been killed by a fall ?  
 Ologone,<sup>3</sup> my poor Pat, and you loved her at heart."

<sup>1</sup> Candles used at the wake or watching over the body by the relatives and friends of a deceased person.

<sup>2</sup> Woe is me !

<sup>3</sup> Alas !

Then O'Neale groaned again : " Sure, I've searched every  
part

And no sign of her here at the foot of the clift."  
And the rest they come up, and the bushes they sift,  
But sorra<sup>1</sup> a trace to the right or the left.

Then O'Neale shouted : " Come, every man of ye lift  
His fire altogether." And one said : " I see  
Somethin' hangin' high up from the juniper-tree."  
"'Tis herself!" shouted Pat, wid his hand to his brow.  
" How far from the top is that juniper bough ?"  
" Ten foot of a fall," said a mountain gossoon.  
" Wid no tussocks<sup>2</sup> betune<sup>3</sup> them ?"

" Wid nothin' betune."

" Have yez e'er a rope handy, boys ?"

" Divle a rope !

And not nearer nor Sneem for the likes you could hope."  
" Come hither, gossoon, and be off wid this splinter,  
For 'tis you know the mountain ; away widout hinder  
To the nearest good haggard,<sup>4</sup> and strip the sugane,<sup>5</sup>  
Not forgettin' a sop of the finest finane.<sup>6</sup>  
*Brustig, brustig, alanah !*"<sup>7</sup> and hardly the rest  
Had followed O'Neale up the vapoury crest  
To the spot that the faithful, wise hound wouldn't pass,  
When the boy he was back wid the hayropes and grass.

Then says Pat, leanin' down wid a splinter of light :  
" God bless the good dog !—after all he was right.  
Ten foot underneath us—she's plainly in sight.  
Now give hither the ropes, and hould on while I twist."  
So he caught the suganes up like threads in his fist,  
And twined them and jined them a thirty-foot length,  
Fourplait to a thickness of terrible strength ;  
Then roped it around the two biggest boys there,  
To see was it fit for supportin' a pair.  
And he easily lifted the two through the air,  
Up and down, till he'd proved it well able to bear.  
" Now make the rope fast to me, boys, while I go  
Down the side of the clift for the Colleen na Mo.  
Livin' or dead—tho' I'm hopeful for all,  
There's life in her still—tho' she's kilt from the fall."

<sup>1</sup> Not.

<sup>2</sup> Grass tufts.

<sup>3</sup> Between.

<sup>4</sup> Hay-yard.

<sup>5</sup> Hay-rope.

<sup>6</sup> Coarse mountain grass, hook grass.

<sup>7</sup> Make haste, make haste, my dear !

Then he turns to one side, and he whispers Murt Shea :  
" If I'm killed from the clift of Coomassig to-day,  
Come promise me faithful you'll stand to the mother  
Like a son, till she's help from the sister and brother.  
And give her this kiss, and I'll meet her again  
In the place where's no poverty, sorrow, or pain."  
And he promised—and all then shook hands wid O'Neale,  
And he cheered them and said: " Have no dread that  
we'll fail,  
For I'd not be afear'd—why, to balance the Pope  
Himself from the clift by so hearty a rope."

So a torch in his hand and a stick in his teeth,  
And his coat round his throat, the boys lowered him  
beneath.  
And all but Murt Shea, then, they couldn't make out  
The coat round his throat and the stick in his mout'.

But it wasn't for long they'd the doubt in their mind,  
For they saw his torch quenched wid a noise like the  
wind,  
And " Steady above ! " came his voice from below.  
Then heavy wings flapped wid a scream and a blow.  
" 'Tis the eagles," they cried, " at the Colleen na Mo."  
But an old man amongst them spoke up and he said :  
" 'Tis the eagles, for sartin—but not at the dead ;  
For they'll not touch the corpse. Murther ! but for the  
mist,  
'Tis I could have told you that this was their nest.  
It's O'Neale that they're at—pull him back, or they'll tear  
The poor boy to pieces below in the air ; "  
And they shouted together the eagles to scare.

And they called to O'Neale from the edge of the height :  
" She's dead, Pat—she's dead ; never mind her to-night,  
But come back, or the eagles'll pick out your sight."  
And they made for to pull ; but he cries, " If you do,  
I give you my oath that I'll cut the rope through."  
And they b'lieved him, and waited wid hearts beatin' loud,  
Screechin' down at the birds through the vapoury cloud,  
Showerin' splinters for ever to give the boy light,  
And warnin' him watch to the left or the right,



As each eagle in turn it would fly at his head,  
Till he dropped one below in the darkness for dead,  
And the other flew off wid a yell through the night.  
Then they felt the rope slacken as he crossed to the bough,  
Then tighten again—and he called to them “Now!”  
And they knew that the dangerous moment was come;  
So wid wrist draggin’ shoulder, tight finger to thumb,  
And tooth crushing tooth in the silence of death,  
They drew up the two from the blackness beneath.

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## FATHER O’FLYNN

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

OF priests we can offer a charmin’ variety,  
Far renowned for larnin’ and piety;  
Still, I’d advance ye widout impropriety,  
Father O’Flynn as the flower of them all.

## CHORUS

Here’s a health to you, Father O’Flynn,  
*Sldainte*,<sup>1</sup> and *sldainte*, and *sldainte* agin;  
Powerfulest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don’t talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,  
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,  
Dad! and the divels and all at Divinity—  
Father O’Flynn ’d make hares of them all!  
Come, I vinture to give ye my word,  
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from mythology  
Into thayology,  
Troth! and conchology if he’d the call.

<sup>1</sup> Your health! Pronounced “Shlaun-te.”

## CHORUS

Here's a health to you Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin ;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tinderest teacher, and  
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,  
 All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick !  
 Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,  
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,  
 Checking the crazy ones,  
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,  
 Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

## CHORUS

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin ;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tinderest teacher, and  
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
 Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?  
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest :  
 " Is it lave gaiety  
 All to the laity ?  
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? "

## CHORUS

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin ;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tinderest teacher, and  
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

## THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

"Do you remember Parson Flanagan, Mick?"

"Only middlin' well, Jeremy. I wasn't long come into these parts when they made an Irish Professor of him at Trinity College."

"Yes, we were lost afther him; for oh, 'twas he could make the pipes sing to 'The Coulun,' or screech laughin' wid 'The Hare in the Corn,' or set every foot tappin' the flure wid the impatience to be out on it nickin' off each note of 'Paddy O'Rafferty,' or 'Jackson's Mornin' Brush,' as they kem jiggin' off of his chanter."

"Weren't he and the Father great together, for 'Parson and Priest'?"

"'Deed, and they were forever together, all through the love of the good ould Irish music, and the good ould Irish tongue. Manny's the time I've known the Parson come to the Priest's house with 'God bless all within,' and the Father to reply 'A hundred welcomes to you, Parson! and how do you get your health?'—in Irish av coorse—and then they'd settle down to some abstruse argyment how this tune should end off, or another begin—the Father at it on his fiddle and the Parson on his pipes, till ye wouldn't know if ye were on your heels or your head betune them."

"But what was that, Jeremy, I heard tell of the good turn the Father did the Parson, when the Prodesdan Bishop come down to see how he was houldin' up his Parish afther the Famine times?"

"That wouldn't take long in tellin', and I'm the wan to tell it, for I was through it from beginnin' to end. The Parson's Bishop had got a notion that Flanagan wasn't as successful at the Souperin' and the Proshelytizin' as his predecessor had been wid soup in the one hand and salvation in the other for the poor starvin' souls where they'd held their Irish mission, whin some of our own priests had been a thrifle forgetful of their duties. So he wrote to the Parson to say he was comin' down on such and such a day. Well, wid that the Parson calls

round. 'The pleasure of God on you, Father Michael,' says he, 'and may you live and be happy this day twelve months and seven times better than you are this day.' 'The same to you, Parson, but what's the worst news with you, for you seem dejected like.' 'And why wouldn't I, Father, for his Lordship, Dr O'Sullivan, is comin' down to inspect my mission congregation that's been growing so beautifully less ever since you followed Father O'Connor. I'll have to go double quick to make room for some young firebrand that'll set our folk by the ears again. So it's good-bye I'll be saying to you, Father Michael, before long, and long sorry I'll be to do it for the sake of the pleasant companionship we've had together over the old Irish books and the old Irish music.'

"The Father seemed quite struck down, and he stood, ruminatin' like, in his old shoot of 'everlasting' with the hands deep down in his breeches' pockets. Then suddenly he gave a smile that cracked across his rosy ould face like the white streak you'd cut out of a Kerry pippen, and, says he: 'It's a congregation you want to meet the Bishop when you preach before him—isn't that it, Parson Jack?'

" "'Tis just that,' says the Parson; 'and where am I to raise one?'

" 'Ask me no question, and I'll tell you no lies,' says the Father, and grips him hard by the hand, and tells him to be off, and make all his preparations for the Bishop wid a stout heart. And so he did, and the Prodesdan Bishop drove in his carriage and pair to the church door. He might well rub his eyes at the congregation that he saw sated foreninst him. Not the poor twinty or thirty by all accounts he expected to find, and that would hav' been found there on anny ornery Sunday in the year, but a church full and overflowin'. And myself was in it, I can tell ye, Mick, though in a back sate. And the Parson preached a grand Irish sarmon entirely on the text, 'Let brotherly love continue,' and all the veins of our hearts, Catholics though the better part of us was, went out to him, I can tell ye. Divil a word of it all the Bishop understood, though he purtinded to, noddin' his head at all the unimportant bits, though there weren't manny of them. Well, I heard the end of it out of the Parson's boy, who was listenin' at the study door as the Bishop was biddin' good-bye after luncheon.

‘To tell you the truth,’ said he, ‘Mr Flanagan, I was agreeably surprised at the size of your congregation this morning. Indeed, it exceeded my most sanguinary expectation. I had heard that you were perhaps a little too thick with the Roman Catholics, but it appears you’ve been so to good purpose. For it has thickened and not thinned your congregation. My only criticism is that some members of it are not quite as familiar with our ritual as they will no doubt be a little later. I mean in the matter of standing up and kneeling down at the right time. But you are doing a great work, Mr Flanagan, a great work, and I think that after all your plan of getting at these poor people in their own language is the true and only one.’”

“Bedambut, that bate all, Jeremy, and what did Father O’Flynn say when it was over and done?”

“Well, he heard tell av coorse what a grand sarmon the Parson had been after preaching to his mixed congregation, and says he to him the next time they met: ‘Parson Jack, I’m proud to hear ye had such a grand congregation the other day to meet your Bishop, though I’m very much afraid some of my flock must have strayed into your fold — by some misconception or other — to augment it. Still, I’m glad when they did find themselves there they didn’t do you or his Lordship the disrespect of walking out again at once. Indeed, it has reached me that you preached a very considerate sermon. But, Parson, they say you were that persuasive, I’ll not venture to loan you another congregation.’”

[From “*The Recollections of Father O’Flynn.*”]

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## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

AS sweet Eurydice, with footfall light,  
Roved the Thessalian woods one moonlight night,  
Singing amidst the gentle Naiad throng,  
Who ranged attentive to her voice, a song

That her own Orpheus taught her, suddenly  
Aristæus, hot with honey-wine, comes by,  
Follows the music ardently, and ere  
The singer and the listening nymphs are 'ware,  
Leaps in their midst, and, kindling to her charms,  
Clasps at Eurydice with eager arms.  
She, the sweet melody on her lovely lips  
Snapt with a scream, from his embraces slips,  
And crying, "Orpheus, Orpheus," swift as light,  
Flies from the woods, he following, through the night,  
Until escaped from the pursuer's hand  
O'er the full Hebrus she has swum to land ;  
When, through the shelter of the sloping sward,  
A hooded snake that haunts the river ford  
Shoots its lithe length to meet her from the ground,  
And, ere she sees it, darts a deadly wound.  
She still would flee, if but she still may reach  
Her home, now nigh, and find a friendly leech,  
Or die at least in her dear love's embrace.  
But the black poison runs a swifter race ;  
Her footsteps fail, her limbs their force forget,  
Her fluttering sighs came fast and faster yet ;  
The landscape swims around—she falters, falls—  
Thrice strives to rise, and thrice on Orpheus calls,  
Each cry a fainter echo of the last,  
And murmuring "Orpheus" still the gentle spirit passed.

Then Aristæus, stricken with remorse,  
Braves the loud flood, and kneels beside her corse,  
And chafes her hands, and every art essays  
From her last sleep the lovely nymph to raise.  
But all in vain, and, turning with a tear,  
Slow he retraces his too swift career.

Anon the Naiads from the general flight  
Toward their Hebrus one by one unite :  
And when—ah ! woeful hap—they see her slain,  
Beat their white breasts, and lift the cry of pain.  
Woods, vales, and mountains, mingle in the dirge,  
The desolate river sobs from verge to verge ;  
And Night herself, veiling her starry eyes,  
Leads the lament with long-drawn tempest sighs.

Oh, say not that two sympathetic souls  
Can only mix as outward sense controls.  
Far off the mother of an only daughter,  
Pierced with her pangs, has trembling resought her :  
The absent brother feels the fatal power  
That strikes the partner of his natal hour ;  
And the fond youth, beneath far distant skies,  
Knows the sad moment when his mistress dies.  
Thus Orpheus, who had left his lovely spouse  
For Delphi's steep to pay his filial vows  
To King Apollo, starts from sleep to hear  
His name thrice shrieked with anguish in his ear :  
To earth he starts—a weapon wildly snatches—  
Hies through the hall, the darkling door unlatches,  
And stands bewildered in the moonlight clear,  
Crying, " Eurydice, your love is here !"  
Till the night airs on his uncovered brows  
Blowing awhile his woe-stunned wits arouse.  
But sense no solace yields, and, as he flies  
With homeward haste, still dark and darker rise  
Death's phantom fears, till on the dewy lea  
Orpheus has clasped his cold Eurydice,  
And laid alone by her, with weeping strong  
And sobs tempestuous tosses all day long.

Then King Apollo, pitying the pain  
Of his dear son, whom most he loved of men,  
Stands by his side, his awful beauty veiling  
In softest cloud, and thus rebukes his wailing :  
" Rise, Orpheus, rise, infatuate with grief ;  
Orpheus, arise, Apollo brings relief !  
For not in vain hast thou required my favour  
With filial vows and firstfruits sweet of savour ;  
Nor idly did thy docile genius follow  
The magic music of thy sire Apollo.  
No Marsyas thou, but reverently mute  
To hear and learn the language of my lute,  
And therefore thou of living men alone  
Canst charm all cruel force with music's moan.

" For this did Jason, warned of Chiron old,  
In choice of questers for the Fleece of Gold,  
Prefer thee helmsman of the hero crew  
Of Argo, wisely yielding thee thy due,

Else had they never rowed to Colchian seas  
Past those grey cliffs, the dread Symplegades ;  
For, as with oars that to thy harping clear  
In cadence dipped, the desperate course they steer  
From the almost shock the shores resilient flew  
Rapt to thy lay and let the questers through ;  
Thou too, when far upon the western main  
Fierce thirst possessed the heroes, with thy strain  
Alone could'st win from the Hesperian Maids  
The golden offspring of their orchard shades ;  
And after, when the Argonautic oars  
Approached too near those bark-beguiling shores  
Where bleach the bones of many a music-slain  
Mariner—and the Siren Sisters' strain  
Was with its amorous enchantment stealing  
Each quester's soul, thy heavenly pæan pealing  
Struck dumb the weird witch-music, and reclaimed  
Their service due who else the quest had shamed.”  
“ And what avails that skill,” the mourner sighs,  
“ Oh ! father mine, when low my mistress lies ;  
Though when I luted love stole softly o'er her,  
The song that won her can never restore her.”  
“ Orpheus, I heard you once, when the stars were clear  
Echoing the strains that thrill from sphere to sphere ;  
You sang, whilst Argo o'er the ocean hoary  
Leaped to thy lay, Creation's awful story.  
Softly you sang ; and, though you knew it not,  
Nature was tranced around in troubled thought,  
Fearful lest thou shouldst wake that louder lay . . .  
Intolerable that shook her natal day.  
Idly she feared for I of gods and men,  
Save love alone, have knowledge of that strain,  
And I but once its music can recall.  
Yet, for I love thee, Son, yea more than all  
My children, and now pity, bride bereft,  
Thee I endue with my transcendant gift,  
The song of songs, to whose ecstatic strain  
Informing Love from Chaos dread inane  
Called the young Cosmos. Lift that psalm again,  
And earth shall quake, the Empyrean lower  
Seas rage, and at the last the Infernal Power  
Ope to thy lay th' inexorable door,  
And thy lost mistress to thine arms restore.”



He said, and vanished, whilst a rosy source  
Of sudden sunset flowing found the corse,  
Kissed her cold feet, suffused her bosom's snow,  
Blushed in her cheek, and melted on her brow.

Then Orpheus: "For the dim discoloured light  
Of Hymen's torch upon my nuptial night,  
This radiant omen, Phœbus, I accept;"  
Whilst o'er the lute his eager fingers swept,  
Preluding softly to that mystic strain  
Which he but wakened once, and none shall wake again.  
Then the sphere music stole upon the harp,  
Pregnant with rapturous pain and pleasure sharp;  
All things that are enchanted paused to hear,  
Save the small growths that sprang to be more near,  
For joy and sorrow, love, and life, and death  
Trembled together in that tuneful breath.  
Anon the wild sphere music louder grew,  
Loud as when first the parent atoms flew,  
Of air and water, fire and formless earth,  
Each seed to share an elemental birth;  
For to that cadence arched the skyey dome,  
The soft soil hardened, Ocean sought his home,  
And shapes of sea and landscape loom around,  
Till sun and moon and stars the night astound,  
With living lustre leaping to the sound;  
And verdure springs, and with the breathing form  
The earth and air and ocean sudden swarm;  
And last of all to crown Creation's plan,  
Awakes to life the myriad-minded man.

But, on the even of that natal day,  
Love's louder song had died into the lay,  
That all too subtle sweet for mortal ears  
Thrills with eternal music through the spheres.  
Orpheus alone had caught that softer strain,  
And, as he wakes it now, his eager brain,  
Inspired by Phœbus, links the sound subdued  
To its loud long-forgotten parent mood.

So lutes he, and so sings with flashing eyes  
And dark dishevelled locks that fall and rise  
O'er his torn vestments to the cadence wild.  
Eve fades—night blackens—and Apollo's child,

Unseen as Philomel, pours his passionate thought ;  
Whilst round him all the universe, distraught  
By the fierce phrenzy of his awful lyre,  
All breathing forms, earth, ocean, air, and fire,  
Hear and make moan, as each indwelling essence  
That forms them feels the old Creative Presence  
Maddening their rest, and drawing them to mix  
In other moulds, and all that is perplex ;  
Till at the sphere song, out of centuried sleep,  
Old Chaos rears her from the utmost deep,  
Deeming, perchance, that erst obnoxious hymn  
Favourable now unto her empire dim ;  
Then rocked the earth, for fear, the vaulted heaven  
Thundered aghast, far leaped th' affrighted levin,  
Shook the deep sea dismayed, and, at the last,  
Through the song-severed gates of hell the poet passed.

Hard by the hideous porch a spectral crew . . .  
Deform first meet the minstrel's anxious view ;  
Grief, Labour, Care, Disease, and tristful Age  
And Fear and Famine, War, Revenge and Rage,  
But shape most dread of all the demon Death,  
With infant face distort, a maid beneath,  
Yet with lean palsied arms and locks of eld ;  
Who first from far th' approaching bard beheld,  
And fain to startle him to swift retreat,  
Begins : " O fool, what strain to Death is sweet.  
Essay no further, lest this countenance,  
In wrath revealed, consume thee at a glance.  
Or canst thou, front to front opposed, outstare  
Her whose fierce eyes' intolerable glare,  
Spite all the horrors of her serpent brow  
And hellish aspect, laid Medusa low,"  
She said, but Orpheus struck his saddest chord ;  
Wept the fell fiend, and past her haunt abhorred  
The youth unhurt pursued his darkling way,  
Till at his feet the Stygian river lay,  
And rustling round him stole those bloodless ranks  
That wait expectant on the oozy banks  
For Charon's bark ; but that grim senior rowed  
Toward the further shore his goblin load.  
Then Orpheus, for Eurydice the lost,

Eager peruses all that phantom host,  
But vainly, when outspake a giant ghost,  
Whose shoulders topped the crowd, "Oh, comrade dear,  
Orpheus divine, what quest has led thee here,  
Alive! Oh, strange! as first I sought this shore,  
Admetus' bride, Alcestis, to restore,  
And with these hands, how forceless now, alas!  
Fettered the Triple Hound all fear to pass;  
Surely some bitter cause thy suppliant dress,  
Dishevelled hair, and downcast eyes confess."  
Then Orpheus weeping, "Ah me, grief on grief,  
No woe is single, thou too here, my chief,  
Whom yesterday sang Victor, then she crossed  
The ninefold stream before thy life was lost,  
For, by a serpent slain, Eurydice  
My bride is hither borne—Oh! woe is me!  
Her now I seek; but what fate forced thee here,  
Whom of old Argo's crew I loved most dear?"

Then great Alcides tells the jealous wile  
Of Deianeira, by the Centaur's guile  
Malignant, fraught with poison fierce and fire  
Life-ridding on his self-sought funeral pyre.

"Console thee, Herakles, my comrade dear;"  
Orpheus presaged, "for short space art thou here.  
It only needs to expiate the ire  
Of Dis, conceived what time his hell-hound dire  
Thy might oermastered, that, as yon weak ghosts,  
As forceless thou awhile shouldst range his coasts.

"Right soon from Hell exempt, with honours meet,  
Thee gods shall welcome to a heavenly seat,  
Constellate in their midst, and, for the love  
Of woman, bless with Hebe's bower above."  
Now Charon brings his boat once more to land,  
And Orpheus hastes his service to demand;  
But with a hateful scowl the ferryman  
In scornful answer to his suit began,  
"Back, rash intruder in the realms of dark,  
For long as I direct the Stygian bark  
No sprite embodied enters it again,"  
He said; but Orpheus woke a soothing strain,  
So sweet, so softly wildering the brain,

That all his grisly length old Charon slept,  
Then lightly to his seat the poet stepped,  
And, singing, o'er the stream with easy oarage swept.

Stretched on the further shore the Triple Hound  
Owns with a troubled voice the magic sound,  
Whom Orpheus passed, and through the palace-gate  
Of Hell still presses on with hope elate,  
Until at last before the dusky throne  
Of Dis and Proserpine he casts him down.  
Whom, sternly eyeing, Pluto straight addressed,  
"Stranger, declare thy name and what thy quest,  
No, Tityos, sure, nor with Alcides' might,  
Hast thou approached the realms of nether night;  
My minions have been mocked with panic error,  
If thou, effeminate form, has caused them terror.  
Speak, but expect no grace." Then Proserpine  
Broke in, "My Lord, 'tis Orpheus the divine,  
Offspring of Phœbus and Calliope,  
Who, when the Fleece-Quest neared sweet Sicily,  
His descant tuned till e'en the sea-beach smiled,  
To bright-eyed blossom by his song beguiled."  
Then Orpheus with fresh heart awoke this litany wild:  
"Not out of impious lust, O Nameless Name,  
Nor friend for friend, as Herakles hither came,  
Have I adventured to thine Empire dread.  
No might of mine—Ay well this downcast head  
And feeble limbs provoke thy sharpest scorn—  
Not his poor prowess hath thy servant borne,  
Thus strangely, past thy guardian forms of fear,  
Charon and Cerberus, and set unscathed here—  
A Power Eternal bears me from above—  
Now in my need forsake me not, O Love."

On whom so crying bitterly a great change,  
With tremor fierce and sighing thick and strange,  
Smote suddenly—his labouring limbs assume  
Stature divine, his front immortal bloom;  
Erect he starts, a sudden halo bright  
Burns from his brow, beneath whose living light  
His eyes, bright stars in bluest heaven, shed  
Ethereal influence through that palace dread,  
Whilst his sweet voice divine went forth among the dead,

Singing the lives of those two lovers fond,  
How dutiful in youth, then how beyond  
Compare in piety ; and how they loved  
A long, long love that but the purer proved  
By bitter ordeal ; their brief nuptial bliss  
And latest parting ; last, the envenomed kiss  
Of the fierce serpent, when with flying foot  
Scarce had Eurydice foiled the vile pursuit  
Of Aristæus, and how she failed and fell,  
And made her death-bed in the asphodel.  
The bold song ceased ; but, ere its echo died,  
Pluto repents him, and to Minos cried :  
"Eurydice is free, 'tis thine to fix  
The law that leads the lovers o'er the Styx  
Unto the upper light," whose stern decree  
Bids Orpheus lead his dear Eurydice,  
But nor to turn, nor look upon his love,  
Till they have safely reached the realms above.  
Then forth they fare, the living and the dead,  
He first, she following with painful tread ;  
Till, every peril passed and ghostly dread,  
Upon the very threshold of the day,  
Fearful lest that dear shape had gone astray,  
Orpheus looks back, O fool ! for close behind  
His love still followed with a faithful mind ;  
But scarce had turned him when that well-known form,  
Half-spectre still, yet momentarily more warm  
With waking life, dissolves with shrill despair  
And looks of anguish on the nether air.  
Rose as she sank a universal knell,  
And leaped together the loud gates of hell.

Seven days and nights he strives, but strives in vain,  
Once more to wake that elemental strain,  
Nourished the while on nought but tearful sorrow ;  
But with the eighth inexorable morrow  
He sadly rose, one look of longing cast  
On Tænarus, and sighing Thraceward passed,  
And three long years, amidst the lost one's bowers,  
Wandered, wild warbling to her favourite flowers  
Laments more melancholy sweet than ever  
Echo had answered by the Hebrus' river.

Thus on Eurydice his constant thought  
 Still fixed, no solace of fresh love he sought,  
 Till as he sleeps outworn within that wood  
 Whence she whilere had flown towards the flood,  
 Exasperate each at Orpheus' slights of love,  
 A Mœnad troop steal on him through the grove,  
 Of whom one snatches swiftly from the ground  
 His lute, low-shivering with ill-omened sound.  
 "Io," exultant! "Io!" through the brakes  
 The Bacchants shout, and shuddering Orpheus wakes,  
 But helpless quite, as of his lyre forlorn,  
 By the wild women limb from limb is torn.  
 "Eurydice," the passing spirit cries ;  
 "Eurydice," the troubled vale replies ;  
 "Eurydice," afar, each snowy summit sighs.

[From "*Songs of the Gael.*"]

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## OULD DOCTOR MACK

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

### I

YE may tramp the world over from Delhi to Dover,  
 And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon ;  
 Circumvint back through the whole Zodiack,  
 But to ould Dochter Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.  
 Have ye the dropsy, the gout, the autopsy ?  
 Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez ;  
 No way infarior in skill, but suparior  
 And lineal postarior to ould Aysculapius.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,  
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;  
     Here's to his health,  
     Honour and wealth,  
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.

## II

How the rich and the poor, to consult for a cure,  
Crowd on to his door in their carts and their carriages,  
Showin' their tongues or unlacin' their lungs,  
For divel wan sympton the dochter disparages.  
Troth an' he'll tumble for high or for humble  
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety;  
Makin' as light of nursin' all night  
The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,  
Aigle eye and complexion clarety;  
Here's to his health,  
Honour and wealth,  
The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.

## III

And, as if by a meracle, ailments hysterical,  
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can smother,  
And quench the love sickness wid comical quickness,  
Prescribin' the right boys and girls to each other.  
And the sufferin' childer! Your eyes 'twould bewilder  
To see the wee craythers his coat-tails unravellin',  
Each of them fast on some treasure at last,  
Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travellin'.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,  
Aigle eye and complexion clarety;  
Here's to his health,  
Honour and wealth,  
The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.

## IV

Thin, his dochterin' done, in a rollickin' run  
Wid the rod or the gun he's the foremost to figure,  
Be Jupiter Ammon! what jack-snipe or salmon  
E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger!  
And hark that view holloa! 'Tis Mack in full follow  
On black "Faugh-a-ballagh"<sup>1</sup> the country-side sailin'!  
Och, but you'd think 'twas ould Nimrod in pink,  
Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park wall and palin'.

<sup>1</sup> Clear—or literally "leave the road!" Pronounce "faug-a-bal-yoch."

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,  
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;

Here's to his health,  
Honour and wealth !

Hip, hip, hooray, wid all hilarity !

Hip, hip, hooray ! That's the way !

All at once widout disparity !

One more cheer for our dochter dear,

The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.

Hip, hip, hooray !

[From "*Irish Countryside Songs*."]

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## THE POISONED SANDWICHES

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

"WHAT are ye laughin' to yourself about, Mullarky?"

"'Tis the rec'llection uv a tale Father O'Flynn was tellin' the quality ere yisterday night up at the Castle beyant, and I waitin' upon them, Jeremy."

"'Tis wisdom ye git when ye wait on the Father, Mat; but tell us the tale over, and don't keep the divarsion uv it all to yourself."

"Well, thin, here's the whole box an' dice of it, Jeremy, though uv coorse I don't purtend to put the Father's illigant proununciation on anny anttidote of his. 'Eighty year ago,' said his Riverence, as he gev his greens a dust of the pepper-box, and began handlin' his knife and fork over a rale fine slice uv saddle o' mutton—'Eighty year ago the Sligo coach was druv by an original be name Mick McCluskey. (I'll trouble ye for the cur'nt jilly, your lordship.) He was as full of Homer and Vargil as a turkey's egg is full of mate; but all that high larnin' didn't choke the fun and frolic out uv him, but mixed so finely wid it that Dan O'Connell hisself got as much as he gev McCluskey whin he rode



beside him on the box. (Yis, I'll take another slice of that Kerry mutton—thank ye. I'm always constant to it.)

“Well, this McCluskey was rale methodical for an Irishman—always on the tick of time, whether changin' his horses, or waterin', or feedin' them. And he was that pertic'lar about his own atin' and drinkin', ye'd think 'twas reg'lated by machinery.

“F'r instance, he used to bring out half a dozen ham or beef sangwidges at egzactly the same shpot on the road all through the coachin' saison— (Well, since you're so pressin', my lady, just one more slice of mutton.) Where was I? Oh, at the sangwidges. But wan fine day a pair uv young Dublin bloods, who were takin' the Sligo coach for the first time, thought they'd play a rale clever trick on McCluskey—so they stole and eat his sangwidges, which they'd seen him storin' away in the boot when he kem out of the inn-yard in the mornin'.

“Well, at his us'al atin' point, McCluskey looks for his sangwidges, and as he was huntin' for them high and low, he hears one of the strangers sniggerin' behind. Me boy takes no notice of this, but prisently, when a couple of wicked dogs kem racin' into the road, barkin' and snappin' at his team like mad, says he, wid a disconsolate groan, “Bedambut 'tis the big fool I am. I thought I was purvided for them two villains there, but I find I left the provinder afther me that I'd intinded for them.”

““And what was that, McCluskey?” axes one of the travellers.

““Well, you see, I'd med up me mind to exterminate thim cannibals, and I'd put together as nate an assortment of poisoned sangwidges as you could wish to see, but, the *omadhaun*<sup>1</sup> of the world that I was, I must have left them afther me at the inn, though I could allamost be sworn I put them in the boot.”

“By this time them two young bloods were whisperin' together and gettin' as green in the gills as if the sangwidges had been arsenicated in airnest. They confessed to the antics they'd been afther, and abjured McCluskey to gallop 'em to the next town or they'd be dead men and no mistake.

<sup>1</sup> Fool. Pronounced “Ommah-dawn.”

““My poor young gentlemen,” says McCluskey, “I’m afraid ye must be sayin’ your prayers. Dr McCarthy’s away on his holiday, and the young medical student who’s doin’ duty for him isn’t experianced enough to administher the stomach-pump.”

““Then in Heaven’s name what are we to do?” they asked.

““Well, I’ll tell ye what ye’ll do, and it’s your last and only chance. We’ll be dippin’ down by the side of the Bay in another ten minutes. An emetic’s what ye want, and say-wather is the most powerful natural one I know, besides bein’ the divel’s own anecdote for pison. What ye’ll do is this. You’ll get into your vests and stockin’s, for there’s no bathin’ suits about, and ye’ll go in and souse yourselves head over heels in that fine Atlantic wather, and you’ll each of ye suck down the measure of a gallon or two of that same, and I promise you that, though you may feel a thrifle onaisy inside, ye’ll stand a good chance of circumventin’ the pison afther all.”

““So down my young bloods got, and started strippin’ themselves like fury, and out wid them into the say like a pair o’ hunted grampuses, puffin’ and plungin’ and swallyin’ down draught after draught of salt wather wid the greatest of animosity, while McCluskey and the rest of us kep’ encouragin’ ’em to continue the salt wather cure till sorrow a drop more of it could they hould.

““You can come out now!” says McCluskey; and out they crawled, more dead than alive. Ye may say that was the last practical joke tried on McCluskey. (Thank ye, my lady, I will! I was always partial to batther puddin’).”

[From “*The Recollections of Father O’Flynn.*”]

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## A CARLIST CHIEFTAIN

FOUNDED UPON DAUDET'S PROSE STORY "LE CABECILLA"

BY GEORGE GREENE

THIS Sunday morn the sierras are a-swim  
With universal light. Along the dale  
The feathery ash-leaves quiver to the hymn  
Of unseen singers hidden in a veil  
Of woven foliage 'mid the myrtle-blooms,  
Where'er the gold and emerald scarab booms  
And frights the silken dragon-fly away.  
The sleepy rivulet rolls on all day,  
Murmuring in its sleep a dreamy while,  
Till swiftly, at a dip in the defile,  
It wakens, lapsing o'er a ridge of rock,  
And roars and bellows with a sudden shock.

But overhead the walls of rising hill  
Are silent, save for the cicada shrill.

The farthest ridges lie in lilac light,  
Where passing clouds, themselves broad-winged with  
white,  
Make yet a purple stain of shadow, swift  
To fall and travel on and pass away,  
As the cool wind blows on and makes a rift  
Of blue between the clouds: a bright blue day.

Up in the pass here, where the hills join hands,  
The broad glare of the morning sun expands  
As day wears on, the rocks a-glint with heat,  
Though here the white narcissus at our feet  
Shakes its gold heart where suddenly from earth  
The brook springs upward like a glad thought's birth,  
And loiters for a spell on one green spot,  
To slip away, a thought remembered not,  
Through arid clefts of stony solitude.

Here we are not alone : a sturdy brood  
Of warriors gather on the sunburnt hills,  
Who bear upon their banners waving free  
These words : " God, Country, King ! "  
But peace instils

A gentler influence, which all may see  
On every bronzed face. This sabbath morn  
They meet to serve the God whom they have sworn  
To reverence one day, perhaps, in seven—  
Country and King make more demands than Heaven.  
Yet as they meet before yon cloth-spread stone—  
A sudden altar in the field alone,  
No vault o'erhead except the deep blue sky—  
Each worshipper has musket at his back,  
And slinging pouch to keep the powder dry,  
While sentinels alert on every track  
Look east and west to guard against surprise,  
With quick suspicion in their bead-black eyes.

The Cabecilla, priest and captain, stands  
Before the altar-stone with outstretched hands.  
Ascetic, spare, but strong in muscle and nerve ;  
In heart and head and hand not made to swerve ;  
Resolved beyond all resolution's term ;  
Prepared to die, prepared to kill ; and firm,  
Whiche'er may hap—no matter which—to end  
The thing begun ; a warrior, yet a priest,  
Devoted to his faith, which cannot bend ;  
Giving to God the glory, and increased  
In warrior-strength thereby. Giving to God  
His own life, or another's—God shall choose—  
His but the executant arm, the wielded rod.  
If God say " Die ! "—or " Kill ! "—shall he refuse ?  
His own life, or another's—'tis all one—  
'Tis but one human atom—one leaf gone  
In the autumnal breezes, to the grass  
Where it shall wither, shrivel up, and pass.  
Therefore a warrior, although a priest—  
Therefore a warrior, because a priest ;—

And as he stands and lifts the Host up higher,  
 His sombre eyeballs burn, ecstatic, bright  
 With exaltation of religious fire,  
 As blaze upon the hills at deep of night  
 The signal-beacons of a coming fight.

And in the pauses of the liturgy  
 The wind blows back his robe, so you may see  
 The royal uniform, the sabretache,  
 The pistols in his belt, a steely flash,  
 And the gold-hilted dagger in its band ;  
 While leaning 'gainst the altar, close at hand,  
 Gleams in the sun, its barrel bright and sheer,  
 The long slim rifle of the mountaineer.

“ Dominus vobiscum ! ”

So 'tis o'er,

The worshippers dismissed. But yet before  
 The altar stands the Cabecilla, still  
 Surpliced and stoled. He gazes down the hill  
 One meditative moment. Then aloud :  
 “ Bring here the prisoner.”

The armed crowd

Parts silently ; they bring him to the front.  
 Not as a hare, exhausted in the hunt  
 And terror-struck by chorus of the hounds,  
 When all give tongue—making a few last bounds  
 And sinking without struggle—not so stood  
 This cub of lion's brood.  
 Seeking no mercy in his utmost need—  
 Pinioned his arms, the body bent indeed  
 Beneath the yoke of circumstance adverse,  
 The spirit stood erect, unconquered still,  
 Prepared for all events, prompt to rehearse  
 Whate'er last tragic scene shall Fate fulfil.  
 Ready to die, more ready than to kill ;  
 And rather generous of his own young life,  
 Now 'tis his turn, than in last evening's strife  
 To make reluctant sacrifice of blood  
 Which gave some other man a grasp on Time.  
 And knowing not his spirit was sublime,

He said within himself, "There is no doubt  
To-day, at least, what way is pointed out  
For me to take. This life is mine to give—  
I give it—hard perhaps it were to live—  
To die is easy."

So the young man stood.  
The glory of his eighteen summers' youth  
Was like a halo round his head ; the truth  
Gave to his eyes a generous hardihood.  
And as he stood erect and did not speak,  
The honest pride flushed through his olive cheek  
Like sudden roses from a setting sun  
Flung through the gathering dusk of eventide.  
Not like a man he seemed, his race outrun,  
But like a thought embodied, vivified,  
A great idea girt in human form.

As there he stood, bold to confront the storm,  
The surpliced captain eyed him, and his glance  
Met with his prisoner's, void of utterance.  
Here two Ideas met and strove to read  
Each other. Through the portals of the eyes,  
Into the glimmering temple of the soul,  
The thoughts press in with a desirous greed  
To know the sanctuary, without disguise  
Of spoken words to hide the secret goal.

The Cabecilla by the altar-stone,  
The sacredness of priesthood round him still,  
Stood like a dogma on the ancient hill,  
In the great air of heaven aloft, alone :—  
The resolute changeless law was in his eyes :  
"Thus shalt thou do"—no question—no surmise—  
Stood like a thought in stone—no joy, no pain—  
The statuesque and ancient faith of Spain.

And as they silent stood, a drowsy hum  
Came whizzing up the slope : a humble-bee  
Lit on the altar-cloth, one moment dumb,  
Then rose again, exuberant in glee,  
And passing on between the sentinels,  
Hid its gold bars in swaying foxglove bells.

Then as the priest gazed on the young man's face,  
 His sternness paused and softened for a space,  
 The murmur of the springtime in his ear :  
 " So young, so young to die ! The fair green fruit,  
 Its childhood's blossoms clinging to it still,  
 Shall it not ripen with the ripening year ? "  
 And now he spoke ; the heart no longer mute  
 Gave to his rugged voice a human thrill.  
 The soldier waning in his mingled mind,  
 Rose up the Father in God, and took the lead.  
 " Thou'rt young," he said, in accents almost kind :  
 " Is the Republic at her utmost need,  
 To press into the wars her beardless youth ? "  
 He flushed, and then replied : " Not so, in truth ;  
 I was a volunteer."

The Priest grew stern ;

The Father waning in his mingled mind,  
 Rose up the soldier-priest, and took the lead.  
 " It was not force," he said, " that made thee turn  
 From ways of peace into the hurrying wind  
 Of this fierce roar that makes the nations bleed ?  
 What then ? "

" The voice of Spain."  
 " Enthusiast !

The Rights of Man, I doubt not ! Liberty,  
 And all the shibboleths of men too free—  
 Free as the fallen spirits are, who cast  
 The Eternal Kingship from them. Went'st thou forth  
 To conquer or to die ? so runs the cant  
 That makes the fallen angels jubilant,  
 Who hear it in the ringing spheres of Hell  
 That circle downwards. Was the mission worth  
 Its promise ? Hast thou conquered ? "

" No."

" 'Tis well ;

And the alternative ? Hast taken thought ? "

The rose of youth, the light in his young face,  
 Flickered, not fell. Then " Better than disgrace  
 Were death."

The Cabecilla sought  
 His eyes for hesitation ;—finding none,  
 "So be it," he answered, and in tense deep voice  
 Found echoes like the sound of funeral bells  
 O'er a drear plain where mourners one by one  
 Pass on between the cypresses.

And yet—"One choice  
 I give thee still, and if the Fiend impels  
 Thee ill to choose, thy blood on thine own head.  
 Leave now the error of thy ways ; be led  
 What way the Church directs—be led by me—  
 Cry but 'Long live King Charles !' and thou art free—  
 Thou shalt be one of us——" and there he ceased.  
 The youth flung back his head like one released  
 From momentary doubts ; superb, resolved,  
 "Never !" he cried ; and as the lips evolved  
 The fatal words, saw all his lifetime past  
 As in a lightning flash.

"Then thou shalt die."

A file of soldiers came, and, silent, massed  
 In one straight line, stood waiting for the word.  
 He saw the sun flash on the barrels, heard  
 The triggers cocked.

Above him, to the sky  
 A lark shot upward, carolling with joy,  
 Breaking the stillness of the Sabbath air.

Still the priest paused a moment. "Tell me, boy,  
 Hast no request to make ? no wish, no care ?  
 Would'st send some message, ere the stroke of death ?  
 Or what ? speak on."

And he, with lowered breath :  
 "Father, I am a Catholic—with Heaven  
 My peace I fain would make—not die unshriven."

"Thou doest well," the Cabecilla said,  
 And bared again to the sun his shaven head.  
 "Confess, my son, and die so, reconciled  
 To Holy Church."



The prisoner knelt before  
The priest, in surplice still : the soldiers filed  
To right and left ; the sacred rite began :  
" Bless me, my Father, bless me, I have sinned !"  
In reverent murmur—

—Suddenly, a roar  
Of warlike sound—assailed, the Carlists ran  
To arms ; volleys of musketry that dinned  
In shuddering ears, came ringing up the dale.

The Chieftain sprang into the front of war—  
No time to doff his robes, when foes assail—  
Gave orders, found the enemy still were far,  
And turning, saw the prisoner kneeling still.

" What dost thou there ? "

" Father, I wait thy will ;  
Thou hast not given the benediction yet."

" 'Tis so—in faith, these wars make one forget."

Gravely he took his place, with hand outspread  
Above the youthful penitential head ;  
" I bless thee in the name of Father, Son,  
And Holy Ghost."

Then, the rite being done,  
Looked round. The file of soldiers in the attack  
Had disappeared.

The Chieftain - priest stepped back,  
Put rifle to his shoulder, took sure aim,  
And shot him where he knelt.

Then whence he came  
Back to the fray.

And as the youth fell dead,  
The pale narcissus, crushed beneath his head,  
Felt all its whiteness turn an awful red.

[From " Songs of the Open Air." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE FOUR SEASONS

BY GEORGE GREENE

THE Spring was a glory of flowers,  
(*Old Time is a-flying, a-flying*),  
And through visions of golden hours  
I wandered for love a-sighing.  
(*Old Time is a-flying so fast.*)

The Summer was happy with splendour,  
(*Old Time is a-flying, a-flying*),  
And she spoke in a tone so tender  
To me at her feet low lying.  
(*O the Time it will soon be past.*)

Red Autumn with harvest was wealthy,  
(*Old Time is a-flying, a-flying*).  
But the winds came with fingers stealthily  
And strewed the leaves withered and dying.  
(*Old Time is a-flying so fast.*)

And when winter came on more boldly,  
(*Old Time is a-flying a-flying*),  
My love she had left me coldly,  
And the shrill north wind is crying.  
(*For the time it is over and past.*)

[From "Songs of the Open Air." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE BALLAD OF ADEELA

BY PADRIC GREGORY

## I

THE minstrel stood without the postern gate,  
The castle loomed dark 'gainst a lilac sky;  
He sang—"Adeela, here alone I wait,  
Come, sweet! the night's love-hours are sweeping by."

## II

The sentinels within the castle's keep—  
Knowing their liege long since the youth had lain—  
Crossed themselves, and in tones low and deep,  
Murmured "Lord Jesu" o'er and o'er again.

## III

A haunting song of mingled joy and grief  
A nightingale trilled from a neighb'ring tree;  
Adeela cried—"Bird, let thy song be brief,  
Thou can'st not vie with my love's lutany!"

## IV

Then left her room—bright as a young moon's beam—  
And crept like moon-beam down the turret stair,  
Threw wide the gate, and stood with eyes agleam,  
But lo! the minstrel was not waiting there!

## V

For long she listened nigh the open gate,  
From mid the distant shadows came a cry—  
"Adeela, here alone for thee I wait,  
Come, sweet! the night's love-hours are sweeping by."

## VI

She heard her loved one's longing call again,  
And fleet as hawthorn bloom by June-wind blown,  
She sped across the meadows to a glen—  
Wherein was reared a simple marble stone.

## VII

Stretched on his grave, she wept a little space,  
And tore the white flow'rs she had planted there,  
Then in among them hid her wan, white face,  
And cursed her father in her wild despair!

## VIII

Her grim sire's men searched hill, and dale, and lawn,  
 His heralds cried in sleeping village mart;  
 They found her in the glen, at red of dawn,  
 But cold her brow and still her passionate heart.

. . . . .

## IX

*And still—the good folk say—without the gate,  
 When loom the dark towers 'gainst a lilac sky,  
 They hear—"Adeela, here alone I wait,  
 Come, sweet! the night's love-hours are sweeping by."*

## X

*And many a prayer they offer for her soul,  
 That from her sorrows Christ may set her free  
 And grant their twain hearts rest, while ages roll,  
 And quiet thus—the ghostly lutaney.*

[From "Old World Ballads." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE MAD SON

A BALLAD OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES. A.D. 1490

BY PADRIC GREGORY

*TWO red red roses burgeoned,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sing Heigh-ho! sing Heigh-dey!  
 One rose is dead, one withering,  
 Christ rest you, gentle lady!*

Three men rode out thro' Exeter,  
 On palfreys white as white could be,  
 And one was a friar, and one a 'squire,  
 And one a lord of high degree.

<sup>1</sup> Burgeoned = blossomed forth,

As thro' the town they took their way,  
A whisper sped from door to door,  
The good priest looked nor left nor right,  
But told his brown beads o'er and o'er.

The young 'squire told no rosary-beads,  
His hands lay listless in his lap,  
His pale cheeks looked the paler for  
The red rose in his sable cap.

And ever as they rode he gazed before  
He gazed before with yernful<sup>1</sup> eyes,  
And sang in quavering voice and low  
A love-rune, in this piteous wise :

*Two red red roses burgeoned,  
Sing Heigh-ho ! sing Heigh-dey !  
One rose is dead, one withering,  
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

And ever as they rode along  
The Lord of Ware wept bitterly,  
And beat his breast, and moaned aloud :  
" Miserere Domine ! "

" No sire had nobler son than I,  
Our race's strength lurked 'neath his brows,  
But 'twas his will to wive with one  
Whose breed had fought the Red Rose House.

" ' A slut ! ' I cried ; and for my throat  
I saw his hip-sword's murderous dash,  
But lo, I neivelled<sup>2</sup> him to earth  
Swiftly as forked lightning's flash !

" I would the blow had reaved his life !  
For now he roams my castle lands,  
With ambling gait, or mute of lip  
Sits listlessly with twined hands.

<sup>1</sup> Yernful=sorrowful.

<sup>2</sup> Neivelled=struck with the mailed fist.

"I would the blow had reaved his life!  
But 'tis my penance, by Christ's grace,  
To list his maffle-speech,<sup>1</sup> and mark  
The listless leer upon his face.

"The maid he would have wed with died  
The hapless hour she came to know  
The Lord of Ware had struck his heir,  
And made an idiot with a blow.

"Some wise he knoweth she hath died,  
And so, with roses white and red,  
Each Christ's-day<sup>2</sup> he doth ride to deck  
A mound 'neath which he deems her laid.

"I, with my priest, do follow him  
And kneel hard by, while he doth sing  
His witless song of roses red,  
One dead and one fast withering."

Two men rode back thro' Exeter,  
On palfreys white as white could be  
The Lord of Ware, and a cowlèd friar,  
Behind a mourning companie.

As thro' the town they took their way  
A whisper sped from door to door,  
And townsfolk bared their heads while passed  
The bier their liege-lord's henchmen bore.

And as the grieved men rode along  
With low-hung heads, and brimming eyes,  
They seemed to hear, far far away,  
His love-rune sung in piteous wise.

*Two red red roses burgeoned,  
Sing Heigh-ho! sing Heigh-dey!  
One rose is dead, one withering,  
Christ rest you, gentle lady.*

[By kind permission of the Author.]

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<sup>1</sup> Maffle-speech = foolish talk.

<sup>2</sup> Christ's-day = Friday.

## SHAUN O'NEILL

BY PADRIC GREGORY

ONE evenin' as I walked thro' thon leafy glen  
I met Shaun O'Neill lonely wanderin';  
Says I: "Ye've the grand aisy times, ye young men,  
On what is it that ye are ponderin'?"

Says I:

"On what is it that ye are ponderin'?"

His big blue eyes sought mine, an' then sought the ground,  
An' stutterin', an' stammerin', an' blinkin',  
Says he: "I've been here, this last hour, walkin' round,  
An' 'twas on your sweet self I was thinkin'."

Says he:

"'Twas on your sweet self I was thinkin'."

Says I: "Ye hae nae right tae think aboot me,"  
Though my heart it was jumpin' an' leapin'.

Says he: "I can't help it, I'm thinkin' o' ye  
Night an' day, whether wakin' or sleepin'."

Says he:

"Oh, I dream o' ye wakin' an' sleepin'."

"I've been watchin' tae see ye come down thro' the glen  
Tae tell ye for your love I'm dyin'"—

Says I: "Och! there's naethin' I hate like the men—  
May the Lord forgi'e me for lyin'!"

Says I:

"May the Lord forgi'e me for lyin'!"

Says he: "Well, at that rate, do nae more I can,  
Though my heart'll be broken wi' sorra."

Says I: "I hate men, but yet love *one* man—  
An' maybe I'll meet him the morra."

I called:

"*Shaun, dear! will ye meet me the morra?*"

## THE WIFE MY BRITHER GOT

BY PADRIC GREGORY

MY granda was a quare oul' sowl ;  
He'd say : " Now, William, tarry !  
Leave girls alone, till I am dead,  
It's then that ye can marry."

I took his biddin', an' he said  
He'd leave me all his money.  
The people laughed—near split their sides—  
But I seen naethin' funny.

He died ; I then found why folk laughed.  
These were his only riches :  
A wooden leg, a feather bed,  
An' a pair o' leather britches,

A wee cracked pot—wi'oot a lug,  
A jug—wi'oot a handle,  
A 'baccy box—wi'oot a lid,  
And half a fardin candle.

An' whin I axed Peg Quinn tae wed,  
Says she : " Troth, no ! I'll tarry ;  
Ye've only what your granda left—  
You're nae a man tae marry !"

An' man alive ! 'fore long she wed  
Wi' my ain brither Danny ;  
" He's got a brave wee farm," says she,  
" He'll dae as weel as any."

Dan comes *tae hae a crack*<sup>1</sup> odd nights ;  
I laugh till I'm in stitches ;  
He grunts an' growls : " I wish tae God  
I'd only had your riches !"

[From "Ulster Folk." By kind permission of the Author.]

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<sup>1</sup> To have a friendly talk.



EILEEN AROON<sup>1</sup>

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

WHEN, like the early rose,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
Beauty in childhood blows,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
When, like a diadem,  
Buds blush around the stem,  
Which is the fairest gem ?  
*Eileen aroon !*

Is it the laughing eye ?  
*Eileen aroon !*  
Is it the timid sigh ?  
*Eileen aroon !*  
Is it the tender tone,  
Soft as the stringed harp's moan ?  
Oh ! it is Truth alone,  
*Eileen aroon !*

When, like the rising day,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
Love sends his early ray,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
What makes his dawning glow  
Changeless through joy or woe ?—  
Only the constant know,  
*Eileen aroon !*

I know a valley fair,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
I knew a cottage there,  
*Eileen aroon !*  
Far in that valley's shade  
I knew a gentle maid,  
Flower of a hazel glade,  
*Eileen aroon !*

<sup>1</sup> *Eibhlín a rúin* = Eileen, my treasure. O my secret ! meaning my secret love. Pronounce "Eileen a-rooin."

## GERALD GRIFFIN

Who in the song so sweet ?

*Eileen aroon !*

Who in the dance so fleet ?

*Eileen aroon !*

Dear were her charms to me,

Dearer her laughter free,

Dearest her constancy,

*Eileen aroon !*

Youth must with time decay,

*Eileen aroon !*

Beauty must fade away,

*Eileen aroon !*

Castles are sacked in war,

Chieftains are scattered far

Truth is a fixed star,

*Eileen aroon !*

GILLE MACHREE<sup>1</sup>

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

*GILLE MACHREE,*

Sit down by me,

We now are joined and ne'er shall sever ;

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours for ever !

When I was poor,

Your father's door

Was closed against your constant lover ;

With care and pain

I tried in vain

My fortunes to recover.

I said, " To other lands I'll roam,

Where fate may smile on me, love ; "

I said, " Farewell, my own old home ! "

And I said, " Farewell to thee, love ! "

Sing, *Gille machree*, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Brightener of my heart. Pronounce, " Gilly Mochree"—the " ch" sounded as in loch.

I might have said,  
My mountain maid,  
Come live with me, your own true lover—  
I know a spot,  
A silent cot,  
Your friends can ne'er discover,  
Where gently flows the waveless tide  
By one small garden only;  
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,  
And the linnet sings so lonely!  
Sing, *Gille machree*, etc.

I might have said,  
My mountain maid,  
A father's right was never given  
True hearts to curse  
With tyrant force  
That have been blest in heaven.  
But then I said, "In after years,  
When thoughts of home shall find her,  
My love may mourn with secret tears  
Her friends thus left behind her."  
Sing, *Gille machree*, etc.

Oh no, I said,  
My own dear maid,  
For me, though all forlorn, for ever  
That heart of thine  
Shall ne'er repine  
O'er slighted duty—never.  
From home and thee, though wandering far,  
A dreary fate be mine, love;  
I'd rather live in endless war  
Than buy my peace with thine, love.  
Sing, *Gille machree*, etc.

Far, far away,  
By night and day,  
I toiled to win a golden treasure;  
And golden gains  
Repaid my pains  
In fair and shining measure.

I sought again my native land,  
Thy father welcomed me, love ;  
I poured my gold into his hand,  
And my guerdon found in thee, love.

Sing, *Gille machree*,  
Sit down by me,  
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever ;  
This hearth's our own,  
Our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours for ever !

---

## HY-BRASAIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

ON the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,  
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell ;  
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,  
And they called it Hy-Brasail, the isle of the blest.  
From year unto year on the ocean's blue rim,  
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim ;  
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,  
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away !

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,  
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail ;  
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,  
For though Ara was holy, Hy-Brasail was blest.  
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—  
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar ;  
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,  
And he sped to Hy-Brasail, away, far away !

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,  
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile ;  
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore  
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before ;

Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,  
And to Ara again he looked timidly back ;  
Oh, far on the verge of the ocean it lay,  
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! Oh, ye winds of the main,  
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.  
Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss,  
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.  
The warning of reason was spoken in vain ;  
He never revisited Ara again !  
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,  
And he died on the waters, away, far away !

---

## INDOLENCE

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

## I

O INDOLENCE ! curst worm  
That cankerest in mid bloom fair Virtue's form,  
That when the heaviest pain  
We breathe released from—Passion's hateful reign,  
Creep'st with thy noisome blight  
Into the heart, and killest its promise quite,  
Were it not better even again to be  
The world's unthinking slave, than pine in gloom with  
thee ?

## II

To thy unheeded brain  
Fame sounds her spirit-rousing trump in vain !  
To thy dull sluggish ear  
Vain hope's sweet whisper or the shriek of fear !  
Nor loud ambition's call  
Can wake the palsied soul thou holdest in thrall,  
Nor craving Avarice, nor Hate, nor Love,  
Nor aught on earth beneath, nor aught in Heav'n above.

## III

Yet triumphs too thou hast ;  
Witness full many a dawning hope o'ercast—  
Witness from day to day  
Full many a ruin'd friendship's slow decay,  
Full many a joy effaced,  
And lovely flower of genius run to waste,  
And golden hour of happiness unprized,  
And scheme of good forgot, and heavenly aid despised.

## IV

As gangrene taints the blood,  
Nor rests till the whole frame be quite subdued,  
So gradual is thy growth,  
In noble souls thou unseen rust of sloth !  
Writhing with unfelt shame,  
We loathe thy yoke, yet loathing live the same.  
O subtle paced and velvet footed evil,  
Let one among thy slaves have leave to call thee—devil !

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## LINES ADDRESSED TO A SEAGULL

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

WHITE bird of the tempest ! O beautiful thing !  
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing,  
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,  
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky,  
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,  
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm,  
Now darting aloft with a heavenly scorn,  
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn,  
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,  
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam,

Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,  
Like the spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain,  
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,  
Like an angel descending to comfort the world !  
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,  
And see thee, now clothéd in mellowest rays,  
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours that fly  
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,  
Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,  
Mid the tempests of Nature, of passion, and death !

Rise, beautiful emblem of purity, rise !  
On the sweet winds of heaven to thine own brilliant skies ;  
Still higher—still higher—till lost to our sight,  
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light ;  
And I think, how a pure spirit gazing on thee,  
Must long for the moment—the joyous and free—  
When the soul disembodied from nature shall spring  
Unfettered at once to her Maker and King ;  
When the bright day of service and suffering past,  
Shapes fairer than thine shall shine round her at last,  
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,  
She smiles like a victor, serene on the world !

---

## THE MERRIEST BIRD

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

### I

THE merriest bird on bush or tree,  
Was Robin of the grove,  
When, in the jocund springtime, he  
Sang to his nesting love.

## GERALD GRIFFIN

Unknowing he the art to frame  
Methodic numbers vain,  
But as each varied feeling came  
He wove it in his strain.  
With freedom gay  
He poured his lay,  
While heaved his little breast of fire,  
To rival all the woodland choir.

## II

Upon a day, a luckless day,  
When drove the wintry sleet,  
Some urchins limed a willow spray,  
To catch poor Robin's feet.  
They sought by measured rule and note  
To change his woodland strain,  
*Do, re, mi, fa*, he heeded not,  
He never sang again!  
His joy is o'er  
He sings no more,  
Nor knows the genial kindling thrill  
That only freedom's children feel.

## III

You, who would dull the poets fire  
With learning of the schools,  
Gay Fancy's feet with fetters tire,  
And give to Genius rules.  
Had bounteous Nature's counsel hung  
Upon your will severe,  
Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung,  
Nor Burns the banks of Ayr.  
O'erawed I ween  
Both bards had been.  
Nor dared to strike the simple lute!  
In your majestic presence mute.

---



## ORANGE AND GREEN

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

THE night was falling dreary,  
In merry Bandon town,  
When, in his cottage weary,  
An Orangeman lay down.  
The summer sun in splendour  
Had set upon the vale,  
And shouts of "No surrender!"  
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving  
The feet of aged trees,  
The Orange banners waving,  
Flew boldly in the breeze—  
In mighty chorus meeting,  
A hundred voices join,  
And fife and drum were beating  
The "Battle of the Boyne."

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing,  
What form is speeding now,  
From yonder thicket flying,  
With blood upon his brow?  
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger,  
Though Green my colour be,  
And, in the day of danger,  
May heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending  
Alone against that crew,  
My life and limbs defending,  
An Orangeman I slew;  
Hark! hear that fearful warning,  
There's death in every tone—  
O, save my life till morning,  
And heav'n prolong your own!"

## GERALD GRIFFIN

The Orange heart was melted  
In pity to the Green ;  
He heard the tale, and felt it  
His very soul within,  
“ Dread not that angry warning  
Though death be in its tone—  
I'll save your life till morning,  
Or I will lose my own.”

Now, round his lowly dwelling,  
The angry torrent press'd,  
A hundred voices swelling,  
The Orangeman addressed—  
“ Arise, arise, and follow  
The chase along the plain !  
In yonder stony hollow  
Your only son is slain ! ”

With rising shouts they gather  
Upon the track amain,  
And leave the childless father  
Aghast with sudden pain.  
He seeks the righted stranger  
In covert where he lay—  
“ Arise ! ” he said, “ all danger  
Is gone and past away.

“ I had a son—one only,  
One lovèd as my life,  
Thy hand has left me lonely,  
In that accursed strife.  
I pledged my word to save thee  
Until the storm should cease,  
I keep the pledge I gave thee—  
Arise, and go in peace ! ”

The stranger soon departed  
From that unhappy vale :  
The father, broken-hearted,  
Lay brooding o'er that tale.  
Full twenty summers after,  
To silver turned his beard,  
And yet the sound of laughter  
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary  
In merry Wexford town,  
When, in his cabin, weary,  
A peasant laid him down.  
And many a voice was singing  
Along the summer vale,  
And Wexford town was ringing  
With shouts of "*Granua Uile!*"<sup>1</sup>

Beside the waters, laving  
The feet of aged trees,  
The green flag, gaily waving,  
Was spread against the breeze—  
In mighty chorus meeting,  
Loud voices filled the town,  
And fife and drum were beating,  
"Down, Orangemen, lie down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour  
That woke the echoes there,  
Loud voices, high in anger,  
Rise on the evening air.  
Like billows of the ocean,  
He sees them hurry on—  
And, 'mid the wild commotion,  
An Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary,  
And feeble is my hand,  
And I could tell a story  
Would shame your cruel band.  
Full twenty years and over  
Have changed my heart and brow,  
And I am grown a lover  
Of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted  
Your brother of the Green;  
When fainting and defeated  
I freely took him in.

<sup>1</sup> Mystical name for Ireland. *Grania Ua Maile*; pronounce *Granuwail*. *Grania* (Grace) O'Malley. The famous Irish Connaught Princess in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

I pledged my word to save him,  
From vengeance rushing on,  
I kept the pledge I gave him,  
Though he had kill'd my son."

That aged peasant heard him,  
And knew him as he stood,  
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,  
And tender gratitude.  
With gushing tears of pleasure,  
He pierced the listening train,  
"I'm here to pay the measure  
Of kindness back again."

Upon his bosom falling,  
That old man's tears came down ;  
Deep memory recalling  
That cot and fatal town.  
"The hand that would offend thee,  
My being first shall end ;  
I'm living to defend thee,  
My saviour and my friend !"

He said, and slowly turning,  
Address'd the wondering crowd,  
With fervent spirit burning,  
He told the tale aloud.  
Now pressed the warm beholders,  
Their aged foe to greet ;  
They raised him on their shoulders  
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger  
From peril scowling dim,  
So in his day of danger  
Did heav'n remember him.  
By joyous crowds attended,  
The worthy pair were seen,  
And their flags that day were blended  
Of Orange and of Green.

## IRISH ASTRONOMY

BY CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE

O'RYAN was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation ;  
But poachin' was his heart's delight,  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was :  
He gave the keepers many a run,  
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St Pathrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
He thought he'd enther bould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "*avick* !<sup>1</sup>  
To praich at Thurles I'm goin' ;  
So let me have a rasher, quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you  
While betther is to spare, sir ;  
But here's a jug of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he, "Good luck attind you !  
And when you're in your windin'-sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—  
"Them tidin's is thransportin',  
But may I ax your saintship if  
There's any kind of sportin' ?"  
St Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,  
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—  
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare !  
St Pathrick, I'm your man, sir !"

<sup>1</sup> My son.

## NORA HOPPER

So, to conclude my song aright,  
 For fear I'd tire your patience  
 You'll see O'Ryan any night  
 Amid the constellations.  
 And Venus follows in his track,  
 Till Mars grows jealous raally ;  
 But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
 Of handling his *shillaly*.<sup>1</sup>

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## THE DARK MAN

BY NORA HOPPER

ROSE O' THE WORLD, she came to my bed  
 And changed the dreams of my heart and head ;  
 For joy of mine she left grief of hers,  
 And garlanded me with a crown of furze.

Rose 'o the World, they go out and in,  
 And watch me dream and my mother spin :  
 And they pity the tears on my sleeping face  
 While my soul's away in a fairy place.

Rose o' the World, they have words galore,  
 And wide's the swing of my mother's door :  
 And soft they speak of my darkened eyes—  
 But what do they know, who are all so wise ?

Rose o' the World, the pain you give  
 Is worth all days that a man may live—  
 Worth all shy prayers that the colleens say  
 On the night that darkens the wedding-day.

Rose o' the World, what man would wed  
 When he might dream of your face instead ?—  
 Might go to his grave with the blessed pain  
 Of hungering after your face again ?

<sup>1</sup> Or shillelagh—a stick, originally so called after a place of that name.

Rose o' the World, they may talk their fill,  
For dreams are good, and my life stands still  
While their lives' red ashes the gossips stir ;  
But my fiddle knows—and I talk to her.

[By kind permission of Mr John Lane.]

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## THE THREE BRIGITS

BY NORA HOPPER

THEY sat in the uncertain sunshine of a wintry day, the three Brigits: Brigit the Farmer, old and brown and withered—her daughter, Brigit of the Judgments, a tall and comely woman, ripened and sweetened by fifty autumns—and the grand-daughter Brigit, straight and slim as a rush, with all the beauty of her face folded and sleeping still.

Now the eldest Brigit sat nodding in her carved chair, with the sunlight warm on her blind eyes, but the house-mistress, Brigit of the Judgments, sat spinning busily, and her daughter stood in the open air under the blessed thorn, watching her busy mother, with a smile in her dreamy eyes. And as she dreamed, there came a step on the ringing road, and a shadow fell across the girl's feet—the shadow of a tall woman with a face kind and sad and beautiful, who carried a sleeping boy in her arms.

"The gods save all here!" she said softly, "and bless the work!"

"Come in, and welcome," said Brigit of the Judgments heartily. Then she raised her eyes to the stranger's face, and her own grew white and strange, as does that face which looks on something that is not of this world.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"My name," said the woman softly, "is Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan:<sup>1</sup> and his——" looking down with a smile in her

<sup>1</sup> Kathaleen Ny Houlahan—a mystic name for Ireland. Pronounce Kathaleen nee Hoolahawn.

grey eyes at the lad in her arms, "Oh, one may call him Aongus (Love), or Eireag (Beauty), or Aighneann (Lover) or Gont (Sourness); he has nigh as many names as he has faces. What will you call him, Brigit of the Judgments?"

Brigit of the Judgments turned a hungry face to meet her guest's clear eyes.

"He is the child I lost long ago," she muttered; "he is my little Culainn, and he has his father's eyes—there never was a comelier lad than my Eoghan:<sup>1</sup> and because his dead beauty kept the door of my heart I never kissed the lips of thy father, Brigit, good mate though he made me. Let me have the child, daughter of the stranger: he is mine."

Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan smiled. "Told I not that he was Moran of the many names? Now," turning to the youngest Brigit, tell me what he seemeth to thee, O little maiden of the yellow cool?" And the third Brigit drew back, with a face that blossomed red as the leaves at a rose's heart.

"I see——" she said, and put back the yellow hair that the wind blew in her face, "I see—— Oh, mother, I see what you saw in Eoghan's face—and now shall I say all that I see? I see short joy and long sorrow, shame and severance and suffering, patience and pride—and do I not also see that I would thole the sorrow for the sake of the short joy? Oh, mother, hold me fast lest I gather the shame too."

"I said," quoth Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, "that he was Moran of the many names. Aongus or Aighneann wouldst thou call him, O little one? and to thy mother is he her lost child and her lost husband: and what to me? Ah, when last I looked him in the face, I called him Consag (War): for I saw a light in his eyes that was like the light of swords. And now, O old mother, rise up and say what thou seest in his face."

"I am blind, lady," muttered Brigit the Farmer. "I am blind and I cannot see."

"Rise up," said Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, as if she had not heard, "and look on him, and say what thou seest in his face."

So the old woman rose and came to her side, without help of either staff of guiding hand, and she fixed her blind eyes on the face asleep on the breast of Kathaleen Ny-

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced Owen.



Houlahan. Then to the watching mother and daughter it seemed that the blind eyes gathered colour and depth as they gazed, and last, the light that had left them. And then with a cry the grandmother fell back into Brigit of the Judgments' arms, and women came from the house and bore her in, and laid her softly on her bed, seeing that she was stricken with death. And Brigit of the Judgments wept over the happy face of her grey mother, and never heeded that she hindered her soul from passing: and, outside in the winter sunshine, Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan waited with her back against the holy white-thorn. And beside her the youngest Brigit stood, dreaming, looking past bawn and barn away to the silvery ribbon of the Boyne running swiftly away to wooded Brugh where Aongus Oge was still thought to have his golden house. And Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan turned her eyes on the girl's face, and holding them there, again she turned back the mantle from the face of him she bore on her bosom. And softly she said, "Look!" and Brigit obeyed her. And as she looked there came a smile over the sleeping face, and the smile smote to the girl's heart with sorrow as sharp as a spear: but Kathaleen's look kept back the tears from her eyes and the cry from her lips: and for a little while the twain kept silent. And then Kathaleen covered the sleeping face, and with that Brigit's tongue was loosed, and she cried out, sobbing, "Oh! fair he is and dear he is, Dark Woman, and a while since would I have died to walk the world with him: and now it seems to be better to live and die without him—and that your frowns were dearer than his praising, Beauty of the World!"

"I am not she!" said Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan. "She passes away, and I can never die—for even when my own children stone me, I must rise again, and go on my road. And, oh! Flesh of my Flesh, but you have stoned me often!" she cried. "And, oh! but how good it were to feel the shamrocks growing over me!"

"But then the world would end, Pulse of our Hearts," said Brigit. "And you must go on your way again, you and Moran of the many names? Will you not stay a little—and we would serve you well?"

"It is for me to serve my people," said Kathaleen. "But I must not stay: for I was born when the wandering

wind met the wandering fire, and the twain are in my blood."

"Then take me with you," Brigit cried, "for I shall never be wife nor mother, and what use is there for me in my mother's house? Take me with you, Heart of Hearts, and let me wander too till I die."

"Brigit the Farmer served me well in her eighty years, and never she served me better than when she milked her kine in the byres of Conor the King. And well has Brigit your mother served me, and all the better for the loss of her fair Eoghan: and when your father Senchan sang before Conor Mac Nessa, he was serving me, though he knew it not. And now," said Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan, "do you also serve me, Brigit. My daughters dwell in their fathers' houses, and see the green lands pass to the thriftless man and the hard man; and are they better than hostages even in their husband's houses? Go out and cry shame till this thing cease, my Brigit: till the women that have no brothers take the wasted lands and deal gently by them. Cry out—and cry loudly, though every Brehon<sup>1</sup> in the land say you nay: Conor Mac Nessa has ears to hear."

Then she turned and went, and young Brigit stood alone under the thorn-tree, making ready for the task laid upon her: and from the house came the voice of women keening for the dead, but very softly, lest they should wake the dreadful hounds that lie in wait to catch the naked soul. But they might have shrieked their shrillest, for the soul of Brigit the Farmer walked safely in the shadow of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

[From "*Ballads in Prose.*" By kind permission of the Publisher,  
Mr John Lane.]

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<sup>1</sup> Judge.

THE ADDRESS OF DEATH TO TOMAS  
DE ROISTE

FROM THE IRISH

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

I AM the Death who am come to you,  
Adam I smote and Eve I slew ;  
All have died or shall die by me  
Who have been or who shall be,  
Until the meeting on that great hill,  
Where the world must gather—for good, for ill,  
And judgment will fall upon every one  
For the things he has thought and things he has done.

I am active as the mind,  
And swifter than the rush of wind  
That lifts the sea-gull of the lake,  
And faster than goat in a mountain brake,  
Swifter than the sounding tide,  
Or the plunge of the bark with its long black side  
That furrows the wave when the cold sea wind  
Rings in its whistling sails behind.  
Swifter am I than the bird on the bough  
Or the fish with the current that darts below ;  
Swifter than the heavens high,  
Or the cold clear moon in the star-bright sky,  
Or the grey gull o'er the water,  
Or the eagle that stoops when it scents the slaughter.  
I am swifter than the pour  
Of heavy waves on ocean shore,  
Swifter than the doubling race  
Of the timid hare with the hounds in chase.  
I mount upon the back of kings  
Standing by their pleasant things,  
By the banqueting-board where the lamps are bright,  
Or the lonely couch in the lonely night—  
I am a messenger tried and true ;  
Wherever they travel, I travel too.

From the land of the End I have tidings wan—  
 I love no woman, I like no man,  
 Nor high, nor low, nor young, nor old :  
 I snatch the child from its mother's fold,  
 I tear the strong man from his wife,  
 And I come to the nurse for the infant's life ;  
 I take from the month-old child the father,  
 The widow's son to myself I gather,  
 With her who was married yesternight,  
 And the wretch that wails for his doleful plight ;  
 I seize the hero of mighty deed,  
 And pull the rider from off his steed,  
 The messenger going his rapid road,  
 And the lord of the house from his proud abode,  
 And the poor man gleaning his pittance of corn,  
 And the white-necked maiden nobly born,  
 And the withered woman old and bare,  
 And the handsome youth so strong and fair,  
 From the hunt or the dance or the feast I bear.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## THE PIPER AND THE PÚCA<sup>1</sup>

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

IN the old times there was a half fool living in Dunmore, in the county Galway, and though he was excessively fond of music, he was unable to learn more than one tune, and that was the "Black Rogue." He used to get a good deal of money from the gentlemen, for they used to get sport out of him. One night the Piper was coming home from a house where there had been a dance, and he was half drunk. When he came up to a little bridge that was by his mother's house, he squeezed the pipes on, and began playing the "Black Rogue" (*an rogaire dubh*). The Púca came behind him, and flung him on his own back. There were long horns on the Púca, and the Piper got a good grip of them, and then he said :—

<sup>1</sup> A fairy monster. Generally supposed to have the appearance of a shaggy horse—the prototype of Shakespeare's Puck. Pronounced Pooka or Phooka.

"Destruction on you, you nasty beast, let me home. I have a tenpenny-piece in my pocket for my mother, and she wants snuff."

"Never mind your mother," said the Púca, "but keep your hold. If you fall, you will break your neck and your pipes." Then the Púca said to him, "Play up for me the 'Shan Van Vocht' <sup>1</sup> (*an t-seann-bhean-bhocht*)."

"I don't know it," said the Piper.

"Never mind whether you do or you don't," said the Púca. "Play up, and I'll make you know."

The Piper put wind in his bag, and he played such music as made himself wonder.

"Upon my word, you're a fine music-master," says the Piper then, "but tell me where you're for bringing me."

"There's a great feast in the house of the Banshee, on the top of Croagh Patric, to-night," says the Púca, "and I'm for bringing you there to play music, and take my word, you'll get the price of your trouble."

"By my word, you'll save me a journey, then," says the Piper, "for Father William put a journey to Croagh Patric on me, because I stole the white gander from him last Martinmas."

The Púca rushed him across hills and bogs and rough places, till he brought him to the top of Croagh Patric.

Then the Púca struck three blows with his foot, and a great door opened, and they passed in together into a fine room.

The Piper saw a golden table in the middle of the room and hundreds of old women (*cailleacha*) sitting round about it. The old women rose up, and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, you Púca of November (*na Samhna*). Who is this you have with you?"

"The best Piper in Ireland," says the Púca.

One of the old women struck a blow on the ground, and a door opened in the side of the wall, and what should the Piper see coming out but the white gander which he had stolen from Father William.

"By my conscience, then," says the Piper, "myself and my mother ate every taste of that gander, only one wing, and I gave that to Moy-rua (Red Mary), and it's she told the priest I stole his gander."

<sup>1</sup> Or Shan-Van Vo. A symbolical name for Ireland, meaning "Poor Old Woman."

The gander cleaned the table, and carried it away, and the Púca said :

"Play up music for these ladies."

The Piper played up, and the old women began dancing, and they were dancing till they were tired. Then the Púca said to pay the Piper, and every old woman drew out a gold piece and gave it to him.

"By the tooth of Patric," says he, "I'm as rich as the son of a lord."

"Come with me," says the Púca, "and I'll bring you home."

They went out then, and just as he was going to ride on the Púca the gander came up to him and gave him a new set of pipes.

The Púca was not long until he brought him to Dunmore, and he threw the Piper off at the little bridge, and then he told him to go home, and says to him :

"You have two things now that you never had before—you have sense and music (*ciall agus ceol*)."

The Piper went home, and he knocked at his mother's door, saying :

"Let me in, I'm as rich as a lord, and I'm the best Piper in Ireland."

"You're drunk," says the mother.

"No, indeed," says the Piper, "I haven't drunk a drop."

The mother let him in, and he gave her the gold pieces, and :

"Wait now," says he, "till you hear the music I'll play." He buckled on the pipes, but instead of music there came a sound as if all the geese and ganders in Ireland were screeching together. He wakened the neighbours, and they were all mocking him, until he put on the old pipes, and then he played melodious music for them ; and after that he told them all he had gone through that night.

The next morning, when his mother went to look at the gold pieces, there was nothing there but the leaves of a plant.

The Piper went to the priest, and told him his story, but the priest would not believe a word from him, until he put the pipes on him, and then the screeching of the ganders and geese began.

"Leave my sight, you thief," says the priest.

But nothing would do the Piper till he put the old pipes on him to show the priest that his story was true.

He buckled on the old pipes, and he played melodious music, and from that day till the day of his death there was never a piper in the county Galway was as good as he was.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## THE ROMAN EARL

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

PITY of him who enters on affection with women, not so are the men. The men ought to be put in clay, in the absence of these women inside.

A wise earl there was in Rome, who used to have golden goblets under wine: about the wife of this great good earl there was heard a curious story, if true.

On a day that they were together, side by side on a bed of down, he let on that he was dying. He shaped a story to spy out her secret mind.

"Och! Och! if thou wert to die, little would be my regard for my own life. On the poor of God, round about, I would divide severally my fortune. I would put silk and satin, in an equal-broad division of red gold, round about thy body in the tomb," said the woman who thought the deceit.

Death is pretended by him, to spy the woman of the slender brow. Of her own will she did not fulfil—after her husband—one thing of all she \*promised. He got in exchange of it on the street, that time—though it was small its worth—two cubits or three of sackcloth, that did not completely reach even his hips.

She brightened the kerchief of her head on going to the grave-yard with the body. She gave not a penny to the Church of God, and she gave no alms to any poor person.

A quick leap up was given by him when his wife was going away from him. He asked her why his body was a-burying naked in the grave.

She gave a ready excuse, after the manner of women caught in evil, clearing herself to her own husband—a woman who would not make submission in fault. “A winding sheet round the feet of every man, there shall not be now, as ever before, that thou mayest reach to the king of the elements; thou shalt have the first place of all that go on the mountain. To let thee race in the front of the multitudes, on the mountains of Sion—hard the case—I shaped for thee a short shroud that did not reach thy two hips.”

In women though great is your confidence, it is long that they are going with the wind. Few are the people they do not deceive; woe is he who lets his secret with a woman.

Though many was the piece of smooth canvas and narrow sheet in her house, a thing by which his nakedness might be covered she did not put round the body of her husband.

“There is the affection of the woman,” says the prudent earl of clear countenance—“let each man look for a coffin for himself, before he leaves his fortune to his wife.”

At point of death though a man should be, let not his wife hear him sigh aloud, if he can help it! let him not let out either Och or Ach, though great be his woe.

[From “*Love Songs of Connacht*.” By kind permission of the Author.]

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## STAR OF MY SIGHT

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

STAR of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,  
Often at night I am sick and grieving;  
I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,  
And grief on the wind blows no relieving.



O wind, if passing by that grey boreen,  
Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;  
Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,  
But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter  
Telling my love that I was no better ;  
Small the loss, was her answer to me,  
A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet the mountain where she I prize is  
When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;  
A grey fog hangs over cursèd Dublin,  
It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

*Ochone*<sup>1</sup> for the death, when the breath is going !  
I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;  
I'd give what men see from yonder steeple  
To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !  
Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;  
Though I went to mass, there was no devotion,  
But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;  
Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,  
Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,  
I little dreamt then of what should betide me.

[From "*Love Songs of Connacht*." By kind permission of  
the Author.]

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## WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-EIGHT?

BY JOHN KELLS INGRAM

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?

<sup>1</sup> Alas !

He's all a knave or half a slave  
Who slights his country thus :  
But a true man, like you, man,  
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;  
All, all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died ;  
And true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made ;  
But though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;  
Among their own they rest ;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast ;  
And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land ;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.  
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—  
They fell, and passed away ;  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite!  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs, your fate;  
And true men, be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

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## CAOCH THE PIPER

BY JOHN KEEGAN

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,  
When I was a little fellow,  
A piper wandered to our door,  
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—  
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,  
Though earth and sky look'd dreary—  
To see the stranger and his dog—  
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"  
Cross-barr'd with green and yellow,  
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground  
There's not so fine a fellow."  
And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee,  
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
Rushed in, with panting haste to "see"  
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times,  
Oh! God be with my childhood,  
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day,  
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—  
I'll not forget those sunny hours,  
However years may vary;  
I'll not forget my early friends,  
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,  
 And in the morning early,  
 He called me up to hear him play  
 "The wind that shakes the barley."  
 And then he stroked my flaxen hair,  
 And cried—"God mark my deary,"  
 And how I wept when he said "Farewell,  
 And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still  
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,  
 Although I thought him "dead and gone"  
 And in the old clay rotten.  
 And often when I walked and danced,  
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
 We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,  
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,  
 And June's red sun was sinking,  
 When I, a man, sat by my door,  
 Of twenty sad things thinking.  
 A little dog came up the way,  
 His gait was slow and weary,  
 And at his tail a lame man limped—  
 'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!  
 His form is bowed and bending,  
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,  
 Ay—Time is even blending  
 The colours on his thread-bare "bag"—  
 And "Pinch" is twice as hairy  
 And "thin-spare" as when first I saw  
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,  
 "Far, far, be hell's black viper;  
 Does anybody hereabouts  
 Remember Caoch the Piper?"  
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand;  
 The old man murmured, "Deary!  
 Are you the silky-headed child,  
 That lov'd poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said. The wanderer wept  
As if his heart was breaking—  
"And where, *avhic machree*,"<sup>1</sup> he sobbed,  
"Is all the merry-making,  
I found here twenty years ago?"—  
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary,  
Enough to say—there's none but me,  
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, Vo, Vo," the old man cried,  
And wrung his hands in sorrow,  
"Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,"<sup>2</sup>  
And I'll *go home* to-morrow.  
My 'peace is made'—I'll calmly leave  
This world so cold and dreary,  
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,  
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night,  
Next day his wish was granted;  
He died—and Father James was brought,  
And the Requiem Mass was chanted—  
The neighbours came;—we dug his grave,  
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—  
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

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## THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

BY PATRICK KENNEDY

THERE was once a young man on his way to a fair with five shillings in his pocket. As he went he saw some little boys beating a poor mouse they had just caught.

"Come, boys," says he, "do not be so cruel. Sell me your mouse for sixpence and go off and buy some sweets."

<sup>1</sup> Son of my heart.

<sup>2</sup> O son of my heart.

They gave him the mouse, and he let the poor little beast go. He had not gone far when he met a fresh set of boys teasing the life out of a poor weasel.

Well, he bought him off for a shilling, and let him go. The third creature he saved from a crowd of cruel young men was an ass, but he had to give a whole half crown to get him off. "Now," says poor Neddy, "you may as well take me with you. I'll be of some use, I think, for when you are tired, you can get up on my back." "With all my heart," said Jack, for that was the young man's name.

The day was very hot, and the boy sat under a tree to enjoy the shade. As soon as he did, he fell asleep, but he was soon awoke by a wicked looking giant and his two servants. "How dare you let your ass trespass in my field," cried he, "and do such mischief." "I had no notion he had done anything of the kind." "No notion? I'll notion you, then. Bring out that chest," said he to one of his servants; and before you could wink they had tied the poor boy, hand and foot, with a stout rope, thrown him into the chest, and tossed the chest into the river; then they all went away but poor Neddy, till who should come up but the weasel and the mouse, and they asked him what was the matter. So the ass told them his story.

"Oh," said the weasel, "he must be the same boy that saved the mouse and myself. Had he a brown patch in the arm of his coat?" "The very same." "Come, then," said the weasel, "and let us try and get him out of the river." "By all means," said the others. So the weasel got on the ass's back and the mouse got into his ear, and away they went; they had not gone far when they saw the chest, which had been stopped among the rushes at the end of a little island.

In they went, and the weasel and the mouse gnawed the rope till they had set their master free.

Well, they were all very glad, and were having a great talk about the giant and his men, when what should the weasel spy but an egg with the most lovely colours on the shell lying down in the shallow water. It was not long before he had fished it out, and Jack kept turning it round and round and praising it.

"Oh, my dear friends," said he to the ass, the mouse, and the weasel, "how I wish it was in my power to thank you as I should like. How I wish I had a fine house and

grounds to take you to, where you could live in peace and plenty."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he and the beasts found themselves standing on the steps of a grand castle, with the finest lawn before it that you ever saw. There was no one inside or outside it to keep it from them, so in they went, and there they lived as happy as kings.

Jack was standing at his gate one day as three merchants were passing by with their goods packed on the backs of horses and mules.

"Bless our eyes," cried they, "what does this mean. There was no castle or lawn here when we went by last time."

"That is true," cried Jack, "but you shall not be the worse for it. Take your beasts into the yard at the back of the house and give them a good feed, and if you can spare the time, stay and take a bit of dinner with me."

They were only too glad to do so; but after dinner Jack was so foolish as to show them his painted egg, and to tell them that you had only to wish for a thing when you had it in your hand and your wish was granted. He proved it to be so. Then one of his guests put a powder into Jack's next glass of wine, and when he awoke he found himself in the island again, with his patched coat on him, and his three friends in front of him, all looking very downhearted. "Ah, master," said the weasel, "you will never be wise enough for the tricky people that are in the world."

"Where did these thieves say they lived, and what names did they say they were called by?" Jack scratched his head, and after a while was able to tell them.

"Come, Neddy," says the weasel, "let us be jogging. It would not be safe for the master to go with us, but if we have luck, we will bring him the egg back after all."

So the weasel got on the ass's back and the mouse got into his ear, and away they went till they reached the house of the head rogue. The mouse went in, and the ass and the weasel hid themselves in a copse outside.

The mouse soon came back to them. "Well, what news?" said they. "Dull news enough: he has the egg in a low chest in his bedroom, and the room door is strongly locked and bolted, and a pair of cats with fiery

eyes are chained to the chest watching it night and day."

"Let us go back," said the ass, "we can do nothing."  
"Wait" said the weasel.

When bedtime came said the weasel to the mouse, "Go in at the key-hole, and get behind the rogue's head, and stay there two or three hours sucking his hair."

"What good would there be in that?" asked the ass.  
"Wait and you'll know," said the weasel.

Next morning the merchant was quite mad to find the state his hair was in.

"But I'll be a match for you to-night, my fine mouse," said he. So he unchained the cats next night, and made them sit by his bedside and watch.

Just as he was dropping asleep the weasel and the mouse were outside the door, and gnawing away till they had scooped out a hole in the bottom of it. In went the mouse, and it was not long before he had the egg quite safe.

They were soon on the road again—the mouse in the ass's ear, the weasel on his back, and the egg in the weasel's mouth.

When they came to the river, and were swimming across, the ass began to bray. "Hee-haw, hee-haw," cried he. "Is there any one like me in all the world? I am carrying the mouse and the weasel, and the great enchanted egg that can do anything. Why do you not praise me?"

But the mouse was asleep, and the weasel dared not open his mouth for fear of dropping the egg. "I'll shake you all off, you thankless pack, if you won't praise me," cried the ass, and the poor weasel forgot the egg, and cried out "Oh, don't, don't!" when down went the egg into the deepest pool in the river. "Now you have done it," said the weasel, and you may be sure the ass looked very foolish.

"Oh, what are we to do?" groaned he. "Keep a good heart," said the weasel; then, looking down into the deep water, he cried, "Hear! all you frogs and fish. There is a great army of storks and cranes coming to take you all out, and eat you up red-raw. Make haste! Make haste!" "Oh, and what can we do?" cried they, coming up to the top. "Gather up the stones from below, and hand them to



us, and we'll build a big wall on the bank to defend you." So the fish and frogs fell to work like mad, and were at it hard and fast, reaching up all the stones and pebbles they found at the bottom of the pool.

At last a big frog came up with the egg in his mouth, and when the weasel had hold of it, he climbed into a tree and cried out, "That will do; the army has got a great fright at our walls, and they are all running away." So the poor things were greatly relieved.

You may be sure that Jack jumped for joy to see his friends and the egg again. They were soon back in their castle, and when Jack began to feel lonely, he did not find it hard to persuade a pretty lady to marry him, and then they two and the three grateful beasts were as happy as the days were long.

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## THE PHOOKA<sup>1</sup>

BY PATRICK KENNEDY

"OF all nights of the year," said Paddy, "it was on All Holland's Eve that I met the Phooka. We had just finished diggin' the phaties<sup>2</sup> at me ould masther's, and as he wasn't a niggard with his drop, we got lashens of whisky. About twelve o'clock of night nothin' would do me but to go home to my mother's cabin for to bring some apples which I had there to the girls. Every one of them said I was blind drunk, but troth, I wasn't more than half gone. Well, out I went, and promised to be back in a jiffy. Goen over the garden stile my foot slipped, and I tumbled head over heels, but soon got up again, and got into the little meadow leaden down to the river. I crossed the ford, but when in the stubble field what should I see, runnin' right forenent me, but a great big, red, mad bull, with fire flamin' from his eyes, nose, and mouth! You may be sure I cried 'War hawk!' and took to my heels. I run for the bare life, but still the bull was red-hot afther me, and every minute I thought he would stick his horns in me. I tried all I could to get away

<sup>1</sup> Fairy monster, *see* p. 234, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Potatoes.

from him, but it was of no manner of use, for still he was close behind me. At length I run to the top of Billy Ryan's lime-kiln; but, faith, here I was near hand being done for. The bull made no more ado than jumped up afther me, and while you'd be cryin' 'Be aisy,' pitched me over into the bushes. I thought, sure, that my back was fairly broke; and I wonder now that it wasn't. By and by a man comes up to me and says, 'Musha, bad luck to you, Paddy Moran, and is it there you are this hour of the night, and nobody wid you but your own four bones?'

"Faith and sure enough it is myself," said I; 'and who else would you have me?' I said this in a bit of a hurry, bekase I didn't know the fellow at all at all.

"Arrah, be aisy, now, Paddy *aghud*,"<sup>1</sup> says he, 'and don't be afther getten angry for nothen!—for, sure, I meanted no harm. But why don't you get up out of that?'

"I tried to get up, so I did, and cudn't; kase why, me back was broke. 'Christ save us,' says I, 'I'm fairly murdhered outright, so I am.'

"*Musha*,<sup>2</sup> no, you're not,' says he, 'let me only help you;' and so sayen, he grips me by the middle, and hoists me like a bag of bran upon his shoulder.

"What are you goen to do?' says I.

"Nothen,' says he.

"*Whisht*,<sup>3</sup> you *gomulah*,'<sup>4</sup> says he, 'ent I goen to carry you home?' and with that he trotted away to—I donna where, for the first place I found myself in was on the top of a castle.

"Over you go, Paddy Moran,' says he, 'have you any word to send to your relations?'

"Och, bother you,' says I, 'you had like to frighten me out of my senses with your *mursha*.'

"Faith, it is no *mursha*,<sup>5</sup> Paddy Moran,' says he, 'and here you go!' and with that he pops to the bare edge of the top of the castle, and jirks me on his shoulder, as if he would throw me over. Oh, be the powers, I'll never forget the *plop* my heart made, as if it was about to lep out of my mouth with the fright; and I had no sooner recovered my breath than my gentleman pops to the other side, and there I thought, faith, that if he was only

<sup>1</sup> O my share or portion; thus O my love!

<sup>2</sup> Dear me.

<sup>3</sup> Silence! or listen! Irish *eishst*!

<sup>4</sup> A term of contempt—silly fool.

<sup>5</sup> Bullying—overbearing ways.

joken before, he was now in earnest; for he leaned over half a mile, as if he was goen to let me slip off his shoulder as a body would let a sack of wheat slip off on a car. He didn't, though, for all that, but pops to the other side, and kept hopping about that way for an hour. Every minute I thought my life wasn't worth a *smulteen*;<sup>1</sup> for sure, had he slipped with his *ghoster*,<sup>2</sup> there was a clean end of us both.

"At last he says, 'Now, Paddy, go home.'

"'How can I go, your honour,' says I, for I got afeard of him, and soft words never broke bones.

"'How?' says he. 'Walk, to be sure.'

"'Musha, and so I wud, your honour, but that I don't know what way; for I donna, for the life of me, where I am.'

"'Oh, is that all?' says he. 'Follow me.'

"And sure enough I did follow him, down a long stone stairs.

"'Can you ride, Paddy?' he asked.

"'Troth an' I just can, your honour, with or without a saddle, pillion, or *losque* (straw saddle), as well as any boy in the whole country.'

"'Well, then,' says he, 'here is a most beautiful bay mare, that will carry you home, if you will promise to bring her back to me to-morrow.'

"'Oh, sir,' says I, 'you may depend upon it.' And wudout more to do, he calls out the mare—a fine horse she was as you'd see in a day's walken. I mounted her bare-backed, and ketched the halter.

"'Good-night, Paddy Moran,' says my gentleman, and before I could say, 'Thank you kindly,' away flew my beast, while the fire flew from her eyes, feet, and nose. I hadn't time to say 'God bless us!' she ran so fast. I stuck in her mane, and, faith, it was well I did so, for nothen balked her—she leaped over ditches and hedges, jumped down hills as high as this house, and dived through marle-holes. For a while I stuck in her like a leech, till finden my opportunity, I slipt off her back. She gave me a kick in the ribs, and then galloped her way.

"When I got up I looked about me, and see'n' a fire at a little distance, I walked towards it. An ould woman sat beside it, carding flax. 'God save you, Paddy Moran,' says she, 'are you could?'

<sup>1</sup> A rap.

<sup>2</sup> Chatter.

“‘Troth I am, and thanky for axin,’ says I.

“‘Well, sit down and warm yourself,’ says she.

“So I did as I was desired, and soon afther fell asleep. By and by a fellow comes up and begins to thrash my head wid a flail. I put up my hands, and felt the blows—two at a time. ‘Oh, ho,’ says I, ‘this will never do.’ I jumped up, wiped my eyes, and found that it was clear daylight, with Kate Morragh’s *puckaan* (he-goat) standen on his two hind legs ready to give me another thump. When I looked at myself I found my clothes all covered with mud, and so I went home, and never afther forgot the Phooka, for sure it was himself, and no other, that frightened me out of my life.”

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## THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN

BY DENNY LANE

ON Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,  
 The clouds are dark o’er Ardnalee,  
 And many a stream comes rushing down  
 To swell the angry Ownabwee.  
 The moaning blast is sweeping past,  
 Through many a leafless tree,  
 And I’m alone—for he is gone—  
 My hawk is flown—*ochone machree!*<sup>1</sup>

The heath was brown on Carrigdhoun,  
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalee,  
 The dark green trees bent, trembling, down  
 To kiss the slumbering Ownabwee.  
 That happy day, ’twas but last May—  
 ’Tis like a dream to me—  
 When Donnell swore—aye, o’er and o’er—  
 We’d part no more—*astor machree!*<sup>2</sup>

Soft April showers and bright May flowers  
 Will bring the summer back again,  
 But will they bring me back the hours  
 I spent with my brave Donnell then?

<sup>1</sup> Alas, my heart, my dear!

<sup>2</sup> Treasure of my heart.

Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,  
To wear the *fleur-de-lis*,  
But I'll follow you, my Donnell Dhu,  
For still I'm true to you, *machree*!

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## PHAUDHRIG CROHOORE

BY JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

OH! Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,  
And he stood six feet eight ;  
And his arm was as round as another man's thigh—  
'Tis Phaudhrig was great !  
And his hair was as black as the shadows of night,  
And hung over the scars left by many a fight ;  
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, sthrong, an'  
loud,  
And his eye like the lightnin' from under the cloud.  
And all the girls liked him, for he could speak civil  
And sweet when he chose it—without thought of evil.  
An' there wasn't a girl, from thirty-five under,  
No matter how cross, but he could come round her.  
But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him, but one  
Was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her alone.  
An' warm as the sun, as the rock firm an' sure,  
Was the love of the heart of Phaudhrig Crohoore ;  
An' he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,  
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well  
As he hated Crohoore—deep as old ocean's swell !  
But O'Brien liked him, for they were the same parties—  
The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Cartys ;  
An' they all went together an' hated Crohoore,  
For it's many's the batin' he gave them before.  
An' O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,  
" I'll marry your daughter if you'll give her to me.

An' the match was made up, an' whin Shrovetide came on,  
 The company assimbled, three hundred if one—  
 There was all the O'Hanlons an' Murphys an' Cartys,  
 An' the young boys an' girls av all o' them parties.  
 An' the O'Briens, av coorse, gathered sthrong on that day,  
 An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away ;  
 There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin',  
 An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin'.  
 An' they all were a-laughin'—why not, to be sure?—  
 How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaudhrig Crohoore!  
 An' they all talked an' laughed the length of the table,  
 Aitin' an' drinkin' the while they were able ;  
 An' with pipin', an' fiddlin', an' roarin' like thunder,  
 Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder.  
 An' the priest called out : " Silence, ye blackguards again ! "  
 An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin.  
 An' they all held their tongues from their funnin' an'  
     bawlin' ;  
 So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin' !  
 An' the priest was beginnin' to read—when the door  
 Sprung back to the wall, an' in walked Crohoore.  
 Oh ! Phaudhrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,  
     An' he stood six feet eight ;  
 An' his arm was as round as another man's thigh—  
     'Tis Phaudhrig was great !  
 An' he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,  
 As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky.  
 An' none strove to stop him, for Phaudhrig was great,  
 Till he stood all alone, just opposite the sate  
 Where O'Hanlon an' Kathleen, his beautiful bride,  
 Were sittin' so illigant out side by side.  
 An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,  
 An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, an' spoke ;  
 An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, sthrong, an' loud,  
 An' his eyes shone like lightnin' from under the cloud :  
 " I didn't come here like a tame crawlin' mouse,  
 But I stand like a man in my inimy's house ;  
 In the field, on the road, Phaudhrig never knew fear  
 Of his foemen, an' God knows he scorns it here.  
 So lave me at aise for three minutes or four  
 To spake to the girl I'll never see more."  
 An' to Kathleen he turned, an' his voice changed its tone,  
 For he thought of the days when he called her his own.

An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from under the cloud  
On his false-hearted girl, reproachful an' proud.  
An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it thrue what I hear,  
That you marry of your free choice, without threat or fear?  
If so, spake the word, an' I'll turn an' depart,  
Chated once, an' once only, by woman's false heart."  
Oh! sorrow an' love made the poor girl quite dumb,  
An' she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come;  
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,  
Wint cold on her heart as the night wind in winther;  
An' the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,  
An' pale was her cheek as the moonshine on snow.  
Then the heart of bould Phaudhrig swelled high in its  
place,  
For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,  
That though sthrangers an' foemen their pledged hands  
might sever,  
Her true heart was his, an' his only, for ever!  
In his arms he took Kathleen an' stepped to the door,  
And he leaped on his horse, an' flung her before;  
An' they all were so bothered that not a man stirred  
Till the gallopin' hoofs on the pavement was heard.  
Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,  
An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm,  
An' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted galore;  
But Kathleen an' Phaudhrig they never saw more.

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## THE QUARE GANDER

BY JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

"TERENCE MOONEY was an honest boy and well to do;  
an' he rinted the biggest farm on this side iv the Galties;  
an' bein' mighty cute an' a seware worker, it was small  
wonder he turned a good penny every harvest. But  
unluckily he was blessed with an illegant large family iv  
daughters, an' iv coorse his heart was allamost bruck,  
striving to make up fortunes for the whole of them. An'

there wasn't a conthrivance iv any soart or description for makin' money out iv the farm, but he was up to.

"Well, among the other ways he had iv gettin' up in the world he always kep a power iv turkeys, and all soarts iv poultrery; an' he was out iv all rason partial to geese—an' small blame to him for that same—for twice't a year you can pluck them as bare as my hand—an' get a fine price for the feathers, an' plenty of rale sizable eggs—an' when they are too ould to lay any more, you can kill them, an' sell them to the gintlemen for goslings, d'ye see, let alone that a goose is the most manly bird that is out.

"Well, it happened in the coorse iv time that one ould gandher tuck a wondherful likin' to Terence, an' divil a place he could go serenadin' about the farm, or lookin' afther the men, but the gandher id be at his heels, an' rubbin' himself agin his legs, an' lookin' up in his face jist like any other Christian id do; an' begorra, the likes iv it was never seen—Terence Mooney an' the gandher wor so great.

"An' at last the bird was so engagin' that Terence would not allow it to be plucked any more, an' kep' it from that time out for love an' affection—just all as one like one iv his childer.

"But happiness in perfection never lasts long, an' the neighbours begin'd to suspect the nathur an' intentions iv the gandher, an' some of them said it was the divil, an' more iv them that it was a fairy.

"Well, Terence could not but hear something of what was sayin', an' you may be sure he was not altogether aisy in his mind about it, an' from one day to another he was gettin' more ancomfortable in himself, until he detarmined to sind for Jer Garvan, the fairy docthor in Garryowen, an' it's he was the illegant hand at the business, an' divil a sperit id say a crass word to him, no more nor a priest. An', moreover, he was very great wid ould Terence Mooney—this man's father that was.

"So without more about it he was sint for, an' sure enough the divil a long he was about it, for he kem back that very evenin' along wid the boy that was sint for him, an' as soon as he was there, an' tuck his supper, an' was done talkin' for a while, he begin'd of coorse to look into the gandher.



"Well, he turned it this away an' that away, to the right an' to the left, an' straight-ways an' upside-down, an' when he was tired handlin' it, says he to Terence Mooney :

"'Terence,' says he, 'you must remove the bird into the next room,' says he, 'an' put a petticoat,' says he, 'or anny other convaynience round his head,' says he.

"'An' why so?' says Terence.

"'Because,' says Jer, says he.

"'Becase what?' says Terence.

"'Becase,' says Jer, 'if it isn't done you'll never be aisy again,' says he, 'or pusilanimous in your mind,' says he; 'so ax no more questions, but do my biddin',' says he.

"'Well,' says Terence, 'have your own way,' says he.

"An' wid that he tuck the ould gandher an' giv' it to one iv the gossoons.

"'An' take care,' says he, 'don't smother the crathur,' says he.

"Well, as soon as the bird was gone, says Jer Garvan, says he:

"'Do you know what that ould gandher *is*, Terence Mooney?'

"'Divil a taste,' says Terence.

"'Well, then,' says Jer, 'the gandher is your own father,' says he.

"'It's jokin' you are,' says Terence, turnin' mighty pale; 'how can an ould gandher be my father?' says he.

"'I'm not funnin' you at all,' says Jer; 'it's thrue what I tell you; it's your father's wandhrin' sowl,' says he, 'that's naturally tuck pissession iv the ould gandher's body,' says he. 'I know him many ways, and I wondher,' says he, 'you do not know the cock iv his eye yourself,' says he.

"'Oh, blur an' ages!' says Terence 'what the divil will I ever do at all at all,' says he; 'it's all over wid me, for I plucked him twelve times at the laste,' says he.

"'That can't be helped now,' says Jer; 'it was a sebare act surely,' says he, 'but it's too late to lamint for it now,' says he; 'the only way to prevint what's past,' says he, 'is to put a stop to it before it happens,' says he.

"'Thru for you,' says Terence, 'but how the divil did you come to the knowledge iv my father's sowl,' says he, 'bein' in the ould gandher,' says he.

"'If I tould you,' says Jer, 'you would not undherstand me,' says he, 'without book-larnin', an' gasthronomy,' says he; 'so ax me no questions,' says he, 'an' I'll tell you no lies. But believe me in this much,' says he, 'it's your father that's in it,' says he; 'an' if I don't make him spake to-morrow mornin',' says he, 'I'll give you lave to call me a fool,' says he.

"'Say no more,' says Terence, 'that settles the business,' says he; 'an' oh! blur and ages, is it not a quare thing,' says he, 'for a dacent respectable man,' says he, 'to be walkin' about the counthry in the shape iv an ould gandher?' says he; 'and oh, murdher, murdher! is not it often I plucked him,' says he, 'an' tundher and ouns might not I have ate him?' says he; and wid that he fell into a could parspiration, savin' your prisince, an' on the pint iv faintin' wid the bare notions iv it.

"Well, whin he was come to himself agin, says Jerry to him quite an' aisy:

"'Terence,' says he, 'don't be aggravatin' yourself,' says he; 'for I have a plan composed that 'ill make him spake out,' says he, 'an' tell what it is in the world he's wantin',' says he; 'an' mind an' don't be comin' in wid your gosther, an' to say agin anything I tell you,' says he, 'but just purtind, as soon as the bird is brought back,' says he, 'how that we're goin' to sind him to-morrow mornin' to market,' says he. 'An' if he don't spake to-night,' says he, 'or gother himself out iv the place,' says he, 'put him into the hamper airly, and sind him in the cart,' says he, 'straight to Tipperary, to be sould for ating,' says he, 'along wid the two *gossoons*,<sup>1</sup> says he, 'an' my name isn't Jer Garvan,' says he, 'if he doesn't spake out before he's half way,' says he. 'An' mind,' says he, 'as soon as iver he says the first word,' says he, 'that very minute bring him aff to Father Crotty,' says he; 'an' if his raverince doesn't make him ratire,' says he, 'like the rest iv his parishioners, glory be to God,' says he, 'into the siclusion of the flames iv purgathory,' says he, 'there's no vartue in my charums,' says he.

"Well, wid that the ould gandher was let into the room agin, an' they all begin'd to talk iv sendin' him the nixt mornin' to be sould for roastin' in Tipperary, jist

<sup>1</sup> Boys.

as if it was a thing andoubtingly settled. But divil a notice the gandher tuck, no more nor if they wor spaking iv the Lord-Liftinant; an' Terence desired the boys to get ready the kish for the poulthrey, an' to 'settle it out wid hay soft an' shnug,' says he, 'for it's the last jauntin' the poor ould gandher 'ill get in this world,' says he.

"Well, as the night was gettin' late, Terence was growin' mighty sorrowful an' downhearted in himself entirely wid the notions iv what was goin' to happen. An' as soon as the wife an' the crathurs war fairly in bed, he brought out some illigint potteen, an' himself an' Jer Garvan sot down to it; an' begorra, the more anasy Terence got, the more he dhrank, and himself and Jer Garvan finished a quart betune them. It wasn't an imparial though, an' more's the pity, for them wasn't anvinted antil short since; but divil a much matther it signifies any longer if a pint could hould two quarts, let alone what it does, sinst Father Mathew—the Lord purloin his Raverence—begin'd to give the pledge, an' wid the blessin' iv timperance to degenerate Ireland.

"An' begorra, I have the medle myself; an' it's proud I am iv that same, for abstamiousness is a fine thing, although it's mighty dhry.

"Well, whin Terence finished his pint, he thought he might as well stop; 'for enough is as good as a faste,' says he; 'an' I pity the vagabond,' says he, 'that is not able to conthroul his liquor,' says he, 'an' to keep constantly inside iv a pint measure,' said he; and with that he wished Jer Garvan a good-night, an' walked out iv the room.

"But he wint out the wrong door, bein' a thrifle hearty in himself, an' not rightly knowin' whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, or both iv them at the same time, an' in place iv gettin' into bed, where did he thrun himself but into the poulthry hamper, that the boys had settled out ready for the gandher in the mornin'. An' sure enough he sunk down soft an' complate through the hay to the bottom; an' wid the turnin' and roulin' about in the night, the divil a bit iv him but was covered up as shnug as a lump in a pittaty furrow before mornin'.

"So wid the first light up gets the two boys that war to take the sperit, as they consaved, to Tipperary; an' they cotched the ould gandher, an' put him in the

hamper, and clapped a good wisp iv hay an' the top iv him, and tied it down sthrong wid a bit iv a coard, and med the sign iv the crass over him, in dhread iv any harum, an' put the hamper up an the car, wontherin' all the while what in the world was makin' the ould burd so surprisin' heavy.

"Well, they wint along quite anasy towards Tipperary, wishin' every minute that some iv the neighbours bound the same way id happen to fall in with them, for they didn't half like the notions iv havin' no company but the bewitched gandher, an' small blame to them for that same.

"But, although they wor shaking in their skhins in dhread iv the ould bird beginnin' to converse them every minute, they did not let an to one another, but kep' singin' an' whistlin' like mad to keep the dread out iv their hearts.

"Well, afther they war on the road bettther nor half an hour, they kem to the bad bit close by Father Crotty's, an' there was one divil of a rut three feet deep at the laste; an' the car got sich a wondherful chuck goin' through it that it wakened Terence widin the basket.

"'Bad luck to ye,' says he, 'my bones is bruck wid yer thricks; what the divil are ye doin' wid me?'

"'Did ye hear anything quare, Thady?' says the boy that was next to the car, turnin' as white as the top iv a mushroom; 'did ye hear anything quare soundin' out iv the hamper?' says he.

"'No, nor you,' says Thady, turnin' as pale as himself. 'It's the ould gandher that's gruntin' wid the shakin' he's gettin',' says he.

"'Where the divil have ye put me into?' says Terence inside. 'Bad luck to your sowls,' says he. 'Let me out, or I'll be smothered this minute,' says he.

"'There's no use in purtending,' says the boy, 'the gandher's spakin', glory be to God,' says he.

"'Let me out, you murdherers,' says Terence.

"'In the name iv the blessed Vargin,' says Thady, 'an' iv all the holy saints, hould yer tongue, you unnatheral gandher,' says he.

"'Who's that, that dar to call me nicknames?' says Terence inside, roaring wid the fair passion. 'Let me out, you blasphemious infidles,' says he, 'or by this crass I'll stretch ye,' says he.

"'In the name iv all the blessed saints in heaven,' says Thady, 'who the divil are ye?'

"'Who the divil would I be, but Terence Mooney,' says he. 'It's myself that's in it, you unmerciful bliggards,' says he. 'Let me out, or by the holy, I'll get out in spite iv yes,' says he, 'an' by jaburs, I'll wallop yes in arnest,' says he.

"'It's ould Terence, sure enough,' says Thady, 'isn't it cute the fairy dochter found him out,' says he.

"'I'm an the pint iv suffication,' says Terence, 'let me out, I tell you, an' wait till I get at ye,' says he, 'for begorra, the divil a bone in your body but I'll powdher,' says he.

"'An' wid that he begin'd kickin' and flingin' inside in the hamper, and dhrivin' his legs agin the sides iv it, that it was a wonder he did not knock it to pieces.

"'Well, as soon as the boys seen that, they skelped the ould horse into a gallop as hard as he could peg towards the priest's house, through the ruts, an' over the stones; an' you'd see the hamper fairly flyin' three feet up in the air with the joultin', glory be to God.

"'So it was small wondher, by the time they got to his Raverince's door, the breath was fairly knocked out of poor Terence, so that he was lyin' speechless in the bottom iv the hamper.

"'Well, whin his Raverince kem down, they up an' they tould him all that happened, an' how they put the gandher into the hamper, an' how he begin'd to spake, an' how he confessed that he was ould Terence Mooney; an' they axed his honour to advise them how to get rid iv the spirit for good an' all.

"'So says his Raverince, says he:

"'I'll take my booke,' says he, 'an' I'll read some rale sthrong holy bits out iv it,' says he, 'and do you get a rope and put it round the hamper,' says he, 'an' let it swing over the runnin' wather at the bridge,' says he, 'an' it's no matther if I don't make the spirit come out iv it,' says he.

"'Well, wid that, the priest got his horse, and tuck his booke in undher his arum, an' the boys follied his Raverince, ladin' the horse down to the bridge, an' divil a word out iv Terence all the way, for he seen it was no use spakin', an' he was afeard if he med any noise they might thrait him to another gallop an' finish him intirely.

"Well, as soon as they wor all come to the bridge, the boys tuck the rope they had with them, an' med it fast to the top iv the hamper, an' swung it fairly over the bridge, lettin' it hang in the air about twelve feet out iv the wather.

"An' his Raverince rode down the bank of the river, close by, an' begin'd to read mighty loud and bould intirely.

"An' when he was goin' on about five minutes, all at onst the bottom iv the hamper kem out, an' down wint Terence, falling splash dash into the water, an' the ould gandher a-top iv him. Down they both went to the bottom, wid a souse you'd hear half a mile off.

"An' before they had time to rise agin, his Raverince, wid the fair astonishment, giv his horse one dig iv the spurs, an' before he knew where he was, in he went, horse an' all, a-top iv them, an' down to the bottom.

"Up they all kem agin together, gaspin' and puffin', an' off down wid the current wid them, like shot in under the arch iv the bridge till they kem to the shallow wather.

"The ould gandher was the first out, and the priest and Terence kem next, pantin' an' blowin' an' more than half dhrouned, an' his Raverince was so freckened wid the droundin' he got, and wid the sight iv the sperit, as he consaved, that he wasn't the better of it for a month.

"An' as soon as Terence could spake, he swore he'd have the life of the two gossoons; but Father Crotty would not give him his will. An' as soon as he was got quiter, they all endivoured to explain it; but Terence consaved he went raly to bed the night before, and his wife said the same to shilter him from the suspicion for havin' th' dthrop taken. An' his Raverince said it was a mysthery, an' swore if he cotched any one laughin' at the accident, he'd lay the horsewhip across their shoulders.

"An' Terence grew fonder an' fonder iv the gandher every day, until at last he died in a wondherful old age, lavin' the gandher afther him an' a large family iv childher.

"An' to this day the farm is rinted by one iv Terence Mooney's lenial and legitimate postarriors."

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## SHEMUS O'BRIEN

TALE OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, AS RELATED BY AN IRISH PEASANT

BY JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

## PART I

JIST after the war, in the year 'Ninety-Eight,  
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,  
'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,  
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot.

There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night :  
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon ;<sup>1</sup>  
If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragoon !  
An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,  
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance ;  
An' the many a fine boy was then on his keepin',  
With small share of restin', or sittin', or sleepin' !  
An' because they loved Erinn, and scorned to sell it,  
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
They'd the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest Boy of thim all  
Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall ;  
His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light,  
An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half as white.  
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;  
An', for all that, he wasn't an ugly young boy—  
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye—  
So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,  
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night.  
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen :  
In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,  
An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Molony a foot ;

<sup>1</sup> Boy.

For lightness of foot there was not his peer,  
 For, by Heavens! he'd almost outrun the red deer;  
 An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,  
 And the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;  
 An' sure the whole world<sup>1</sup> gave in to him there!

An' it's he was the Boy that was hard to be caught;  
 An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought;  
 An' it's many the one can remember quite well  
 The quare things he did; and it's oft I heerd tell  
 How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirbally,  
 An' escaped through the sojers in Aherlow valley,  
 An' leathered the yeomen, himself agen four,  
 An' stretched the four strongest on ould Galteemore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
 And treachery prey on the blood of the best;  
 An' many an action of power an' of pride,  
 An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,  
 And a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shemus, look back on the beautiful moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon;  
 An' take your last look at her dim, misty light,  
 That falls on the mountain an' valley to-night.  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.  
 Farewell to the patthern, the hurlin', an' wake,  
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!

An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,  
 An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail.  
 The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong hands wor  
     bound,  
 An' he lay down his length on the cold prison ground;  
 And the dhrames of his childhood kem over him there,  
 As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air;

<sup>1</sup> In Gaelic the consonant *r* is given its full value before another consonant, producing the effect of a dissyllable, e.g., *tarbh*, pronounced "thorruv" (a bull). This practice, like many other Gaelic locutions, has been carried into English, hence "worrudd" for "world"; "firrum" for "firm," etc.



An' happy remimbrances crowdin' in ever,  
As fast the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,  
Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye.

But the tears didn't fall ; for the pride iv his heart  
Wouldn't suffer one dhrup down his pale cheek to start ;  
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave,  
By the hopes iv the good an' the cause iv the brave,  
That, when he was mouldering in the cowl'd grave,  
His inimies never should have it to boast  
His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was lost :  
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry :  
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

## PART II

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone,  
The terrible day of the trial came on ;  
There was such a crowd, there was scarce room to stand,  
An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand ;  
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,  
An' attornies and criers on the point o' bein' smothered ;  
An' counsellers almost gev' over for dead,  
An' the jury sittin' up in the box overhead ;  
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,  
An' the gown on his back, an' an elegant wig ;  
An' silence was call'd, an' the minute 'twas said,  
The court was as still as the heart of the dead.

An' they heard but the opening of one prison-lock,  
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock ;  
For one minute he turned his eyes round on the throng,  
An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so strong.  
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;  
An' he folded his arms, as he stood there alone,  
As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone.  
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
But Shemus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste ;  
Then the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he says :  
" Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please ? "

An' all held their breath in the silence of dread,  
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said :  
" My lord, if you ask me if in my lifetime  
I thought any treason, or did any crime,  
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,  
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,  
Before God an' the world I would answer you No !  
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
If in the Rebellion I carried a pike,  
An' fought for Ould Ireland, from the first to the close,  
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes—  
I answer you YES ; an' I tell you again,  
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry,  
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright ;  
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;  
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !  
In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
Then Shemus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,  
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :  
" Oh ! judge, darlin', don't—oh ! don't say the word !  
The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord !  
You don't know him, my lord ; oh ! don't give him to ruin !  
He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin' ;  
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest-hearted—  
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted !  
Judge mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord !  
An' God will forgive you—oh ! don't say the word !"

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,  
When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken !  
An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,  
The big tears were running, one after the other ;  
An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,  
But the strong manly voice used to falter and break.  
But at last, by the strength of his high-mountaining pride,  
He conquer'd an' master'd his grief's swelling tide ;  
An' says he, " Mother, don't—don't break your poor heart !  
Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part."

An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear  
On the bleak trackless mountain among the wild deer,  
To be in the grave, where the heart, head, an' breast  
From labour and sorrow for ever shall rest.  
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—  
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ;  
For I wish, when my heart's lyin' under the raven,  
No true man can say that I died like a craven."

Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head,  
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

## PART III

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;  
But why are the men standing idle so late ?  
An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street ?  
What come they to talk of ? What come they to see ?  
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?  
Oh ! Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast—  
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.  
Pray fast, an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
When, strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die !—

At last they threw open the big prison gate,  
An' out came the Sheriffs an' sojers in state.  
An' a cart in the middle, and Shemus was in it—  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minit ;  
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,  
Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin',  
A wild wailin' sound kem on, all by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.  
On, on to the gallows the Sheriffs are gone,  
An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on,  
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.

Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand,  
An' the priest, havin' blest him, gets down on the ground,  
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.

Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,  
 Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill;  
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
 For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to prepare;  
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound!  
 An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped to the ground!

Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres;  
 He's not down! he's alive! Now attend to him,  
                   neighbours!

By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—  
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hanging, 'tis yourselves you must hang!  
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherlow Glen,  
 An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agin.  
 The sojers run this way, the Sheriffs run that,  
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
 An' the Sheriffs were, both of them, punished severely,  
 An' fined like the devil, for Jim done them fairly!

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## A SONG

BY JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

THE autumn leaf was falling  
     At mid-night from the tree,  
 When at her casement calling,  
     "I'm here, my love," cried he.  
 "Come down and mount behind me,  
     And rest your little head,  
 And in your white arms wind me,  
     Before that I be dead.

“ You’ve stolen my heart by magic,  
I’ve kissed your lips in dreams :  
Our wooing, wild and tragic,  
Has been in ghostly gleams.  
The wondrous love I bear you  
Has made one life of twain,  
And it will bless or scare you,  
In deathless peace or pain.

“ Our dreamland shall be glowing,  
If you my bride will be  
To darkness both are going,  
Unless you ride with me.  
Come, now, and mount behind me,  
And rest your little head,  
And in your white arms wind me,  
Before that I be dead.”

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## THE STREAM

BY JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

WHEN moonlight falls on wave and wimple,  
And silvers every circling dimple  
That onward, onward sails :  
When fragrant hawthorns wild and simple  
Lend perfume to the gales,  
When the pale moon in heaven abiding,  
O’er midnight mists and mountains riding,  
Shines on the river smoothly gliding  
Through quiet dales—

I wander on in solitude,  
Charmed by the chiming music rude  
Of streams that fret and flow,  
For by that eddying stream she stood,  
On such a night I trow :

For her the thorn its breath was lending,  
On this same tide her eye was bending,  
And with its voice her voice was blending  
Long, long ago.

Wild stream ! I walk by thee once more,  
I see thy hawthorns dim and hoar,  
I hear thy waters moan,  
And night winds sigh from shore to shore  
With hushed and hollow tone ;  
But breezes on their light way winging,  
And all thy waters' heedless singing,  
No more to me are gladness bringing—  
I am alone.

Years after years, their swift way keeping,  
Like sere leaves down thy current sweeping,  
Are lost for aye, and sped—  
And death the wintry soil is heaping  
As fast as flowers are shed.  
And she who wandered by my side,  
And breathed enchantment o'er thy tide,  
That makes thee still my friend and guide—  
And she is dead.

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## THE SOWER AND HIS SEED

By W. E. H. LECKY

HE planted an oak in his father's park  
And a thought in the minds of men,  
And he bade farewell to his native shore,  
Which he never will see again.  
Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng  
To the glow of the Southern sky ;  
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,  
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow and its boughs will spread,  
And many rejoice in its shade,  
But none will visit the distant grave,  
Where a stranger youth is laid ;  
And the thought will live when the oak has died,  
And quicken the minds of men,  
But the name of the thinker has vanished away,  
And will never be heard again.

[From "*Poems*," by W. E. H. Lecky. By kind permission of  
Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.]

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## VOICES OF THE EVENING

By W. E. H. LECKY

THE sailors were chanting their measured songs  
To the throb of the glittering oar,  
And each ripple seemed laden with melody,  
As it broke on the silent shore.

And the sun went down in the burning sky,  
And the western wave grew bright,  
As the day, like a dream of loveliness,  
Melted in misty light.

And a spirit within me seemed to say  
Farewell to the paths of toil,  
Farewell to the strife of the labouring pen,  
The strife of the barren soil.

I ask not the will that can hew its way  
Where the battles of life are fought,  
Or the mind that can melt down the world of dreams  
In the fire of searching thought.

No lovelier light adorns the sky  
Than the trembling light of the star,  
And the mind that shines with a wavering beam  
Is the best and the loveliest far.

I ask not to climb to Wealth's glittering heights,  
Or to stand where Fame's sunflush glows,  
But the twilight calm and the valley's shade,  
And the violet more than the rose.

But the sun sank down, and a keen, fresh breeze  
Renewed my spirit again,  
And a voice came floating over the waves,  
And it told of strife with men.

For life is a struggle and not a dream,  
And ambition's power must last,  
Till the first fresh strength of the mind be gone,  
Till the fire of youth be past.

[From "Poems," by W. E. H. Lecky. By kind permission of Messrs  
Longmans, Green & Co.]

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## H A L L O W S' E ' E N

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

THE girls are laughing with the boys, and gaming by the  
fire,  
They're wishful, every one of them, to see her heart's desire.  
'Twas Thesie cut the barnbrack<sup>1</sup> and found the ring inside,  
Before next Hallows' E'en has dawned herself will be a  
bride.  
But little Mollie stands alone outside the cabin door,  
And breaks her heart for one the waves threw dead upon  
the shore.

<sup>1</sup> Currant-cake. It is an Irish word, meaning "speckled bread" or cake.



'Twas Katie's nut lepped from the hearth, and left poor  
Pat's alone,  
But Ellen's stayed by Christy Byrne's upon the wide  
hearthstone.  
An' all the while the childher bobbed for apples set  
afloat,  
The old men smoked their pipes and talked about the  
foundered boat.  
But Mollie walked upon the cliff, and never feared the  
rain;  
She called the name of one she loved and bid him come  
again.

Young Peter pulled the cabbage-stump to win a wealthy  
wife,  
Rosanna threw the apple-peel to know who'd share her  
life;  
And Lizzy had a looking-glass she'd hid in some dark  
place  
To try if there, foreninst her own, she'd see her comrade's  
face.  
But Mollie walked along the quay where Terry's feet had  
trod,  
And sobbed her grief out in the night, with no one near  
but God.

She heard the laughter from the house, she heard the  
fiddle played;  
She called her dead love to her side—why would she be  
afraid?  
She took his cold hands in her own, she had no thought  
of dread,  
And not a star looked out to watch the living kiss the  
dead.

. . . . .  
The lads are gaming with the girls, and laughing by the  
fire.  
But Mollie, in the cold, dark night, has found her heart's  
desire.

## THE HARBOUR

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

I THINK if I lay dying in some land  
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,  
My soul would travel back to find that strand  
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,  
The old men staring at some distant ship,  
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right  
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,  
The grey thorn bushes growing in the sand ;  
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—  
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill,  
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,  
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still  
To watch you pass.

The women at the well with dripping pails,  
Their men colloquing by the harbour wall,  
The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,  
I'd know them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see  
The swaying bell against a golden sky,  
So God, Who kept the love of home in me,  
Would let me die.

## IN SERVICE

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,  
    She wears a fine white apron,  
    She wears a new black gown,  
An' the quarest little cap at all with strayers hanging  
    down.

I met her one fine evening stragglin'<sup>1</sup> down the street,  
    A feathered hat upon her head,  
    And boots upon her feet.

"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and  
    I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she ;

    "I'm lost without the bog-land,

    I'm lost without the sea,

An' the harbour an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and  
    free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,

    To see the big waves lepping,

    To hear them splash and roar,

To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking  
    more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,

    The childer in the doorway,

    Or round my mother's knee ;

For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep  
    them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,

    Waiting on the quality,

    And answering the door—

But her heart is in some place far away upon the Wexford  
    shore.

[From "*Songs from Leinster*." By kind permission of the Author.]

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<sup>1</sup> Promenading.

## THE KERRY COW

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

It's in Connacht or in Munster that yourself might travel  
wide,  
And be asking all the herds<sup>1</sup> you'd meet along the country-  
side,  
But you'd never meet a one could show the likes of her till  
now,  
Where she's grazing in a Leinster field—my little Kerry  
cow.

If herself went to the cattle fairs she'd put all cows to  
shame,  
For the finest poets of the land would meet to sing her  
fame;  
And the young girls would be asking leave to stroke her  
satin coat,  
They'd be praising and caressing her, and calling her a  
dote.

If the King of Spain gets news of her he'll fill his purse  
with gold,  
And set sail to ask the English King where she is to be  
sold.  
But the King of Spain may come to me, a crown upon his  
brow,  
It is he may keep his golden purse—and I my Kerry cow.

The Priest, maybe, will tell her fame to the Holy Pope of  
Rome,  
And the Cardinals' College send for her to leave her Irish  
home;  
But it's heart-broke she would be itself to cross the Irish  
Sea,  
'Twould be best they'd send a blessing to my Kerry cow  
and me.

<sup>1</sup> Herdsmen.

When the Ulster men hear tell of her, they'll come with  
swords an' pikes,  
For it's civil war there'll be no less if they should see her  
likes,  
And you'll read it on the paper of the bloody fight there's  
been,  
An' the Orangemen they're burying in fields of Leinster  
green.

There are red cows that's contrary, and there's white cows  
quare and wild,  
But my Kerry cow is biddable, an' gentle as a child.  
You may rare up kings and heroes on the lovely milk she  
yields,  
For she's fit to foster generals to fight our battlefields.

In the histories they'll be making they've a right to put  
her name  
With the horse of Troy and Oisin's hounds and other  
beasts of fame.  
And the painters will be painting her beneath the  
hawthorn bough  
Where she's grazing on the good green grass—my little  
Kerry cow.

[From "*Songs from Leinster*." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## LITTLE PETER MORRISSEY

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

POOR little Peter Morrissey, what way is he at all?  
His mother's supping porter till she's like to get a fall,  
And all the work his father does is propping up a wall.

He's ne'er a shirt upon his back, nor *ganzy*<sup>1</sup> to his name,  
There never was a pair of boots the likes of him could claim,  
An' he's after treading on some glass—the way he's walk-  
ing lame.

When decent childher lie in bed you'll see him out at  
night,  
Where he's screeching "Mail" and "Herald," or joining in  
a fight  
To hold his own with other lads, an' he not half their  
height.

You'll see him in the winter time stravagin' through the  
wet,  
He's not so wishful to go home where likely he'll be bet ;  
An' if he's kilt with cold an' damp, who is there that will  
fret ?

Poor little Peter Morrissey, his troubles have begun,  
And yet I've often seen himself sit laughing in the sun,  
And he's always ready after school to sing and lep and run.

His mother likes the drink too well to spare the child a toy,  
You'd think, maybe, the way he is was far enough from  
joy,  
And yet—there's times I envy him the light heart of a boy.

[From "*Songs from Leinster*." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## SAYS SHE

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

My Granny she often says to me,  
Says she, "You're terrible bold,  
It's you have a right to mend your ways  
Before you'll ever grow old,"  
Says she,  
"Before you'll ever grow old."

<sup>1</sup> A vest or jersey.

For it's steadfast now that you ought to be,  
An' you going on sixteen," says she.  
"What'll you do when you're old like me?  
What'll you do?" says she.

"What will I do when I'm old?" says I.

"Och Musha, I'll say my prayers,  
I'll wear a net and a black lace cap  
To cover my silver hairs,"

Says I.

"To cover my silver hairs,  
When I am old as Kate Kearney's cat  
I'll sell my dress and featherdy hat,  
An' buy an old bedgown the like o' that,  
The very like o' that."

My Granny she sighs and says to me,  
"The years fly terrible fast,  
The girls they laugh an' talk with the boys,  
But they all grow old at last,"  
Says she.

"They all grow old at last.  
At Epiphany cocks may skip," says she,  
"But kilt by Easter they're like to be.  
By the Hokey! you'll grow as old as me,  
As weak an' old," says she.

"Maybe you tell me no lie," says I,  
"But I've time before me yet.  
There's time to dance and there's time to sing,  
So why would I need to fret?"  
Says I.

"So why would I need to fret?  
Old age may lie at the foot of the hill,  
'Twixt hoppin' and trottin' we'll get there still.  
Why wouldn't we dance while we have the will,  
Dance while we have the will?"

## LARRY M'HALE

BY CHARLES LEVER

OH, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,  
And never could want when the crops didn't fail ;  
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,  
And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale !  
The soul of a party, the life of a feast,  
And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail ;  
He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,  
Oh ! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the Judge or Recorder ;  
His house was as big and as strong as a gaol ;  
With a cruel four-pounder he kept in great order  
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.  
He'd a blunderbuss too ; of horse-pistols a pair !  
But his favourite weapon was always a flail ;  
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,  
For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancèstors were kings before Moses was born,  
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile :  
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn ;  
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.  
He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,  
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;  
And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner  
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,  
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale ;  
As he piously said, " I've a plentiful board,  
And the Lord He is good to old Larry M'Hale."  
So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,  
It's little we'd care for the tithes or Repale ;  
For Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,  
If we only had plenty like LARRY M'HALE.



## THE MAN FOR GALWAY

BY CHARLES LEVER

To drink a toast,  
A proctor roast,  
Or bailiff, as the case is ;  
To kiss your wife,  
Or take your life  
At ten or fifteen paces ;  
To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,  
To drink in punch the Solway,  
With debts galore, but fun far more ;  
Oh, that's "the man for Galway."  
With debts, etc.

The King of Oude,  
Is mighty proud,  
And so were onest the Caysars ;  
But ould Giles Eyre  
Would make them stare,  
Av he had them with the Blazers.<sup>1</sup>  
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,  
He's only a prince in a small way,  
And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall ;  
Oh, he'd never "do for Galway."  
With debts, etc.

Ye think the Blakes  
Are no "great shakes" ;  
They're all his blood relations ;  
And the Bodkins sneeze  
At the grim Chinese,  
For they come from the Phenaycians.  
So fill to the brim, and here's to him  
Who'd drink in punch the Solway ;  
With debts galore, but fun far more ;  
Oh ! that's "the man for Galway."  
With debts, etc.

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated pack of Galway hounds.

## THE WIDOW MALONE

BY CHARLES LEVER

DID ye hear of the widow Malone,  
*Ohone!*<sup>1</sup>

Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone?

Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts—

So lovely the widow Malone,  
*Ohone!*

So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score  
Or more;

And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the Clerk of the Crown,  
All were courting the widow Malone.  
*Ohone!*

All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'Twas known

No one ever could see her alone,  
*Ohone!*

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye—

So bashful the widow Malone,  
*Ohone!*

So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr O'Brien from Clare—  
How quare!

It's little for blushing they care  
Down there—

<sup>1</sup> Alas!

Put his arm round her waist,

Took ten kisses at last—

“Oh,” says he, “you’re my Molly Malone—

My own!”

“Oh,” says he, “you’re my Molly Malone!”

And the widow they all thought so shy,

My eye!

Ne’er thought of a simper or sigh—

For why?

But, “Lucius,” says she,

“Since you’ve now made so free,

You may marry your Molly Malone,

Oho!

You may marry your Molly Malone.”

There’s a moral contained in my song,

Not wrong,

And, one comfort, it’s not very long,

But strong:

If for widows you die,

Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh,

For they’re all like sweet Mistress Malone!

Oho!

Oh! they’re very like Mistress Malone!

## ASK AND HAVE

BY SAMUEL LOVER

“OH! ’tis time I should talk to your mother,  
Sweet Mary,” says I.

“Oh! don’t talk to my mother,” says Mary,  
Beginning to cry;

“For my mother says men are decavers,  
And never, I know, will consent.

She says, girls in a hurry who marry  
At leisure repent.”

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,  
Sweet Mary?" says I.  
"Oh! don't talk to my father," says Mary,  
Beginning to cry;  
"For my father he loves me so dearly,  
He'll never consent I should go—  
If you talk to my father," says Mary,  
"He'll surely say 'No!'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?  
Sweet Mary," says I.  
"If your father and mother's so cruel,  
Most surely I'll die!"  
"Oh! never say die, dear," says Mary,  
"A way now to save you I see;  
Since my parents are both so contrary—  
You'd better ask *me*."

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## BARNEY O'HEA

BY SAMUEL LOVER

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
It makes me outrageous  
When you're so contagious,  
And you'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh;  
For he is the boy  
That believes I'm his joy,  
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!  
Impudent Barney,  
None of your blarney,  
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon Fair,  
For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,  
    Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
    For Corney's at Cork,  
    And my brother's at work,  
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,  
    So no one will be there  
    Of poor me to take care,  
So I hope you won't fellow me, Barney O'Hea!  
    Impudent Barney,  
    None of your blarney,  
    Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,  
Just who do you think that myself should meet,  
    But impudent Barney O'Hea!  
    He said I looked killin',  
    I called him a villain,  
And bid him that minute get out of the way.  
    He said I was joking,  
    And grinned so provoking,  
I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea!  
    Impudent Barney,  
    None of your blarney,  
    Impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,  
For he was the rogue up to ev'ry wile,  
    Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
    He coaxed me to choose him,  
    For if I'd refuse him  
He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day;  
    So, for fear 'twould go further,  
    And just to save murther,  
I think I must marry that madcap, O'Hea!  
    Bothering Barney,  
    'Tis he has the blarney  
    To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

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## THE CROOKED STICK

BY SAMUEL LOVER

JULIA was lovely and winning—

And Julia had lovers in plenty,  
They outnumber'd her years  
More than twice, it appears—

She kill'd fifty before she was twenty.

Young Harry

Had asked her to marry ;

But Julia could never decide,

Thus early, on being a bride ;

With such ample choice,

She would not give her voice,

In wedlock so soon to be tied ;

And though she liked Hal, thought it better to wait,

Before she would finally fix on her fate ;

For though Harry was "every way worthy" to get her,

*Perhaps she might see some one else she liked better.*

Hal discarded by Venus, went over to Mars ;

And set off to the war in a troop of hussars ;

To sabres and bullets exposing a life

Made wretched to him by the want of a wife.

But Death would not take what fair Julia refused ;

And, in fact, Harry thought himself very ill-used

By "Death and the Lady"—till Time's precious ointment

Cured the wound Julia made,

And the soldier's bold blade

Soon won him a colonel's appointment ;

And then he went home, by hard service made sager,

And found Julia had married a yellow old major.

For the sake of old times, Harry called on the lady,

Who was not on *that* side of *this* life they call "shady" ;

Which, though pleasant in the streets, in the summer's  
bright sun,

On life's path is *not* pleasant—when summer's all done.

He took her hand kindly—and hoped she was well—

And looked with a tender regret on his belle !

" Ah! Julia! how's this?—I would not give you pain,  
But I think I may ask, without being thought vain,  
How the girl who refused to let Harry encage her,  
Could consent to be trapped by a yellow old Major?"  
" Come, dine here," said she—"and at evening we'll take,  
On horseback a ride through the hazelwood brake;  
And as I've lost my whip—you must go to the wood,  
And cut me a riding-switch handsome and good—  
Something nice—such a one as I'll keep for your sake,  
As a token of friendship; but pray do not make  
Your absence too long—for we dine, sharp, at six;  
But you'll see, before then, many beautiful sticks."

Harry went on this mission, to rifle the riches  
Of the hazelwood brake—and saw such lovely switches,  
But none good enough to present, as a token,  
To her who, "lang syne," had his burning heart broken;  
The wood was passed through—and no switch yet  
selected,

When "six o'clock," suddenly, Hal recollected,  
And took out his watch:—but ten minutes to spare—  
He employed those ten minutes with scrupulous care,  
But, spite of his pains—the best switch he selected  
Did not equal, by much, many first he rejected;  
He eyed it askance—and he bent it—and shook it—  
And owned, with a shrug, 'twas a *leetle* bit crooked.  
He returned, and told Julia the state of the case,  
When she—(a faint smile lighting up a sad face)—  
Said, " Harry, your walk through the hazelwood brake  
Is my history—a lesson that many might take;  
At first, you saw beautiful sticks by the score,  
And hoped to get better, with such 'plenty more,'  
But at the last moment—no time left to pick—  
You were forced to put up with a crooked stick."

O Woman!—designed for the conquest of hearts,  
To your own native charms add not too many arts;  
If a poet's quaint rhyme might dare offer advice,  
You should be nice all over—but not over-nice.  
I don't wish a lady so wondrously quick  
As to sharpen her knife for the very first stick;  
But—for one good enough—it were best not o'erlook it,  
Lest, in seeking too straight ones—you get but the crooked.

## HANDY ANDY'S LITTLE MISTAKE

BY SAMUEL LOVER

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nickname the neighbours stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance. "Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a



tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked, but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr Durfy a letther for fourpence this minnit, and a bigger letther than this, and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure—but don't be delayin' me now: here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day,

you vagabond! Ride back for your life you *omadhaun*; <sup>1</sup> and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face; for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter: so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying:—

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your money, anyhow!"

<sup>1</sup> A fool.

## THE LOW-BACKED CAR

BY SAMUEL LOVER

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'Twas on a market day,  
A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay ;  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And decked with flowers of Spring,  
No flow'r was there that could compare  
With the blooming girl I sing.  
As she sat in the low-backed car—  
The man at the turnpike bar  
Never asked for the toll,  
But just rubbed his ould poll  
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
The proud and mighty Mars,  
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes  
Of death—in warlike cars ;  
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
Has darts in her bright eye,  
That knock men down, in the market town,  
As right and left they fly—  
While she sits in her low-backed car,  
Than battle more dangerous far—  
For the doctor's art  
Cannot cure the heart  
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese,  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
By far outnumber these ;  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle-dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming God of Love !

While she sits in her low-backed car  
The lovers come near and far,  
And envy the chicken  
That Peggy is pickin',  
As she sits in the low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
With Peggy by my side,  
Than a coach-and-four and goold galore,  
And a lady for my bride;  
For the lady would sit forninst me,  
On a cushion made with taste,  
While Peggy would sit beside me  
With my arm around her waist—  
While we drove in the low-backed car,  
To be married by Father Maher,  
Oh, my heart would beat high  
At her glance and her sigh—  
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

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## PADDY O'RAFTHER

BY SAMUEL LOVER

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,  
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,  
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,  
And went to confession just afther.  
"Your riv'rinse," says Paddy, "I stole a fat hen."  
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks  
again?  
Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,  
Paddy O'Rafter!"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew  
That the best of intentions I had in my view ;  
For I stole it to make it a present to you,

And you can absolve me afther."

"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?  
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft:  
Your the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,  
Paddy O'Rafter."

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,  
"If your riv'rince won't take it? By this and by that,  
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat

What your riv'rince would have me be afther."

"Why, then," says his rev'ence, "you sin-blinded owl,  
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl ;  
For, if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,  
Paddy O'Rafter."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue  
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you ;  
But he wouldn't resaive it, so what can I do?"

Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughter.

"By my troth," says the priest, "but the case is abstruse ;  
If he won't take his hen, why, the man is a goose.  
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,  
Paddy O'Rafter."

"But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise  
To some one in want you would give your supplies,—  
Some widow or orphan, with tears in their eyes ;

And *then* you may come to *me* afther."

So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy ;  
And the pullet between them, was eaten with joy.  
And, says she, "Pon my word, you're the cleverest boy,  
Paddy O'Rafter."

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,  
And told him the fowl he had given away  
To a poor lonely widow in want and dismay,

The loss of her spouse weeping afther.

"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,  
For repentantly making the best of the bad,  
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,  
Paddy O'Rafter."

## RORY O'MORE

BY SAMUEL LOVER

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bán,<sup>1</sup>  
He was bold as a hawk,—and she soft as the dawn ;  
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease ;  
“Now, Rory, be aisy,” sweet Kathleen would cry—  
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;  
“With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm  
about ;  
Faith, you've teased me till I've put on my cloak inside  
out ;”  
“Och, jewel,” says Rory, “that same is the way  
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,  
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?  
For 'tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O'More.

“Indeed, then,” says Kathleen, “don't think of the like,  
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;  
The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound.”  
“Faith,” says Rory, “I'd rather love you than the ground.”  
“Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go ;  
Sure I dhrame every night that I'm hating you so.”  
“Och,” says Rory, “that same I'm delighted to hear,  
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear ;  
So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,  
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie ;  
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?  
Since 'tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O'More.

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,  
And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and James  
Duff,  
And I've made myself, drinkin' your health, quite a baste,  
So I think, after that, *I may talk to the priest.*”  
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,

<sup>1</sup> Fair.

And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,  
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was  
right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir ; you'll hug me no more ;  
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

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## THE WHISTLIN' THIEF

BY SAMUEL LOVER

WHEN Pat came over the hill,  
His colleen fair to see,  
His whistle low, but shrill,  
The signal was to be.

*(Pat whistles.)*

"Mary," the mother said,  
"Some one is whistling sure" ;  
Says Mary, "'Tis only the wind  
Is whistling through the door."  
*(Pat whistles a bit of a popular air.)*

"I've lived a long time, Mary,  
In this wide world, my dear,  
But a door to whistle like that  
I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle  
Hangs close beside the chink,  
And the wind upon the strings  
Is playing the tune, I think."

*(The pig grunts.)*

"Mary, I hear the pig,  
Unaisy in his mind."

"But, mother, you know, they say  
The pigs can see the wind."



"That's true enough in the day,  
But I think you may remark  
That pigs, no more nor we,  
Can see anything in the dark"  
*(The dog barks.)*

"The dog is barking now,  
The fiddle can't play the tune."  
"But, mother, the dogs will bark  
Whenever they see the moon."

"But how could he see the moon,  
When, you know, the dog is blind?  
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,  
Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

"I'm not such a fool as you think,  
I know very well it is Pat:  
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,  
And go along home out o' that!

"And you be off to your bed,  
Don't play upon me your jeers;  
For though I have lost my eyes,  
I haven't lost my ears!"

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## WIDOW MACHREE

BY SAMUEL LOVER

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown,  
Och hone! Widow Machree;  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
How altered your air,  
With that close cap you wear—  
'Tis destroying your hair,  
Which should be flowing free;  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree;  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.  
See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares,—  
Why, even the bears  
    Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree;  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kittle sings songs  
    Full of family glee;  
Yet alone with your cup  
Like a hermit you sup.  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled,  
Could you sleep in your bed,  
    Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
    Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree?"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree;  
And with my advice, faith! I wish you'd take me,  
    Och hone! Widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire,  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
     In whispering to me  
 That the ghosts would depart  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
     Och hone! Widow Machree.

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## THE LAST OF THE LEPRACHAUNS<sup>1</sup>

A LEGEND OF LEINSTER

BY JAMES M. LOWRY

SHILLELAGH CONN MULLIGAN BRYAN O'TOOLE  
 Was chief of the party who fought for Home Rule,  
 Whilst his rival in love and in politics too  
 Was Deelish-MacDermot-O'Donel-Aboo.<sup>2</sup>

Of the Amnesty faction this Deelish was chief,  
 Who sought for political pris'ners' relief.  
 "They're a parcel of knaves and their leader's a fool,"  
 Said Shillelagh Conn Mulligan Bryan O'Toole.

Now Shillelagh and Deelish both loved the same girl,  
 With eyes of the azure and hair of the curl;  
 As sweet as a rose and as fair as the dawn,  
 Was Eily Mavourneen Dhudeen Colleen Bawn.

But her father, old Tirlogh MacDonagh O'Bryne,  
 A chieftain, whom nought from his purpose could turn,  
 Had promised the hand of Dhudeen Colleen Bawn  
 To The Desmond O'Doherty Shaun<sup>3</sup> Leprachaun.

'Twas June, and the misletoe hung on the bough,  
 And holly and ivy were gleaming, I trow,  
 On tower and turret, where, rising to view,  
 Stood the castle of Kilballywhackwirrasthrue.

<sup>1</sup> Leprachaun, or Leprahann, a fairy shoemaker.

<sup>2</sup> Deelish—a term of endearment. Aboo! For ever! O'Donel—aboo!  
 O'Donel for ever! was the war-cry of the O'Donel clan.

<sup>3</sup> Shaun, John.

There dwelt the fair Dhudeen, her uncle its lord,  
Whom rich men all hated, whom poor men adored ;  
Much feared by the great, but beloved by the serf,  
Was O'Blatherumbloodanounsthunderandturf.

The fair summer moon shone serenely and pale  
On the forms of two lovers who roamed through the vale :  
They were Eily Mavourneen Dhudeen Colleen Bawn,  
And The Desmond O'Doherty Shaun Leprachaun.

" Oh, say, dost thou love me ? " The Leprachaun cried,  
" My Kippeen !<sup>1</sup> My Caubeen ! !<sup>2</sup> My Sassenach pride ! ! ! " "  
" I am thine, only thine, " sighed Dhudeen Colleen Bawn ;<sup>3</sup>  
" I'm thy Soggarth Alanna,<sup>4</sup> thine own Omadhaun. "

The words were scarce spoken, when, with a loud shout,  
Shillelagh O'Toole from the hedge bounded out,  
And following, sprang with a fiendish hurroo,  
The Deelish-MacDermott-O'Donel-Aboo.

" We swear that the Dhudeen will ne'er be thy bride, "  
Cried each chieftain, advancing with menacing stride.  
" Die, villain ! die, traitor ! ! die, lying upstart ! ! ! " "  
And two daggers were plunged in the Leprachaun's heart.

Said Shillelagh to Deelish, " Let fate now decide  
Between us who gets the Dhudeen for his bride.  
A Camac<sup>5</sup> I'll toss up : if ' heads, ' she is mine,  
But if on the contrary ' harps, ' she is thine. "

Aloft flew the Camac, then fell with a thud,  
And the emerald sod was empurpled with blood,  
The blood of a chieftain, the chief of Home Rule,  
The blood of the dauntless Shillelagh O'Toole.

For fate had decided that " heads " was the word,  
And Deelish drew swift from the scabbard his sword,  
Crying : " Heads let it be, thou incompetent fool ! " "  
As he cut off the head of Shillelagh O'Toole.

Then suddenly, mortally wounded, he reeled,  
By whose hand the historian has never revealed ;  
But dead as Queen Anne and bold Brian Boru,  
Fell Deelish-MacDermott-O'Donel-Aboo.

<sup>1</sup> A small stick.

<sup>2</sup> A small round hat.

<sup>3</sup> Dhudeen, a pipe. Colleen Bawn, a fair girl.

<sup>4</sup> Soggarth, a priest. Alanna, dear.

<sup>5</sup> A coin of the Irish realm.

Then rang through the night a wild cry of despair,  
 Like the shriek of the Banshee when roused from her lair ;  
 "Acushla-macree!<sup>1</sup> Faugh-a-balla!! Crubeen!!!"  
 'Twas the death-cry of Eily, fair Eily Dhudeen.

A moss-covered cromlech still points out the place,  
 And the traveller who reads this inscription may trace,  
 HERE LYES EILY MAVOURNEEN DHUDEEN COLLEEN  
 BAWN,  
 WITH YE DESMOND O'DOHERTY SHAUN LEPRACHAUN.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

## A LAY OF KILCOCK

BY JAMES M. LOWRY

PAT DUNN  
 Was admittedly one  
 Who came of a very old stock,  
 From where  
 In the County Kildare,  
 Stands the famous old town of Kilcock.

A place  
 So devoid of all grace,  
 And wholly addicted to evil,  
 It was said  
 Of the living and dead,  
 All save he had gone straight to the Devil.

But he  
 Never went on the spree,  
 And in virtue stood firm as a rock,  
 Alone  
 He preserved a pure tone  
 In that wicked old town of Kilcock.

<sup>1</sup> Pulse of my heart, clear the way! Pig's trotter! Of course the Irish words in this humorous piece are purposely made play with for a mock heroic object. They translate into absolute nonsense here, and in the last line of each verse.

## JAMES M. LOWRY

At last  
To eternity passed  
From the troubles and sorrows of life  
Poor Pat,  
Who left, just think of that,  
Twelve children and only one wife!

Well, well,  
They tolled out his death-knell,  
And things went on the same as before,  
While he,  
With all speed that might be,  
Presented himself at Heaven's door.

A knock  
Brought a turn of the lock,  
And the Prince of Apostles came out;  
"Pray who,"  
Said Saint Peter, "are you?  
And what business have you come about?"

"In troth,"  
For Saint Peter looked wroth,  
Said poor Pat, like a prisoner in dock,  
"I came  
Wid a pass, and my name  
Is Pat Dunn from the town of Kilcock."

"Kilcock!"  
Said the saint, takin' stock,  
And he shook his head, doubting the story.  
Poor Dunn  
Too soon thought he had won  
His reward in the kingdom of glory.

"Kilcock!!"  
Said the sturdy old rock,  
"There's a town of that name in no nation."  
Says Pat,  
"Sir, be aisy in that,  
'Tis a Midland Great Western station."

“ I’ll look,”  
Said the saint, “ in my book,”  
And he turned back the key in the lock ;  
And there,  
In the County Kildare,  
Sure enough he discovered Kilcock.

“ I see  
You’ve the better of me,  
Tho’ I thought you were trying to mock ;  
Come in,”  
Said the saint with a grin,  
“ You’re the first that’s come here from Kilcock.”

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## THE COOLUN

BY MARTIN MACDERMOTT

THE scene is beside where the Avonmore<sup>1</sup> flows—  
'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near its close ;  
And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee—  
She smiles like the evening, but he like the lea !  
Her hair is as white as the flax ere it's spun—  
His brown as yon tree that is hiding the sun !  
Beside the bright river—  
The calm, glossy river,  
That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on.

“ Come, granny,” the boy says, “ you’ll sing me, I know,  
The beautiful Coolun, so sweet and so low ;  
For I love its soft tones more than blackbird or thrush,  
Though often the tears in a shower will gush

<sup>1</sup> The Munster Blackwater.

From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny, say why,  
When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I cry

To hear the sweet Coolun—

The beautiful Coolun—

An angel first sang it above in the sky?"

And she sings and he listens; but many years pass,  
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-yard grass;  
And a couple are seated upon the same stone,

Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the crone—

'Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says while he sighs,  
To the girl at his side with the love-streaming eyes,

"Oh! sing me, sweet Oonagh,

My beautiful Oonagh,

Oh! sing me the Coolun," he says and he sighs.

"That air, *mo stór*,<sup>1</sup> brings back the days of my youth,

That flowed like a river there, sunny and smooth!

And it brings back the old woman, kindly and dear—

If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near,

'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise

Warm, warm, on the wings of our love and our sighs—

Oh! sing me the Coolun,

The beautiful Coolun!"

Is't the dew or a tear-drop is moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand, far less  
fair—

By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the pair;

And the dark hemlock-fir waves its branches above,

As they sigh for their land, as they murmur their love;

Hush!—the heart hath been touched, and its musical  
strings

Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolun she sings—

The home-sighing Coolun,

The love-breathing Coolun—

The well of all memory's deep-flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down beside,

When he was a bridegroom and she was his bride;

The pulses of youth seem to throb in the strain—

Old faces, long vanished, look kindly again—

<sup>1</sup> My treasure.



Kind voices float round them, and grand hills are near,  
Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a year—

And, as ceases the Coolun,  
The home-loving Coolun,  
Not the air, but their native land faints on the ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped in hand—  
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off old land ;  
And while grateful to Him for the blessings He's sent—  
They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth content—  
For the exile and Christian must evermore sigh  
For the home upon earth and the home in the sky—  
So they sing the sweet Coolun,  
The sorrowful Coolun,  
That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they sigh.

Heaven bless thee, old bard, in whose bosom were nurst  
Emotions that into such melody burst !  
Be thy grave ever green !—may the softest of showers  
And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its flowers—  
Oft, oft, be it moist with the tear-drop of love,  
And may angels watch round thee, for ever above !  
Old bard of the Coolun,  
The beautiful Coolun,  
That's sobbing, like Eirè, with sorrow and love.

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## JACK AND THE KING WHO WAS A GENTLEMAN

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

*(Abridged for Recitation purposes)*

WELL, childre : wanst upon a time, when pigs was swine,  
there was a poor widdy woman lived all alone with her  
wan son Jack in a wee hut of a house, that on a dark  
night ye might aisily walk over it by mistake, not knowin'  
at all, at all, it was there, barrin' ye'd happen to strike  
yer toe again' it. An' Jack an' his mother lived for lee

an' long, as happy as hard times would allow them, in this wee hut of a house. But there was one winter, an' times come to look black enough for them—nothin' to do, an' less to ate, an' clothe themselves as best they might; an' the winther wore on, gettin' harder an' harder, till at length when Jack got up out of his bed on a mornin', an' axed his mother to make ready the drop of stirabout for their little brakwus as usual, "Musha, Jack, *a mhic*,"<sup>1</sup> says his mother, says she, "the mail-chist—thanks be to the Lord!—is as empty as Paddy Ruadh's donkey that used to ate his brakwus at supper-time. It stood out long an' well, but it's empty at last, Jack, an' no sign of how we're goin' to get it filled again—only we trust in the good Lord that niver yet disarted the widow and the orphan—He'll not see us wantin', Jack."

"The Lord helps them that help themselves, mother," says Jack back again to her.

"Thru for ye, Jack," says she, "but I don't see how we're goin' to help ourselves."

"You know, Mother," says Jack, "the King of Munsther is a great jintleman entirely. It's put on him, he's so jintlemanly, that he was niver yet known to make use of a wrong or disrespectable word. An' he prides himself on it so much that he has sent word over all the known airth that he'll give his beautiful daughter—the loveliest picthur in all Munsther, an' maybe in all Irelan', if we'd say it—an' her weight in goold, to any man that in three trials will make him use the unrespectful word, an' say, 'Ye're a liar!' But every man that tries him, an' fails, loses his head. All sorts and descriptions of people, from prences an' peers down to bagmen an' beggars, have come from all parts of the known world to thry for the great prize, an' all of them up to this has failed, an' by consequence lost their heads. But, mother dear," says Jack, "where's the use in a head to a man if he can't get mail for it to ate? So I'm goin' to thry me fortune, only axin' your blissin' an' God's blissin' to help me on the way."

"Why, Jack, *a thaisge*,"<sup>2</sup> says his mother, "it's a dangerous task; but as you remark, where's the good of the head to ye when ye can't get mail to put in it? So, I give ye my blissin', an' night, noon, an' mornin' I'll be prayin' for ye to prosper."

<sup>1</sup> My son.

<sup>2</sup> O my treasure!

An' Jack set out, with his heart as light as his stomach, an' his pocket as light as them both together; but a man 'ill not travel far in ould Irelan' (thanks be to God!) on the bare-footed stomach—as we'll call it—or it'll be his own fault if he does; an' Jack didn't want for plenty of first-class aitin' an' dhrinkin' lashin's an' laivin's, and pressin' him to more. An' in this way he thravelled away afore him for five long days till he come to the King of Munsther's castle. And when he was comed there he rattled on the gate, an' out come the King.

"Well, me man," says the King, "what might be your business here?"

"I'm come here, your Kingship," says Jack, mighty polite, "I'm come here, your R'yal Highness," says Jack, "to thry for yer daughter."

"Hum!" says the King. "Me good young man," says he, "don't ye think it a poor thing to lose yer head?"

"If I lose it," says Jack, "sure one consolation 'ill be that I'll lose it in a glorious cause."

An' who do ye think would be listenin' to this same deludherin' speech of Jack's, from over the wall, but the King's beautiful daughter herself. She took an eyeful out of Jack, an' right well plaised she was with his appearance, for—

"Father," says she at once, "hasn't the boy as good a right to get a chance as another? What's his head to you? Let the boy in," says she.

Next mornin' the King took Jack with him an' fetched him out into the yard. "Now, then, Jack," says he, "we're goin' to begin. We'll drop into the stables here, an' I'll give you your first chance."

So he took Jack into the stables an' showed him some wondherful big horses, the likes of which poor Jack never saw afore, an' every one of which was the heighth of the side wall of the castle an' could step over the castle walls, which were twenty-five feet high, without strainin' themselves.

"Them's purty big horses, Jack," says the King. "I don't suppose ever ye saw as big or as wondherful as them in yer life."

"Oh, they're purty big indeed," says Jack, takin' it as cool as if there was nothin' whatsomever astonishin' to him about them. "They're purty big indeed," says Jack,

*"for this counthry.* But at home with us in Donegal we'd only count them little nags, shootable for the young ladies to dhrive in pony-carriages."

"What!" says the King, "do ye mane to tell me ye have seen bigger in Donegal?"

"Bigger!" says Jack. "Phew! Blood alive, yer Kingship, I seen horses in my father's stable that could step over your horses without thrippin'. My father owned one big horse—the greatest, I believe, in the world again."

"What was he like?" says the King.

"Well, yer Highness," says Jack, "it's quite beyond me to tell ye what he was like. But I know when we wanted to mount it could only be done by means of a step-laddher, with nine hundred and ninety steps to it, every step a mile high, an' you had to jump seven mile off the topmost step to get on his back. He ate nine ton of turnips, nine ton of oats, an' nine ton of hay, in the day, an' it took ninety-nine men in the day-time, an' ninety-nine more in the night-time, carrying his feeds to him; an' when he wanted a drink, the ninety-nine men had to lead him to a lough that was nine mile long, nine mile broad, an' nine mile deep, an' he used to drink it dry every time," says Jack, an' then he looked at the King, expectin' he'd surely have to make a liar of him for that.

But the King only smiled at Jack, an' says he, "Jack, that was a wonderful horse entirely, an' no mistake."

Then he took Jack with him out into the garden for his second trial, an' showed him a bee-skep, the size of the biggest rick of hay ever Jack had seen; an' every bee in the skep was the size of a thrush, an' the queeny bee as big as a Jackdaw.

"Jack," says the King, says he, "isn't them wondherful bees? I'll warrant ye, ye never saw anything like them?"

"Oh, they're middlin'—middlin' fairish," says Jack—*"for this counthry.* But they're nothin' at all to the bees we have in Donegal. If one of our bees was flying across the fields," says Jack, "and one of your bees happened to come in its way, an' fall into our bee's eye, our bee would fly to the skep, an' ax another bee to take the mote out of his eye."

"Do you tell me so, Jack?" says the King. "You must have great monsther's of bees."

"Monsther's," says Jack. "Ah, yer Highness, monsther's

is no name for some of them. I remimber," says Jack, says he, "a mighty great breed of bees me father owned. They were that big that when my father's new castle was a-buildin' (in the steddin' of the old one which he consaived to be too small for a man of his mains), and when the workmen closed in the roof, it was found there was a bee inside, an' the hall door not bein' wide enough, they had to toss the side wall to let it out. Then the queeny bee—ah! she was a wondherful baste entirely!" says Jack. "Whenever she went out to take the air she used to overturn all the ditches and hedges in the country; the wind of her wings tossed houses and castles; she used to swallow whole flower gardens; an' one day she flew against a ridge of mountains nineteen thousand feet high and knocked a piece out from top to bottom, an' it's called Barnesmore Gap to this day. This queeny bee was a great trouble an' annoyance to my father, seein' all the harm she done the naybours round about; and once she took it in her head to fly over to Englan, an' she created such mischief an' disolation there that the King of Englan' wrote over to my father if he didn't come immaidiately an' take home his queeny bee that was wrackin' an' ruinin' all afore her he'd come over himself at the head of all his army and wipe my father off the face of the airth. So my father ordhered me to mount our wondherful big horse that I tould ye about, an' that could go nineteen mile at every step, an' go over to Englan' an' bring home our queeny bee. An' I mounted the horse an' started, an' when I come as far as the sea I had to cross to get over to Englan', I put the horse's two fore feet into my hat, an' in that way he thrashed the sea dry all the way across an' landed me safely. When I come to the King of Englan' he had to supply me with nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand men an' ninety-nine thousand mile of chains an' ropes to catch the queeny bee an' bind her. It took us nine years to catch her, nine more to tie her, an' nine years and nine millions of men to drag her home, an' the King of Englan' was a beggar afther from that day till the day of his death. Now what do ye think that of that bee?" says Jack, thinkin' he had the King this time sure enough.

But the King was a cuter one than Jack took him for, an' he only smiled again, an' says he—

"Well, Jack, that was a wondherful great queeny bee entirely."

Next, for poor Jack's third an' last chance, the King took him to show him a wondherful field of beans he had, with every bean-stalk fifteen feet high an' every bean the size of a goose's egg.

"Well, Jack," says the King, says he, "I'll engage ye never saw more wondherful bean-stalks than them?"

"Is it them?" says Jack. "Arrah, man, yer Kingship," says he, "they may be very good—for *this counthry*; but sure we'd throw them out of the ground for useless afther-shoots in Donegal. I mind one bean-stalk in partickler, that my father had for a show an' a cur'osity, that he used to show as a great wondher entirely to sthrangers. It stood on ninety-nine acres of ground, it was nine hundred mile high, an' every leaf covered nine acres. It fed nine thousand horses, nine thousand mules, an' nine thousand jackasses for nineteen years. He used to send nine thousand harvestmen up the stalk in spring to cut and gather off the soft branches at the top. They used to cut these off when they'd reach up as far as them (which was always in the harvest time), an' throw them down, an' nine hundred and ninety-nine horses an' carts were kept busy for nine months carting the stuff away. Then the harvestmen always reached down to the foot of the stalk at Christmas again."

"Faix, Jack," says the King, "it was a wondherful bean-stalk, that, entirely."

"You might say that," says Jack, trying to make the most of it, for he was now on his last leg. "You might say that," says he. "Why, I mind one year I went up the stalk with the harvestmen, an' when I was nine thousand mile up, doesn't I miss my foot, and down I come. I fell feet foremost, and sunk up to my chin in a whinstone rock that was at the foot. There I was in a quandhary—but I was not long ruminatin' till I hauled out my knife, an' cut off my head, an' sent it home to look for help. I watched after it, as it went away, an' lo an' behould ye, afore it had gone half a mile I saw a fox set on it, and begin to worry it. 'By this an' by that,' says I to meself, 'but this is too bad!'—an' I jumped out an' away as hard as I could run, to the assistance of my head. An' when I come up, I lifted my foot, an' give the fox three kicks, an' knocked

three kings out of him—every one of them a nicer an' a better jintleman than you."

"Ye're a liar, an' a rascally liar," says the King.

"More power to ye!" says Jack, givin' three buck leaps clean into the air, "an' it's proud I am to get you to confess it; for I have won yer daughter."

[From "In Chimney Corners." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE PATH ACROSS THE MOOR

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

ONE harvest evening as I took the road from Glenties fair,  
I o'ertook a fresh-lipped cailín of modest mien and air;  
So pleasant our discoursing was, it grieved me, to be sure,  
When she said at length "Good-bye, kind sir, my path's  
across the moor."

I looked upon her wistfully—her gaze fell on the grass.  
"It's lonesome walking is the moor," I said, "*mo chailín dheas*,<sup>1</sup>  
And the path is not so narrow, but there's room for two,  
I'm sure;  
If you don't object I'll take with you the path across the  
moor?"

"The moon is up, the path is straight," she answered  
courteously,

"And I never do feel lonesome when crossing of Tíree:  
I thank you very kindly, sir, but to my father's door  
I've always took the path alone," she said, "across the moor."

"That the path's both safe and pleasant, for one, I'm sure  
is true;  
But you guess not it's delights," I said, "when jogged along  
by two."

"A kind good-bye, pray, gentle sir! My father he is poor,  
And I, a humble maid, have never been beyont the moor."

<sup>1</sup> My pretty little girl. Pronounce *mo collyeen dhass*.

"You do your father wrong," I said, "for his is wealth untold,  
The King of royal Spain is not so rich, for all his gold,  
And, rank and worldly riches for me have little lure—  
I'd barter both, with you to walk henceforth across the moor."

I looked into her tender eyes, she blushed and cast them down;  
I touched my lips upon her hand; still Rosie did not frown;  
I took her hands in both of mine, and prisoned them secure,  
While she murmured, "You may join me on the path across the moor."

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE

BY WILLIAM MAGINN

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,  
In fair Damascus fashioned well;  
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,  
Who first beneath its fury fell,  
I know not, but I hope to know  
That for no mean or hirling trade,  
To guard no feeling base or low,  
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood  
In which its tempering work was done,  
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,  
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;



For country's claim, at honour's call,  
For outraged friend, insulted maid,  
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,  
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,  
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,  
Anvil and pincers, forge, and wedge,  
Are gone with all their flame and noise—  
And still the gleaming sword remains ;  
So, when in dust I low am laid,  
Remember by those heart-felt strains,  
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

---

## THE IRISHMAN AND THE LADY

BY WILLIAM MAGINN

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
A lady very stylish, man ;  
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
She fell in love with an Irishman.  
A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
A wild, tremendous Irishman—  
A tearing, swearing, thumping bumping, ramping, roaring  
Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across ;  
And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
Were almost doubled a yard across.  
O, the lump of an Irishman,  
The whisky-devouring Irishman—  
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,  
rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
And the other eye was out, my dear ;  
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs  
Were more than two feet about, my dear,  
O, the great big Irishman,  
The rattling, battling, Irishman—  
The stramping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering  
swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-Foot,  
That he used to snort and snuffle—O ;  
And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,  
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.  
O, the horrible Irishman,  
The thundering, blundering Irishman—  
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing,  
Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;  
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,  
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.  
The boozing, bruising Irishman,  
The 'toxicated Irishman—  
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy  
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
Like all the girls of quality ;  
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,  
Just by the way of jollity.  
O, the leathring Irishman,  
The barbarous savage Irishman—  
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were  
bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

---

## SAINT PATRICK

BY WILLIAM MAGINN

A FIG for St Dennis of France,  
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on ;  
A fig for St George and his lance,  
Which spitted a heathenish dragon ;  
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot  
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,  
Both of whom may just travel to pot,  
Compared with that patron of swipers,  
St Patrick of Ireland, my dear !

He came to the Emerald Isle  
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted ;  
The steam-boat he beat by a mile,  
Which mighty good sailing was counted.  
Says he, "The salt water, I think,  
Has made me most terribly thirsty,  
So bring me a flagon of drink,  
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,  
Of drink that is fit for a saint."

He preach'd then with wonderful force,  
The ignorant natives a-teaching ;  
With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,  
"For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."  
The people, with wonderment struck,  
At a pastor so pious and civil,  
Exclaimed, "We're for you, my old buck,  
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,  
Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon  
Went to visit an elegant fellow,  
Whose practice each cool afternoon  
Was to get most delightfully mellow.  
That day, with a black jack of beer,  
It chanced he was treating a party ;  
Says the saint, "This good day, do you hear,  
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,  
So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport  
    (Believe me I tell you no fable),  
A gallon he drank from the quart,  
    And then planted it full on the table.  
"A miracle!" every one said,  
    And they all took a haul at the stingo,  
They were capital hands at the trade,  
    And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!  
    The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,  
    But I've nought in my larder but mutton,  
And on Fridays who'd made such repast,  
    Except an unchristian-like glutton."  
Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,  
    What you tell me is nothing but gammon;  
Take my compliments down to the leg,  
    And bid it come hither a salmon!"  
    And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,  
    How the snakes, in a manner most antic,  
He march'd to the County Mayo,  
    And trundled them into th' Atlantic.  
Hence not to use water for drink  
    The people of Ireland determine;  
With mighty good reason, I think,  
    Since St Patrick has filled it with vermin,  
    And vipers, and other such stuff.

O! he was an elegant blade,  
    As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,  
And though under the sod he is laid,  
    Yet here goes his health in a bumper!  
I wish he was here, that my glass  
    He might by art magic replenish;  
But as he is not, why, alas!  
    My ditty must come to a finish—  
    Because all the liquor is out!

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DARK ROSALEEN<sup>1</sup>

FROM THE IRISH OF COSTELLO

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

O MY dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep !  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the Deep.  
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green ;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen.

Over hills and through dales  
Have I roamed for your sake ;  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne . . . at its highest flood  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long in unrest  
To and fro do I move,  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love !

<sup>1</sup> Mangan says this poem was entitled in the original *Roisin Dubh*, and was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of Red Hugh O'Donnell, and is supposed to be addressed to Ireland by that famous chieftain, Dark Rosaleen, or The Dark Little Rose, being the meaning of the Irish original.

The heart . . . in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my Queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.  
But yet . . . will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen;  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands  
Will I fly for your weal;  
Your holy delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
You'll think of me through Daylight's hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills!

And one . . . beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red  
With redundance of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal, and slogan cry,  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

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## THE DYING FATHER

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

A FATHER had two children, Will and Christy—  
The last a bright young lad, the first a dull humdrum.  
One day, perceiving that his hour was come,  
Stretched on the bed of death he glanced with misty  
Eye around the room in search of Christy—  
“My son,” he said, “sad thoughts begin to darken  
My mind. You are a genius. What a task it  
Will be for you to face the world! But hearken!  
Inside my desk there lies a little casket  
Of jewels. Take them all, my son,  
And lock them up, and give your brother none.”

The youth was wonder-struck. He thought this droll,  
And looking in his father's face, he said—

"But, bless me, father! if I take the whole,  
What is poor Will to do? I greatly dread——"

"Dread nothing, Christy," interrupted t'other;  
"There's not the slightest ground for this timidity;  
I'll warrant you your booby of a brother  
Will make his way through life by sheer stupidity!"

## THE FAIRIES' PASSAGE

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

### I

TAP, tap! Rap, rap! "Get up, Gaffer Ferrryman!"

—"Eh? Who is there?"—The clock strikes three.—

"Get up—do, Gaffer! You are the very man

We have been long, long, longing to see."

The Ferryman rises, growling and grumbling,

And goes fum-fumblin', and stumbling—and tumbling

Over the wares in his way to the door;

But he sees no more

Than he saw before,

Till a voice is heard—"O Ferryman, dear!

Here we are waiting, all of us, here!

We are a wee, wee colony, we,

Some two hundred in all, or three—

Ferry us over the River Spree

Ere dawn of day,

And we will pay

The most we may

In our own wee way!"

### II

"Who are you? Whence came you? What place are  
you going to?"

—"Oh, we have dwelt overlong in this land.

The people get cross, and are growing so knowing, too!

Nothing at all but they now understand.



We are daily vanishing under the thunder  
Of some huge engine or iron wonder—

That iron—oh, it has entered our souls !”

—“Your souls? O Goles!

You queer little drolls!

Do you mean——?” “Good Gaffer, do aid us with speed,  
For our time, like our stature, is short indeed!

And a very long way we have to go,

Eight or ten thousand miles or so,

Hither and thither, and to and fro,

With our pots and pans,

And little gold cans;

But our light caravans

Run swifter than Man’s!”

### III

“Well, well, you may come!” said the Ferryman affably;

—“Peter! turn out and get ready the barge!”

Then again to the Little Folks—“Though you seem  
laughably

Small, I don’t mind, if your *hellers*<sup>1</sup> be large!”

Oh, dear! what a rushing, what pushing, what crushing  
(The Waterman making vain efforts at hushing

The hubbub the while) there followed these words!

What clappings of boards!

What strappings of cords!

What stowings away of children and wives,

And platters, and mugs, and spoons, and knives!

Till all had been safely got into the boat,

And the Ferryman, clad in his ten-caped coat,

And his wee little farers were fairly afloat.

Then ding! ding! ding!

And kling! kling! kling!

How the *hellers* did ring

In the tin pitcherling!

### IV

Off then went the boat, at first very pleasantly

Smoothly and so forth, but after a while

It swayed and it swagged this and that way, and presently

Chest after chest, and pile after pile,

<sup>1</sup> Farthings.

Of the Little Folks' goods began tossing and rolling  
And pitching like fun, beyond fairy controlling!  
O Mab! if the hubbub was great before,  
It was now some two or three million times more;  
Crash went the wee crocks, and the clocks—and the locks  
Of each little box were stove in by hard knocks.

And then there were oaths, and prayers and cries—

“Take care!”—“See there!”—“Oh, dear! my eyes!”

“I am killed”—“I am drowned”—with groans and  
sighs.—

Till the land is in view—

“Yeo, ho! Pull to!—

Tiller rope thro' and thro'!”

—And all's right anew.

v

“Now, jump upon shore, ye queer little oddities!—

. . . Eh! What is this? Where are they at all?

Where are they, and where are their tiny commodities?

Well! as I live!” He looks blank as a wall,

The poor Ferryman! Round him and round him he gazes,

But only gets deeplier lost in the mazes

Of utter bewilderment! All, all are gone—

And he stands alone,

Like a statue of stone,

In a doldrum of wonder! He turns to steer,

And a tinkling laugh salutes his ear

With other odd sounds—“Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Tol, lol, zid—ziddle—quee—quee—bah! bah!

Fizzigiggidy—psha—sha! sha!”

—“O ye thieves! ye thieves! ye rascally thieves!”

The good man cries. He turns to his pitcher,

And there, alas! to his horror perceives

That the Little Folks' mode of making him richer

Has been, to pay him with—withered leaves!

## GONE IN THE WIND

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the  
Blind,  
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy  
mind?  
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;  
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and  
enshrined,  
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
All that the genius of Man hath achieved or designed  
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;  
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;  
Honour and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed  
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!  
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;  
Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have  
mined!  
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!  
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the  
wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have con-  
signed  
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,  
Raving of knowledge,—and Satan so busy to blind!  
Raving of Glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind  
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and—strewn in the  
wind!

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,  
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

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## THE HOWLING SONG OF AL-MOHARA

FROM THE ARABIC

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

My heart is as a House of Groans  
From dusky eve to dawning grey;  
Allah, Allah hu!  
The glazed flesh on my staring bones  
Grows black and blacker with decay;  
Allah, Allah hu!  
Yet am I none whom Death may slay;  
I am spared to suffer and to warn;  
Allah, Allah hu!  
My lashless eyes are parched to horn  
With weeping for my sin away;  
Allah, Allah hu!

For blood, hot blood that no man sees,  
The blood of one I slew  
Burns on my hands. I cry therefór,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore,  
Allah, Allah hu !

Because I slew him over wine,  
Because I struck him down at night,  
Allah, Allah hu !

Because he died and made no sign,  
His blood is always in my sight ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

Because I raised my arm to smite  
While the foul cup was at his lips,  
Allah, Allah hu !

Because *I* wrought *his* soul's eclipse  
*He* comes between me and the Light ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

His is the form my terror sees,  
The sinner that I slew ;  
My rending cry is still therefór,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore,  
Allah, Allah hu !

Under the all-just Heaven's expanse  
There is for me no resting-spot ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

I dread Man's vengeful countenance,  
The smiles of Woman win me not ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

I wander among graves where rot  
The carcasses of leprous men ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

I house me in the dragon's den,  
Till evening darkens grove and grot ;  
Allah, Allah hu !

But bootless all !—Who penance drees  
Must dree it his life through ;  
My heartwrung cry is still therefór,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore,  
Allah, Allah hu !

The silks that swathe my hall deewān<sup>1</sup>  
Are damascened with moons of gold ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
Musk roses from my Gulistān<sup>2</sup>  
Fill vases of Egyptian mould ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
The Koran's treasures lie unrolled  
Near where my radiant night-lamp burns ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
Around me rows of silver urns  
Perfume the air with odours old ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
But what avail these luxuries ?  
The blood of him I slew  
Burns red on all—I cry therefor,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore,  
Allah, Allah hu !

Can Sultans, can the Guilty Rich  
Purchase with mines and thrones a draught,  
Allah, Allah hu !  
From that Nutulian<sup>3</sup> fount of which  
The Conscience-tortured whilome quaffed ?  
Allah, Allah hu !  
Vain dream ! Power, Glory, Riches, Craft,  
Prove magnets for the Sword of Wrath ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
Thornplant Man's last and lampless path,  
And barb the Slaying Angel's shaft ;  
Allah, Allah hu !  
O ! the Bloodguilty ever sees  
But sights that make him rue,  
As I do now, and cry therefor,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore,  
Allah, Allah hu !

<sup>1</sup> Sofa.<sup>2</sup> Rose-garden.<sup>3</sup> Lethean.

## O MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIÆ!

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

THERE lived a knight long years ago,  
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.

Of God above, or Hell below

He took no thought, but undismayed  
Pursued his course of wickedness.

His heart was rock ; he never prayed

To be forgiven for all his treasons ;

He only said at certain seasons,

“ O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! ”

Years rolled, and found him still the same,  
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl ;

Yet felt he now and then some shame ;

The torment of the Undying Worm  
At whiles woke in his trembling soul ;

And then, though powerless to reform,

Would he, in hope to appease that sternest

Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,

“ O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! ”

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,  
And Loathing now came after Sin.

With locks yet brown, he felt as one

Grown grey at heart ; and oft with tears,  
He tried, but all in vain, to win

From the dark desert of his years

One flower of hope ; yet morn and e'ening,

He still cried, but with deeper meaning,

“ O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! ”

A happier mind, a holier mood,

A purer spirit ruled him now :

No more in thrall to flesh and blood,

He took a pilgrim staff in hand,  
And under a religious vow,

Travailed his way to Pommerland.

There entered he an humble cloister,

Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,

“ O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! ”

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares  
Aside, and wrought for God alone.

Albeit, he sang no choral prayers,  
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,  
He mortified his flesh to stone ;

For him no penance was too stern ;  
And often prayed he on his lonely  
Cell couch at night, but still said only,  
" O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

And thus he lived, long, long ; and, when  
God's angels called him, thus he died.

Confession made he none to men,  
Yet when they anointed him with oil,  
He seemed already glorified.

His penances, his tears, his toil  
Were past ; and now with passionate sighing,  
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,  
" O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

They buried him with mass and song  
Aneath a little knoll so green :

But, lo ! a wonder sight !—Ere long  
Rose blooming from that verdant mound,  
The fairest lily ever seen ;  
And on its petal-edges round,  
Relieving their translucent whiteness,  
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,  
" O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

And would God's angels give thee power,  
Thou, dearest reader, might'st behold  
The fibres of this holy flower,

Upspringing from the dead man's heart  
In tremulous threads of light and gold :

Then wouldst thou choose the better part !<sup>1</sup>  
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions ;  
Thy sole response to mocking questions,  
" O MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

<sup>1</sup> Luke x. 42.



## THE RIDE ROUND THE PARAPET

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

*SHE said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,"—  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*She said, "I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,  
When the heart is throbbing sorest there is balsam in the  
forest,*

*There is balsam in the forest for its pain,"*

*Said the Lady Eleanora,*

*Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her  
hunting-gear,*

*The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her  
hunting-gear,*

*And, till Summer-time was over, as a huntress and a rover,  
Did she couch upon the mountain and the plain,*

*She, the Lady Eleanora,*

*Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*Returning home again, she viewed with scorn the tourna-  
ments—*

*The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*Returning home again, she viewed with scorn the tourna-  
ments ;*

*She saw the morions cloven and the crowning chaplets woven,  
And the sight awakened only the disdain*

*Of the Lady Eleanora,*

*Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*"My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,"*

*Said Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*"My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,  
And he that would o'ercome it, let him ride around the  
summit*

*Of my battlemented Castle by the Maine,"*

*Said the Lady Eleanora,*

*Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,  
Man and horse were hurled together o'er the crags that  
beetled nether—  
Said the Lady, "There, I fancy, they'll remain!"  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Queenly Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,  
Man and horse fell down, asunder, o'er the crags that  
beetled under—  
Said the Lady, "They'll not leap the leap again!"  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Lovely Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,  
Till six-and-thirty corsees of both mangled men and horses  
Had been sacrificed as victims at the fane  
Of the Lady Eleanora,  
Stately Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

That woeful year went by, and Riders none came after-  
wards  
To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
That woeful year was by, and Riders none came after-  
wards;  
The Castle's lonely bass-court looked a wild o'ergrown-with-  
grass-court;  
'Twas abandoned by the Ritters and their train  
To the Lady Eleanora,  
Haughty Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-  
like,  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!  
She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovran-  
like;

"And wherefore have departed all the Brave, the Lion-hearted,

Who have left me here to play the Castellaine?"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

*"And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?"*

*Cried Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*"And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?"*

*Shame light upon the cravens! May their corsers gorge the ravens,*

*Since they tremble thus to wear a woman's chain!"*

*Said the Lady Eleanora,*

*Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave  
Gondibert

Of Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave  
Gondibert.

Quoth he, "I trow the woman must be more or less than  
human ;

She is worth a little peaceable campaign,

Is the Lady Eleanora,

Is the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!"

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid  
merlonwise,

For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid  
merlonwise—

"Good Grey! do thou thy duty, and this rocky-bosomed  
beauty

Shall be taught that all the vauntings are in vain

Of the Lady Eleanora,

Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!"

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor's,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor's.

"O lady, best and fairest, here am I,—and, if thou carest,

I will gallop round the parapet amain,

Noble Lady Eleanora,

Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne."

*She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave  
Gondibert,*

*The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave  
Gondibert.*

*"O, bitter, bitter sorrow! I shall weep for this to-morrow!  
It were better that in battle he were slain,"*

*Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet;  
The Lady wept and trembled, and her paly face resembled,  
As she looked away, a lily wet with rain;  
Hapless Lady Eleanora!  
Hapless Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet;  
"Accurst be my ambition! He but rideth to perdition,  
He but rideth to perdition without rein!"

Wept the Lady Eleanora,  
Wept the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet.  
Meanwhile her terror shook her—yea, her breath well-nigh  
forsook her,

Fire was burning in the bosom and the brain  
Of the Lady Eleanora,  
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet  
To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet.

"Now blest be God for ever! This is marvellous! I  
never

Cherished hope of laying eyes on thee again!"  
Cried the Lady Eleanora,  
Joyous Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

"The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast truly conquered  
me,

The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered  
me.

I greet thee as my lover, and, ere many days be over,  
Thou shalt wed me and be Lord of my domain,"

Said the Lady Eleanora,

Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed the graceful knight, the gallant Margrave  
Gondibert,

To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed that graceful knight, the gallant Margrave  
Gondibert,

And thus he answered coldly, "There be many who as  
boldly

Will adventure an achievement they disdain,

For the Lady Eleanora,

For the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

"Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor!

O Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor!

And thou and they may marry, but, for me, I must not  
tarry

I have won a wife already out of Spain,

Virgin Lady Eleanora,

Virgin Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!"

*Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,*

*From Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

*Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert.*

*And long in shame and anguish did that haughty Lady  
languish,*

*Did she languish without pity for her pain,*

*She the Lady Eleanora,*

*She the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.*

And year went after year, and still in barren maidenhood

Lived Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And wrinkled Age crept on, and still her lot was maiden-  
hood.

And, woe! her end was tragic; she was changed, at length,  
by magic,

To an ugly wooden image, they maintain;  
She, the Lady Eleanora,  
She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

And now before the gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,  
Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Before her castle-gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,  
And he that won't salute her must be fined in foaming  
pewter,

If a boor—but if a burgher, in champagne,  
For the Lady Eleanora,  
Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

*[If this poem be considered too long for purposes of recitation, I should suggest the elimination of the italicised verses.—G. P.]*

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## SIBERIA

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

IN Siberia's wastes  
The ice-wind's breath  
Woundeth like the toothèd steel.  
Lost Siberia doth reveal  
Only blight and death—

Blight and death alone.  
No Summer shines.  
Night is interblent with Day.  
In Siberia's wastes alway  
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes  
No tears are shed,  
For they freeze within the brain.  
Nought is felt but dullest pain,  
Pain acute, yet dead ;

Pain as in a dream,  
When years go by  
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,  
When man lives, and doth not live,  
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes  
Are sands and rocks.  
Nothing blooms of green or soft,  
But the snow-peaks rise aloft  
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there  
Is one with those ;  
They are part, and he is part,  
For the sands are in his heart,  
And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes  
None curse the Czar.  
Each man's tongue is cloven by  
The North Blast, that heweth nigh  
With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees,  
Till, hunger-gnawn,  
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,  
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere  
His last breath was drawn.

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## THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS

FROM THE IRISH

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

O WOMAN of Three Cows, *agra!*<sup>1</sup> don't let your tongue  
thus rattle!

Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have  
cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's  
true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as  
you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their  
despiser,

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very  
miser,

And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty  
human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of  
Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's  
descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand  
attendants!

If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three  
Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to  
mourning;

*Mavrone!*<sup>2</sup> for they were banished, with no hope of their  
returning—

Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were  
driven to house?

Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three  
Cows.

<sup>1</sup> My dear.

<sup>2</sup> My grief.



O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing  
daunted—

See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted !  
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot  
rouse—

Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of  
Three Cows ?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are  
shrined in story—

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's  
highest glory—

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and  
cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three  
Cows !

The O'Carrolls, also, famed when Fame was only for the  
boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest ;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse ?

Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of  
Three Cows !

Your neighbour's poor ; and you, it seems, are big with  
vain ideas,

Because, *inagh* !<sup>1</sup> you've got three cows—one more, I see,  
than *she* has.

That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity  
allows,

But if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three  
Cows !

#### THE SUMMING UP

Now, there you go ! You still, of course, keep up your  
scornful bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm  
wearing,

If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my  
spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of  
Three Cows !

<sup>1</sup> Forsooth. Pronounced in-ah !

## THE CROPPY BOY

A BALLAD OF '98

BY WILLIAM B. MCBURNEY

"GOOD men and true! in this house who dwell,  
To a stranger *bouchal*,<sup>1</sup> I pray you tell  
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?  
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;  
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;  
But you must wait, till I go and see  
If the Holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—  
What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall!  
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,  
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.  
"*Nomine Dei*," the youth begins:  
At "*mea culpa*" he beats his breast,  
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,  
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.  
I alone am left of my name and race;  
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day—  
At Mass-time once I went to play;  
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,  
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;  
But I love my country above my King.  
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go  
To die, if God has ordained it so."

<sup>1</sup> A boy. Pronounced Bûch-ul (German Ch.).

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise  
Made the youth look above in wild surprise ;  
The robes were off, and in scarlet there  
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,  
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse :  
'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive ;  
For one short hour is your time to live.

" Upon yon river three tenders float ;  
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot ;  
We hold his house for our Lord the King,  
And—' Amen,' say I—may all traitors swing !"

At Geneva barrack that young man died,  
And at Passage they have his body laid.  
Good people who live in peace and joy,  
Give a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

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## CURLY LOCKS

BY P. J. M'CALL

THERE'S a sobbing and a sighing through the corners of  
my heart—

From sleep I often start, like a trembling hare,  
Since the Maiden of the Tresses gave me welcome words of  
love,

Last Saturday, above at Carrig Fair !

Oh, could I find the place that hides her sunny face,

'Tis swiftly I would race over bogs and rocks,

To hear again the music of the silvery mouth of mirth—

The sweetest girl on earth, young Curly Locks !

'Tis out I come, and in I go, like any timid mouse  
That steals around the house when the way is clear ;  
And I take no earthly pleasure in the doing of my work,  
But mope about and lurk in silent fear !  
Each minute seems an hour till Heaven gives me power  
To find that hidden flower 'mid the furzy knocks ;  
And hear my fate and fortune from that silvery mouth of  
mirth—  
The sweetest girl on earth, young Curly Locks !

Maybe 'twas she was joking, that she's ever blythe and  
gay,  
And has a courting way when a boy is near !  
But she can't have failed to notice that my heart is lost  
complete—  
O colleen ever sweet—it is not here !  
Long time, in sportive glee, it hovered, like the bee  
O'er flowers blooming free upon Love's white rocks,  
Till, distracted, it alighted on a rosy mouth of mirth—  
The sweetest flower on earth, young Curly locks !

[From "*The Pulse of the Bards.*" By kind permission of the Author.]

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## GRACE BEFORE MEAT

A COUNTY WEXFORD FOLK STORY

BY P. J. M'CALL

COME, Colleens and Boys till I tell yous the tale  
Of the Fox and the Gander. Myself will go bail  
Yous never heard yet how the Gandle<sup>1</sup> got clear  
One mornin' from Reynard. 'Tis seldom, I fear,  
These birds have the gumption to think of a trick  
Worth tryin'—and Foxes are terrible quick.

<sup>1</sup> Gander.

One harvest this Gander was up on the hill  
With the rest o' the geese, and says he : "Wives, be still,  
While I see what is makin' that noise in the wood !"  
And, stoppin' their prate, on his tiptoe he stood  
And listened. There wasn't the ghost of a sound.  
So, stretchin' his neck, he flew up and around,  
And landed at last on a heap of red rocks ;  
But *one of the stones was a rogue of a fox.*

"Bedad," says the Fox, "here's a dinner from Heaven  
Sent down to a poor man that's starvin' with seven !"  
And, clutchin' the Gander, he gave him a squeeze.  
"Hold on !" says the bird ; "just a word, if you please.  
'Tis right, Masther Fox, ere a dinner you eat,  
To ask for a blessin' to season the meat."  
"That's so," says the Fox ; and he knelt down to pray ;  
But before he had blessed himself, up and away  
With the bird o'er the bogs, and his neck like a pole  
Stuck out. Och ! his screechin' would moidher<sup>1</sup> your soul.

The Gandle that night told his wives of the trick,  
And says he : "My dear geese, if you're clever and quick,  
A good way to take the Red Rogue by surprise  
Is, get him to pray, then fly up in the skys !"  
"I'll do it," says one, and "I'll do it," says two,  
And "I'll do it," says each of his splaw-footed crew.  
They chuckled and cackled so much with delight,  
That they kept the poor chickens awake all the night.

Well, on went the World till, near Michælmass Day,  
A goose met the Fox, and—she asked him to pray.  
"To be sure, ma'am," says Reynard ; "but first I must see  
That a dinner is laid on the table for me."  
So sayin', he gave her a Bargyman's<sup>2</sup> twist,  
And that night a grass goose for the market was missed.  
But she still haunts the place, For I've often heard tell  
You'll see an old goose *if you look in the well!*

[By kind permission of the Author.]

<sup>1</sup> Bother, confuse.

<sup>2</sup> A man of the Barony of this name in Wexford, where males appear to have had an unpleasant knack of putting an opponent *hors de combat*.

## IRISH CONTRARIETY

A RUSTIC IDYLL

BY P. J. M'CALL

SAYS I :—" My dear Cathleen, a twelvemonth has gone,  
Since I first saw your sweet face as bright as the sun !"  
" As the sun ?" says young Cathleen. " Keep off, if you  
plaze !

If you come any closer, you'll go in a blaze !"  
With a laugh and a half, she uplifted her face ;  
But the sun smiled so pleasant, I stayed in my place !

Says I :—" Pretty Cathleen, a thirst holds my heart  
For a taste of your red lips, like quickens a-part !"  
" Like quickens ?" says Cathleen. " Find something more  
sweet ;  
And don't you go taste them—they charm but to cheat !"  
Then her lips like the berries together she drew ;  
Ah, but sweet were the quickens, as somebody knew !

Says I :—" Little Cathleen, your eyes, lit with love,  
Are twinkling and sparkling like stars up above !"  
" Like stars ?" says young Cathleen. " Then I must be  
blind ;  
For now in the daytime what stars can you find ?"  
'Twas then she looked thoughtful and seemed so in  
doubt ;  
That my two hands made night for the stars to peep  
out !

Says I :—" Wilful Cathleen, your wild way you take,  
And move down the path like a swan o'er the lake !"  
" A swan ?" says young Cathleen. " She skims o'er the  
sea ;  
And don't you go follow, else shipwrecked you'll be !"  
And poising her arms she seemed ready to go ;  
So I made a new cage for the swan, white as snow !

Says I :—"Lovely Cathleen, such talk is no use ;  
If you tease me much longer, you'll make me a goose !"  
"A goose?" says young Cathleen. "There's ne'er a one  
here—

Make a gander a goose? Oh, I couldn't, my dear !"  
Then as helpless she seemed, quite resigned I replied,  
"That a gander I'd be with a goose by my side !"

Says I :—"My own Cathleen, just say the one word ;  
For 'tis ever the opposite, daily, I've heard !"  
Says she :—"No, then, thank ye !"—says I, with a kiss :—  
"As you go by conthrairies the 'No' must be 'Yes' !"  
Well, she didn't gainsay me, but bent her brown head—  
Troth, the boys wept like widows, the day we were  
wed !

[From "*Songs of Erin*." By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE GODS OF YESTERDAY

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY

I WONDER in what isle of bliss  
Apollo's music fills the air ;  
In what green valley Artemis  
For young Endymion spreads the snare ;  
Where Venus lingers debonair :  
*The wind has blown them all away—*  
And Pan lies piping in his lair—  
*Where are the gods of yesterday ?*

Say where the great Semiramis  
Sleeps in a rose-red tomb ; and where  
The precious dust of Cæsar is,  
Or Cleopatra's yellow hair ;

Where Alexander Do-and-Dare :  
*The wind has blown them all away—*  
 And Redbeard of the Iron Chair—  
*Where are the dreams of yesterday ?*

Where is the Queen of Herod's kiss,  
 And Phryne in her beauty bare ;  
 By what strange sea does Tomyris  
 With Dido and Cassandra share  
 Divine Proserpina's despair :  
*The wind has blown them all away—*  
 For what poor ghost does Helen care ?  
*Where are the girls of yesterday ?*

Alas for lovers ! pair by pair  
*The wind has blown them all away—*  
 The young and yare, the fond and fair :  
*Where are the snows of yesterday ?*

(*These verses are from Act III. of "If I were King."*)

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[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## LONELY

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY

I AM lonely, very lonely, for the girl who stole my heart  
 Shines a star in other heavens, plays another lover's part,  
 While I sit in sombre silence, hearing how my heart will  
     beat,  
 When I catch the faintest footfall sounding down my  
     dreary street.  
 Is it she, or else some message sent from her to soothe  
     my pain,  
 Falling on the thirsty seeds of passion like a holy rain ?



No, the sounds die out in silence, and the twilight deepens  
down,  
And the orisons of evening breathe above the darkening  
town ;  
But my mosque is not the Mufti's for my beacon in the  
gloom  
Is the crimson lamp-light floating from the tavern's  
warmest room.  
There I sit and drug my sorrow to a sleep that seems like  
death,  
There forget that I have ever kissed her lips and felt her  
breath  
From the parted smiling petals of the rose-flower of her  
mouth  
Breathe upon my eyes and hair the perfumes of the  
odorous south.  
It is war 'twixt wine and memory ; on the tavern's  
trampled sill  
I will plant my colours proudly, ruddy as the drops that fill  
Yonder jars, whose prisoned magic slays regret and saps  
desire,  
Burning folly from my bosom with the vineyard's liquid fire.  
Woe is me ! I boast untimely ; even as I lift the cup,  
On the purple flood the face of the beloved comes  
floating up.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## MEMORY

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY

SITTING silent in the twilight, faces of my former loves  
Float about my fancy softly, like a silver flight of doves.  
Brighter than the stars of heaven is the shining of their  
eyes,  
Sweeter are their angel voices than the speech of Paradise.

I am old and grey and weary, winter in my blood and  
brain ;  
But to-night these haunting phantoms conjure up my  
youth again.

Lovingly I name them over, all that world of gracious  
girls,  
Almond-eyed and jasmine-bosomed, like a poet stringing  
pearls.

In my tranquil cypress mazes just outside the sleepy  
town,  
Blooms a tribe of laughing lilies fairer than a kingly crown.

Every lily in the garden wears a woman's gracious name,  
Every lily in the garden set my spirit once aflame ;

And amongst that throng of lilies scarcely whiter than his  
hair,  
Hafiz sits and dreams at sunset of the flowers no longer  
fair ;

Of the sweethearts dead and buried whom I worshipped  
long ago,  
When this beard as grey as ashes was as sable as the sloe.

I would weep if I were wiser, but the idle child of song  
Leaves reflection to the Mullah, sorrow to the Sufi throng.

Am I wrong to be contented in the sunlight to rehearse  
Pleasant tales of love and lovers in my honey-laden verse ?

While the vinepress with the life-blood of the purple clusters  
drips  
I forget how slowly, surely, day by day to darkness slips.

Heedless how beyond the gateway in the field the nations  
jar,  
Hand on throat and hand on sabre in the trampled lanes  
of war.

Ah ! 'tis better on this pleasant river bank to lie reclined,  
While the ghosts of old affections fill the harem of my  
mind.

Think no more of love and lasses, Hafiz ; you can scarcely  
hold  
The Koran with trembling fingers. Hafiz, you are grow-  
ing old.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## HOME THOUGHTS

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

IF Will had wings,  
How fast I'd flee,  
To the home of my heart  
O'er the seething sea !  
If Wishes were power,  
If Words were spells,  
I'd be this hour  
Where my own love dwells.

My own love dwells  
In the storied land,  
Where the Holy Wells  
Sleep in yellow sand ;  
And the emerald lustre  
Of Paradise beams,  
Over homes that cluster  
Round singing streams.

I, sighing, alas !  
Exist alone ;  
My youth is as grass  
On an unsunned stone ;  
Bright to the eye,  
But unfelt below,  
As sunbeams that lie  
Over Arctic snow.

My heart is a lamp  
That love must relight,  
Or the world's fire-damp  
Will quench it quite ;  
In the breast of my dear,  
My life-tide springs—  
Oh ! I'd hurry home here,  
If Will had wings.

For she never was weary  
Of blessing me,  
When morn rose dreary  
On thatch and tree ;  
She evermore chanted  
Her song of Faith,  
When darkness daunted  
On hill and heath.

If Will had wings,  
How fast I'd flee  
To the home of my heart  
O'er the seething sea !  
If Wishes were power,  
If Words were spells,  
I'd be this hour  
Where my own love dwells.

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## THE MAN OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

HE came from the North, and his words were few,  
But his voice was kind and his heart was true ;  
And I knew by his eyes no guile had he,  
So I married the man of the North Countrie,

Oh! Garryowen may be more gay,  
Than this quiet street of Ballibay;  
And I know the sun shines softly down  
On the river that passes my native town.

But there's not—I say it with joy and pride—  
Better man than mine in Munster wide;  
And Limerick town has no happier hearth  
Than mine has been with my man of the North.

I wish that in Munster they only knew  
The kind, kind neighbours I came unto:  
Small hate or scorn would ever be  
Between the South and the North Countrie.

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## SALUTATION TO THE CELTS

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

HAIL to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,  
In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea;  
Whether they guard the banner of St George in Indian  
vales,  
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails—  
One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish  
land,  
Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked  
Lewellyn's band,  
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle  
tales,  
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern  
gales:

One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell,  
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they  
tell:

The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales  
Before the advancing banners of the great Rome-  
conquering Gaels.

One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send ;  
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end,—  
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails  
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.

One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

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## A NOCTURNE

BY ALICE MILLIGAN

ON a night of sorrow I cried aloud her name.  
God, who heard, said : "Hasten," and in my dream she  
came.

She stood ; I saw her clearly by the moon's white flame ;  
Her eyes were sweet as ever ; her voice was yet the same.

No illumining radiance lit her girlish brow—  
As in life I loved her, I beheld her now ;  
I smiled in joy to greet her ; nor did I think it strange  
That death had wrought no change.

She bore with her no blossoms unknown to earthly land,  
No tall white flowers of paradise, stately and grand ;  
There were violets on her breast—blue violets—  
And a red rose in her hand.

"How have you gathered?" I asked my gentle one,  
"In that unchanging region of never-ceasing sun,  
Where the March winds blow never, and no rain-shower  
    ever wets  
Those little violets?"

"I have had them long," she said: "I have loved them  
    much,  
They were the last flowers given my living hands to touch,  
And in the fevered night of pain before my death,  
Sweet was the fragrance of their breath."

"But surely you have gathered in the celestial land  
That other flower which lovingly is kept in your hand?  
For there is not growing here on the mountain in the  
    snows  
Any such crimson rose."

With looks of tenderest reproach my words were met.  
"Dear, I have remembered! Dear, can you forget?  
Seaward north of Derry, it fed on sun and dew;  
It was a gift from you."

And I shall always treasure it as priceless in worth,  
God has made nothing fairer than the little flowers of  
    earth,  
As He has no more to give in His heaven above  
Than your own heart's gift of never-changing love.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE HIGH-BORN LADYE

BY THOMAS MOORE

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,  
    Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;  
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they  
    sued her,  
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,  
"That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be ;  
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in ;—  
None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye !"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round  
her  
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree ;  
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,  
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,  
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;  
His visor was down—but with voice that thrill'd through  
her,  
He whispered his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden ! I come with high spousals to grace thee,  
In me the conqu'ror of conquerors see ;  
Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,  
And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye !"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,  
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she ;  
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me ?  
Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree ;  
Is *this* the bright palace in which thou would'st wed me ?"  
With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"—  
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see ;  
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,  
And Death was the lord of the high-born Ladye !

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## LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE

BY THOMAS MOORE

LAY his sword by his side, it hath served him too well  
Not to rest near his pillow below ;  
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,  
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.  
Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,  
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—  
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,  
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,  
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains ;—  
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,  
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains !"  
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,  
"Though the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,  
O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—  
It hath victory's life in it yet !

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,  
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,  
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,  
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.  
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use  
Of a falchion, like thee, on a battle plain,—  
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,  
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again !"

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN

BY THOMAS MOORE

*Principibus placuisse viris !—HORACE.*

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear  
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,  
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,  
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed  
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave ;—  
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,  
Like the Ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave.

Oh ! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,  
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born ;  
To think what a long line of titles may follow  
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn !

How proud they can press to the fun’ral array  
Of one, whom they shunned in his sickness and  
sorrow :—  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow !

And thou too, whose life, a sick epicure’s dream,  
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass’d,  
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,  
Which his friendship and wit o’er thy nothingness  
cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee  
With millions to heap upon Foppery’s shrine ;—  
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
Though this would make Europe’s whole opulence  
mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev’n in the heart that thou hast—  
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn’d,  
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at  
last,  
And which found all his wants at an end, was  
return’d ;

“ Was *this* then the fate,”—future ages will say,  
When *some* names shall live but in history’s curse ;  
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of the day  
Be forgotten as fools, or remember’d as worse ;—

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
The pride of the palace, the bow’r, and the hall,  
The orator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all ;—

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
 From the finest and best of all other men’s pow’rs ;—  
 Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
 And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its  
 show’rs ;—

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,  
 Play’d round every subject, and shone as it played ;—  
 Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—

“ Whose eloquence—bright’ning whatever it tried,  
 Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—  
 Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
 As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate ;—  
 And thus sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the Great,  
 And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;  
 Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

## OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

BY THOMAS MOORE

OFT, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber’s chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me ;  
     The smiles, the tears,  
     Of boyhood’s years,  
 The words of love then spoken ;  
     The eyes that shone,  
     Now dimm’d and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken !

## THOMAS MOORE

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather ;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

---

## ON MUSIC

BY THOMAS MOORE

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours ;

Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music ! oh, how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell !  
Why should Feeling ever speak,  
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well ?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are even more false than they ;  
Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

---

SHE<sup>1</sup> IS FAR FROM THE LAND

BY THOMAS MOORE

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her sighing ;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking :—  
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him ;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own beloved island of sorrow.

<sup>1</sup> Refers to Sarah Curran, the fiancée of the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS MOORE

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
 And as she listened to the springs  
 Of life within, like music flowing,  
 And caught the light upon her wings  
 Through the half-open portal glowing,  
 She wept to think her recreant race  
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !  
 "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,  
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall !  
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
 One blossom of heaven outblossoms them all !"

The glorious angel who was keeping  
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;  
 And, as he nearer drew and listened,  
 A tear within his eyelids glistened.—  
 "Nymph of a fair but erring line !"  
 Gently he said, "one hope is thine.  
 'Tis written in the book of fate,  
     *The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
*Who brings to this eternal gate*  
     *The gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;  
 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

Rapidly as comets run  
 To the embraces of the sun,  
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
     And lighted earthward by a glance  
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
     Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

<sup>1</sup> The Peri is in search of an offering that will admit her to Paradise. After two vain attempts to find the necessary gift to redeem her sin and gain admittance, she on the third occasion succeeds.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,  
The Peri sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they ;  
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies  
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,  
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems ;  
And near the boy, who, tired with play,  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a weary man dismount  
From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small temple's rustic fount  
Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
To the fair child, who fearless sat,—  
Though never yet hath day-beam burned  
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
(As if the balmy evening-time  
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play ;  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches that have burnt all night  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air  
From Syria's thousand minarets !  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels with his forehead to the south,  
Lisping th' eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub mouth ;

And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again !

And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there,—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife  
That marked the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?—  
“ There was a time,” he said, in mild,  
Heart-humble tones, “ thou blessed child !  
When young, and haply pure as thou,  
I looked and prayed like thee ; but now——”  
He hung his head ; each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept,—he wept !

And now—behold him kneeling there,  
By the child's side in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they lingered yet,  
There fell a light—more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star—  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek :  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam ;  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,—  
Her harbinger of glory near !  
“ Joy ! joy ! ” she cried ; “ my task is done,—  
The gates are past, and heaven is won ! ”



## YOUTH AND AGE

BY THOMAS MOORE

"TELL me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,  
To drooping Age, who crost his way.—  
"It is a sunny hour of play,  
For which repentance dear doth pay ;  
Repentance ! Repentance !  
And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,  
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—  
"Soft as a passing summer's wind:  
Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind ?  
Repentance ! Repentance !  
And this is Love—when love is o'er."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,  
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.  
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air—  
Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,  
Repentance ! Repentance !  
This, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,  
And cast on Youth a smiling eye ;  
Who could resist that glance's ray ?  
In vain did Age his warning say,  
"Repentance ! Repentance !"  
Youth laughing went with Love away.

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## FILL HIGH TO-NIGHT

BY WILLIAM MULCHINOCK

FILL high to-night in your halls of light,  
The toast on our lips shall be—  
“The sinewy hand, the glittering brand,  
Our homes and our altars free.”

Though the coward pale, like the girl, may wail  
And sleep in his chains for years,  
The sound of our mirth shall pass over earth  
With balm for a nation's tears.

A curse for the cold, a cup for the bold,  
A smile for the girls we love;  
And for him who'd bleed in his country's need  
A home in the skies above.

We have asked the page of a former age,  
For hope secure and bright,  
And the spell it gave to the stricken slave  
Was in one strong word—“Unite.”

Though the wind howl free o'er a simple tree  
Till it bends beneath its frown—  
For many a day it will howl away  
Ere a forest be stricken down.

By the martyred dead who for freedom bled,  
By all that man deems divine,  
Our patriot band for a sainted land  
Like brothers shall all combine.

Then fill to-night in our halls of light,  
The toast on our lips must be—  
“The sinewy hand, the glittering brand,  
Our homes and our altars free.”

## SEDAN

BY THE HON. RODEN NOEL

THE looms are broken, the looms are hushed,  
And a broken, weary man  
Sits near a child, with fever flushed,  
In a cottage of Sedan.

The mother starved with him, the weaver,  
To feed their little child,  
Who lies now low with famine fever,  
That slew the mother mild.

The room is desolate ; the store  
Has dwindled very low ;  
All a poor housewife's pride of yore  
Was plundered of the foe.

And a father cowers over grey  
Wood-ashes barely warm ;  
He feels the child is going away  
In the pitiless, pale storm.

He knows an emperor lost a crown  
Here in his own Sedan ;  
And he knows an emperor gain a crown,  
The solitary man.

I wonder, if the Christ beholds  
With eyes divinely deep,  
Whom to His heart He nearest holds,  
The kings, or these that weep ?

Who seem more royal and more tall  
In calm, pure light from God,  
These crowned colossal things that crawl,  
Or lowly souls they trod ?

These purple, laurelled kings we hail  
With banner and battle-blare,  
Or him who writhes beneath their trail,  
A pauper in despair ;  
Conquered and conquerors of Sedan,  
Or a dying child and a starving man ?

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## THE BLIND MAN TO HIS BRIDE

BY THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours,  
The blind man sought thy hand to gain,  
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers  
New freshened by the summer's rain.  
The beauty which made them rejoice  
My darkened eyes might never see ;  
But well I knew thy gentle voice,  
And that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,  
They talked to me of time's decay,  
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,  
Of ebon tresses turned to grey.  
I heard them, but I heeded not ;  
The withering change I could not see ;  
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,  
And that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,  
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,  
And only know that we are old  
By counting happy hours gone by.  
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,  
Thy brow less beautiful may be,  
But oh, the voice which first I knew,  
Still keeps the same sweet tone to me.

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

BY THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON

WORD was brought to the Danish king

(Hurry !)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.

(Oh, ride as though you were flying !)

Better he loves each golden curl

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl ;

And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;

(Hurry !)

Each one mounting a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need.

(Oh, ride as though you were flying !)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;

Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;

Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,

But, ride as they would, the king rode first,

For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten one by one ;

(Hurry !)

They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone ;

His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying !

The king looked back at that faithful child ;

Wan was the face that answering smiled ;

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,

Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in

Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn ;

(Silence !)

No answer came, but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold, grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide—  
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;  
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
    Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
    Stood weary.  
The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;  
    And, that dumb companion eyeing,  
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;  
He bowed his head on his charger's neck ;  
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain—  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
    To the halls where my love lay dying !"

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## MUSIC'S POWER

BY THE HON. CAROLINE NORTON

HAVE you never heard, in music's sound,  
    Some chords which o'er your heart  
First fling a moment's magic round,  
    Then silently depart ?  
But with the echo on the air,  
    Roused by that simple lay,  
It leaves a world of feeling there  
    We cannot chase away.  
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half - forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered  
    home.

When sitting in your silent home,  
    You gaze around and weep,  
Or call to those who cannot come,  
    Nor wake from dreamless sleep ;

Those chords, as oft as you bemoan  
    "The distant and the dead,"  
Bring dimly back the fancied tone  
    Of some sweet voice that's fled!  
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered  
    home.

And when, amidst the festal throng,  
    You are, or would be gay—  
And seek to wile, with dance and song,  
    Your sadder thoughts away;  
They strike those chords and smiles depart,  
    As rushing o'er your soul,  
The untold feelings of the heart  
    Awake, and spurn controul!  
Yes, yes—a sound hath power to bid them come—  
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered  
    home.

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## THE OLD STORY

BY JOHN O'HAGAN

"Old as the universe, yet not outworn."—*The Island.*

HE came across the meadow-pass,  
    That summer eve of eves;  
The sunlight streamed along the grass  
    And glanced amid the leaves;  
And from the shrubbery below,  
    And from the garden trees,  
He heard the thrushes' music flow,  
    And humming of the bees.  
The garden-gate was swung apart—  
    The space was brief between;  
But there, for throbbing of his heart,  
    He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate ;  
He looked, and scarce he breathed ;  
Within the little porch she sate,  
With woodbine overwreathed ;  
Her eyes upon her work were bent  
Unconscious who was nigh ;  
But oft the needle slowly went,  
And oft did idle lie ;  
And ever to her lips arose  
Sweet fragments faintly sung,  
But ever, ere the notes could close,  
She hushed them on her tongue.

“ Why should I ever leave this spot,  
But gaze until I die ? ”  
A moment from that bursting thought  
She felt his footstep nigh.  
One sudden lifted glance—but one,  
A tremor and a start,  
So gently was their greeting done  
That who would guess their heart ?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,  
And all his golden trail  
Had died away to lines of brown,  
In duskier hues that fail.  
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—  
No other living sound  
Accompanied the tiny rill  
That gurgled underground—  
No other living sound, unless  
Some spirit bent to hear  
Low words of human tenderness,  
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,  
Deep in the liquid sky,  
Now forth upon the darkness burst,  
Sole kings and lights on high  
In splendour, myriad-fold, supreme—  
No rival moonlight strove,  
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,  
Nor more majestic Jove.



But what if hearts there beat that night  
That recked not of the skies,  
Or only felt their imaged light  
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought  
And fostered passion met,  
Which, passing human language, sought  
And found an utterance yet ;  
And if they trembled like to flowers  
That droop across a stream,  
The while the silent starry hours  
Glide o'er them like a dream ;  
And if, when came the parting time,  
They faltered still and clung ;  
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme  
Ten thousand times besung—  
That part of paradise which man  
Without the portal knows—  
Which hath been since the world began,  
And shall be till its close.

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## A LEGEND OF TYRONE

BY ELLEN O'LEARY

CROUCHED round a bare hearth in hard, frosty weather,  
Three lonely, helpless weans cling close together ;  
Tangled those gold locks, once bonnie and bright—  
There's no one to fondle the baby to-night.

“My mammie I want : oh ! my mammie I want !”  
The big tears stream down with the low wailing chant.  
Sweet Eily's slight arms enfold the gold head :  
“Poor weeny Willie, sure mammie is dead—

And daddie is crazy from drinking all day—  
Come down, holy angels, and take us away!"  
Eily and Eddy keep kissing and crying—  
Outside, the weird winds are sobbing and sighing.

All in a moment the children are still,  
Only a quick coo of gladness from Will.  
The sheiling no longer seems empty or bare,  
For, clothed in soft raiment, the mother stands there.

They gather around her, they cling to her dress;  
She rains down soft kisses for each shy caress.  
Her light, loving touches smooth out tangled locks,  
And, pressed to her bosom, the baby she rocks.

He lies in his cot, there's a fire in the hearth;  
To Eily and Eddy 'tis heaven on earth,  
For mother's deft fingers have been everywhere;  
She lulls them to rest in the low *suggaun*<sup>1</sup> chair.

They gaze open-eyed, then the eyes gently close,  
As petals fold into the heart of a rose,  
But ope soon again in awe, love, but no fear,  
And fondly they murmur, "Our mammie is here."

She lays them down softly, she wraps them around;  
They lie in sweet slumbers, she starts at a sound,  
The cock loudly crows, and the spirit's away—  
The drunkard steals in at the dawning of day.

Again and again, 'tween the dark and the dawn,  
Glides in the dead mother to nurse Willie Bawn:  
Or is it an angel who sits by the hearth?  
An angel in heaven, a mother on earth.

<sup>1</sup> Made of straw. Pronounced suh-gāun.

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## JOHNEEN

BY MOIRA O'NEILL

SURE, he's five months, an' he's two foot long,  
                                 Baby Johnneen ;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,  
                                 Baby Johnneen.

An' his fists 'ill he up if ye make any slips,  
 He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,  
 But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,  
                                 Will Johnneen.

There's nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,  
                                 This Johnneen ;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly o'  
 the skies,

                                Like Johnneen.

So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,  
 For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay ;  
 An' he likes the merry daffodils—he thinks they'd do to play  
                                 With Johnneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,  
                                 Young Johnneen ;

For he takes to the wather like any little duck,  
                                 Boy Johnneen ;

Sure, them are the hands now to pull on a rope,  
 An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,  
 But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,  
                                 For Johnneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet—

                                Och, Johnneen,

'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,  
                                 Wee Johnneen.

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night,  
*Sláinte gal, avic machree !*<sup>1</sup> live an' do right !  
*Sláinte gal, avourneen !*<sup>2</sup> may your days be bright,  
                                 Johnneen !

[From "*Songs of the Glens of Antrim.*" By kind permission of  
                                 the Author.]

<sup>1</sup> Your bright health, boy of my heart ! Pronounced *schlaunte gal*.

<sup>2</sup> Your bright health, my darling !

## CUTTIN' RUSHES

BY MOIRA O'NEILL

OH, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!  
Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,  
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,  
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the  
thrushes.  
Young, still young!—an' drenchin' wet the grass,  
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;  
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,  
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?  
Rippin' round the bog pools high among the heather,  
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,  
'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind  
together.  
Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn  
See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.  
Quick, one kiss,—sure, there's some one at the turn!  
"Oh, we're after cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .  
I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer  
thrushes,  
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,  
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green  
rushes.  
Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?  
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an'  
brown:  
Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung  
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

[From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim." By kind permission  
of the Author.]

## EPICCHARIS

TACITUS, "ANNALS," xv. 57

BY ARTHUR PALMER

MOTIONLESS, in a dark, cold cell in Rome,  
A woman, bruised and burnt, but breathing still,  
Lay all alone, and thus her weak, wan lips  
Whisper'd to high Jove from that dungeon floor :  
"I am a poor, weak woman, O ye gods,  
And now I ask forgiveness, lying here  
(I have no strength to rise upon my knees),  
For all the heavy sins that I have done.  
Remember, O just gods, that this is Rome,  
And I a woman, and the weakest born.  
Could such a woman, nursed in such a city,  
Live righteously, as high-born maidens live ?  
A poor, fair slave, on Rome's waste ocean thrown,  
I had but Heaven to turn to in distress,  
And Heaven always turn'd away from me.  
But if I have offended by my life,  
Oh, let me make atonement by my death !  
I bore the torture yesterday, kind gods,  
Bravely, and would have died before a word  
Escaped me ; but my cunning torturers,  
Seeing the ensign of my ally—Death—  
Advancing swiftly, seeing me still dumb,  
Released me, hoping that another trial  
Would quell me, and I fear, I fear it may—  
For, oh, the pain was horrible ! But yesterday  
A sort of trance was on me all the time  
That let me triumph over any pain,  
And made me secretly deride the fools  
For wasting all their cruel toil in vain.  
But to begin the agony again !—  
The burning bricks, the red-hot plates, the scourge—  
Kind gods, assist me ! let me not die a traitor !  
Take from me this weak breath, or give me means  
To stop it, so men may say when I am gone :  
'This was a poor, weak woman, but no traitor !'

And so, perhaps, when poor Epicharis  
Is cast away, without a grave or name,  
Some man who fears the gods, and loves not traitors,  
May come and lay a penny on my lips,  
That I may want not Charon's passage-fee,  
Nor flit for ever by the bank of Styx."  
She ceased for very weakness, but her words  
Mounted as high as heaven from the stones,  
And on the moment Nero's messengers  
Came in to lead her to the torment-room ;  
But finding that she could not stand, they brought  
A litter, and so bore her through the streets.  
And thus the gods granted the harlot's prayer ;  
For in the litter's roof she spied a ring,  
And quickly loosed the band that bound her waist,  
And did it round her neck, and through the ring,  
And, calling up her torture-broken strength,  
Crushed out her little life—a faithful girl !  
And on the soldiers bore her through the streets,  
Until they reach'd the hall of doom, and there  
Open'd the litter's door, and she was gone ;  
More nobly dead, though but a freedwoman,  
Than many a Roman sworn with pedigree.

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## THE BELLS OF SHANDON

BY FATHER PROUT

WITH deep affection and recollection  
I often think of the Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.  
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke nought to thine ;  
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
Oh ! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko  
In St Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom I freely grant 'em,  
But there's an anthem more dear to me :  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

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## THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE

BY FATHER PROUT

## I

'Twas on a windy night,  
At two o'clock in the morning,  
An Irish lad so tight,  
All wind and weather scorning,

## FATHER PROUT

At Judy Callaghan's door.  
 Sitting upon the palings,  
 His love-tale he did pour,  
 And this was part of his wailings :—  
*Only say*  
*You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan.*

## II

Oh ! list to what I say,  
 Charms you've got like Venus ;  
 Own your love you may,  
 There's but the wall between us.  
 You lie fast asleep  
 Snug in bed and snoring ;  
 Round the house I creep,  
 Your hard heart imploring.  
*Only say*  
*You'll have Mr Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan.*

## III

I've got a pig and a sow,  
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;  
 A calf and a brindled cow,  
 And a cabin too, to keep 'em ;  
 Sunday hat and coat,  
 An old grey mare to ride on,  
 Saddle and bridle to boot,  
 Which you may ride astride on.  
*Only say*  
*You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan.*



## IV

I've got an acre of ground,  
I've got it set with praties ;  
I've got of 'baccy a pound,  
I've got some tea for the ladies ;  
I've got the ring to wed,  
Some whisky to make us gaily ;  
I've got a feather bed  
And a handsome new shillelagh.

*Only say*  
*You'll have Mr Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan.*

## V

You've got a chaming eye,  
You've got some spelling and reading,  
You've got, and so have I,  
A taste for genteel breeding ;  
You're rich, and fair, and young,  
As everybody's knowing ;  
You've got a decent tongue  
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

*Only say*  
*You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan.*

## VI

For a wife till death  
I am willing to take ye ;  
But, och ! I waste my breath,  
The devil himself can't wake ye.  
'Tis just beginning to rain,  
So I'll get under cover ;  
To-morrow I'll come again,  
And be your constant lover.

*Only say*  
*You'll be Mrs Brallaghan ;*  
*Don't say nay,*  
*Charming Judy Callaghan,*

## SONG OF MAELDUIN

BY T. W. ROLLESTON

THERE are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,  
There are lights that beckon, and winds that call—  
Good-bye!

There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,  
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,  
The circling hour of the flaming gate—  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone—  
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown;  
Good-bye!

And oh! to follow, to seek, to dare,  
When, step by step, in the evening air  
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair!  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread  
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread—  
Good-bye!  
O children of Time—O Nights and Days,  
That gather and wonder and stand at gaze,  
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The music calls and the gates uncloze,  
Onward and onward the wild way goes—  
Good-bye!

We die in the bliss of a great new birth,  
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,  
O fading loves of the old green earth—  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

*[By kind permission of the Author and of the Publishers,  
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## JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND

BY G. BERNARD SHAW

## EXTRACT FROM ACT III

*NEXT morning BROADBENT and LARRY are sitting at the ends of a breakfast table in the middle of a small grass plot before CORNELIUS DOYLE'S house. They have finished their meal, and are buried in newspapers. Most of the crockery is crowded upon a large square black tray of japanned metal. The teapot is of brown delft ware. There is no silver; and the butter, on a dinner plate, is en bloc. The background to this breakfast is the house, a small white slated building, accessible by a half-glazed door. A person coming out into the garden by this door would find the table straight in front of him, and a gate leading to the road half way down the garden on his right: or, if he turned sharp to his left, he could pass round the end of the house through an unkempt shrubbery. The mutilated remnant of a huge plaster statue, nearly dissolved by the rains of a century, and vaguely resembling a majestic female in Roman draperies, with a wreath in her hand, stands neglected amid the laurels. Such statues, though apparently works of art, grow naturally in Irish gardens. Their germination is a mystery to the oldest inhabitants, to whose means and tastes they are totally foreign.*

*There is a rustic bench, much soiled by the birds, and decorticated and split by the weather, near the little gate. At the opposite side, a basket lies unmolested because it might as well be there as anywhere else. An empty chair at the table was lately occupied by CORNELIUS, who has finished his breakfast and gone in to the room in which he receives rents and keeps his books and cash, known in the household as "the office." This chair, like the two occupied by LARRY and BROADBENT, has a mahogany frame, and is upholstered in black horsehair.*

CORNELIUS DOYLE, FATHER DEMPSEY, BARNEY DORAN, and MATTHEW HAFFIGAN come from the house. DORAN is a stout bodied, short armed, round headed, red haired man on the verge of middle age, of sanguine temperament, with an enormous capacity for derisive, obscene, blasphemous, or merely cruel and senseless fun, and a violent and impetuous intolerance of other temperaments and other opinions, all this representing energy and capacity wasted and demoralised by want of sufficient training and social pressure to force it into beneficent activity and build a character with it; for BARNEY is by no means either stupid or weak. He is recklessly untidy as to his person; but the worst effects of his neglect are mitigated by a powdering of flour and mill dust; and his unbrushed clothes, made of a fashionable tailor's sackcloth, were evidently chosen regardless of expense for the sake of their appearance.

MATTHEW HAFFIGAN, ill at ease, coasts the garden shyly on the shrubbery side until he anchors near the basket, where he feels least in the way. The priest comes to the table and slaps LARRY on the shoulder. LARRY, turning quickly, and recognising FATHER DEMPSEY, alights from the table and shakes the priest's hand warmly. DORAN comes down the garden between FATHER DEMPSEY and MAT; and CORNELIUS, on the other side of the table, turns to BROADBENT, who rises genially.

CORNELIUS. I think we all met last night.

DORAN. I hadn't that pleasure.

CORNELIUS. To be sure, Barney: I forgot. (*To BROADBENT, introducing BARNEY.*) Mr Doran. He owns that fine mill you noticed from the car.

BROADBENT (*delighted with them all*). Most happy, Mr Doran. Very pleased indeed.

[DORAN, not quite sure whether he is being courted or patronised, nods independently.]

DORAN. Hows yourself, Larry?

LARRY. Finely, thank you. No need to ask you. (*DORAN grins; and they shake hands.*)

CORNELIUS. Give Father Dempsey a chair, Larry.

[MATTHEW HAFFIGAN runs to the nearest end of the table and takes the chair from it, placing it near the basket; but LARRY has already taken the chair from the other end and placed it in front of the table. FATHER DEMPSEY accepts that more central position.

CORNELIUS. Sit down, Barney, will you; and you, Mat.

[DORAN takes the chair MAT is still offering to the priest; and poor MATTHEW, outfaced by the miller, humbly turns the basket upside down and sits on it. CORNELIUS brings his own breakfast chair from the table and sits down on FATHER DEMPSEY'S right. BROADBENT resumes his seat on the rustic bench. LARRY crosses to the bench, and is about to sit down beside him when BROADBENT holds him off nervously.

BROADBENT. Do you think it will bear two, Larry?

LARRY. Perhaps not. Don't move. I'll stand. *(He posts himself behind the bench.)*

[*They are all now seated except LARRY; and the session assumes a portentous air, as if something important were coming.*

CORNELIUS. Praps youll explain, Father Dempsey.

FATHER DEMPSEY. No, no: go on, you: the Church has no politics.

CORNELIUS. Were yever thinkin o goin into parliament at all, Larry?

LARRY. Me!

FATHER DEMPSEY *(encouragingly)*. Yes, you. Hwy not?

LARRY. I'm afraid my ideas would not be popular enough.

CORNELIUS. I dont know that. Do you, Barney?

DORAN. Theres too much blatherumskite in Irish politics: a dale too much.

LARRY. But what about your present member? Is he going to retire?

CORNELIUS. No: I dont know that he is?

LARRY (*interrogatively*). Well? then?

MATTHEW (*breaking out with surly bitterness*). Weve had enough of his foolish talk agen lanlords. Hwat call has he to talk about the lan, that never was outside of a city office in his life?

CORNELIUS. We're tired of him. He doesnt know hwere to stop. Every man cant own land; and some men must own it to employ them. It was all very well when solid men like Doran and me and Mat were kep from ownin land. But hwat man in his senses ever wanted to give land to Patsy Farrll and dhe like o him?

BROADBENT. But surely Irish landlordism was accountable for what Mr Haffigan suffered.

MATTHEW. Never mind hwat I suffered. I know what I suffered adhout you tellin me. But did I ever ask for more dhan the farm I made wid me own hans: tell me that, Corny Doyle, and you that knows. Was I fit for the responsibility or was I not? (*Snarling angrily at CORNELIUS.*) Am I to be compared to Patsy Farrll, that doesnt harly know his right hand from his left? What did he ever suffer, I'd like to know?

CORNELIUS. Thats just what I say. I wasnt comparin you to your disadvantage.

MATTHEW (*implacable*). Then hwat did you mane be talkin about givin him lan?

DORAN. Aisy, Mat, Aisy. Youre like a bear with a sore back.

MATTHEW (*trembling with rage*). An who are you, to offer to taitch me manners?

FATHER DEMPSEY (*admonitorily*). Now, now, now, Mat! none o dhat. How often have I told you youre too ready to take offence where none is meant? You dont understand: Corny Doyle is saying just what you want to have said. (*To CORNELIUS.*) Go on, Mr Doyle; and never mind him.

MATTHEW (*rising*). Well, if me lan is to be given to Patsy and his like, I'm goin oura dhis. I——

DORAN (*with violent impatience*). Arra who's goin to give your land to Patsy, yowl fool ye?

FATHER DEMPSEY. Aisy, Barney, aisy. (*Sternly to Mat.*) I told you, Matthew Haffigan, that Corny Doyle

was sayin nothin against you. I'm sorry your priest's word is not good enough for you. I'll go, sooner than stay to make you commit a sin against the Church. Good morning, gentlemen. (*He rises. They all rise, except BROADBENT.*)

DORAN (*to Mat*). There! Sarve you dam well right, you cantankerous oul noodle.

MATTHEW (*appalled*). Dont say dhat, Fadher Dempsey. I never had a thought agen you or the Holy Church. I know I'm a bit hasty when I think about the lan. I ax your pardon for it.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*resuming his seat with dignified reserve*). Very well: I'll overlook it this time. (*He sits down. The others sit down, except MATTHEW. FATHER DEMPSEY, about to ask CORNY to proceed, remembers MATTHEW and turns to him, giving him just a crumb of graciousness. Sit down, Mat. (MATTHEW, crushed, sits down in disgrace, and is silent, his eyes shifting piteously from one speaker to another in an intensely mistrustful effort to understand them.)*) Go on, Mr Doyle. We can make allowances. Go on.

CORNELIUS. Well, you see how it is, Larry. Round about here, weve got the land at last; and we want no more Government meddlin. We want a new class o man in parliament: one dhat knows dhat the farmer's the real backbone o the country, n doesnt care a snap of his fingers for a shoutn o the riffraff in the towns, or for the foolishness of the labourers.

DORAN. Aye; an dhat can afford to live in London and pay his own way until Home Rule comes, instead o wantin subscriptions and the like.

FATHER DEMPSEY. Yes: thats a good point, Barney. When too much money goes to politics, it's the Church that has to starve for it. A member of parliament ought to be a help to the Church instead of a burden on it.

LARRY. Heres a chance for you, Tom. What do you say?

BROADBENT (*deprecatory, but important and smiling*). Oh, I have no claim whatever to the seat. Besides, I'm a Saxon.

DORAN. A hwat?

BROADBENT. A Saxon. An Englishman.

DORAN. An Englishman. Bedad I never heard it called dhat before.

MATTHEW (*cunningly*). If I might make so bould, Fadher, I wouldnt say but an English Prodestan mightnt have a more independant mind about the lan, and be less afeerd to spake out about it, dhan an Irish Catholic.

CORNELIUS. But sure Larry's as good as English; arnt you, Larry?

LARRY. You may put me out of your head, father, once for all.

CORNELIUS. Arra why?

LARRY. I have strong opinions which wouldnt suit you.

DORAN (*rallying him blatantly*). Is it still Larry the bould Fenian?

LARRY. No: the bold Fenian is now an oldèr and possibly foolisher man.

CORNELIUS. Hwat does it matter to us hwat your opinions are? You know that your father's bought his farm, just the same as Mat here n Barney's mill. All we ask now is to be let alone. Youve nothin against that, have you?

LARRY. Certainly I have. I dont believe in letting anybody or anything alone.

CORNELIUS (*losing his temper*). Arra what d'ye mean, you young fool? Here Ive got you the offer of a good seat in parliament; n you think yourself mighty smart to stand there and talk foolishness to me. Will you take it or leave it?

LARRY. Very well: I'll take it with pleasure if youll give it to me.

CORNELIUS (*subsiding sulkily*). Well, why couldnt you say so at once? It's a good job youve made up your mind at last.

DORAN (*suspiciously*). Stop a bit, stop a bit.

MATTHEW (*writhing between his dissatisfaction and his fear of the priest*). It's not because hes your son that hes to get the sate. Fadher Dempsey: wouldnt you think well to ask him what he manes about the lan?

LARRY (*coming down on MAT promptly*). I'll tell you, Mat. I always thought it was a stupid, lazy, good-for-nothing sort of thing to leave the land in the hands of the old landlords without calling them to a strict account for the



use they made of it, and the condition of the people on it. I could see for myself that they thought of nothing but what they could get out of it to spend in England; and that they mortgaged and mortgaged until hardly one of them owned his own property or could have afforded to keep it up decently if he'd wanted to. But I tell you plump and plain, Mat, that if anybody thinks things will be any better now that the land is handed over to a lot of little men like you, without calling you to account either, they're mistaken.

MATTHEW (*sullenly*). What call have you to look down on me? I suppose you think you're everybody because you're father was a land agent.

LARRY. What call have you to look down on Patsy Farrell? I suppose you think you're everybody because you own a few fields.

MATTHEW. Was Patsy Farrell ever ill-used as I was ill-used? Tell me that.

LARRY. He will be, if ever he gets into your power as you were in the power of your old landlord. Do you think, because you're poor and ignorant and half-crazy with toiling and moiling morning, noon, and night, that you'll be any less greedy and oppressive to them that have no land at all than old Nick Lestrangle, who was an educated travelled gentleman that would not have been tempted as hard by a hundred pounds as you'd be by five shillings? Nick was too high above Patsy Farrell to be jealous of him; but you, that are only one little step above him, would die sooner than let him come up that step; and well you know it.

MATTHEW (*black with rage, in a low growl*). Lemmeoura this. (*He tries to rise; but DORAN catches his coat and drags him down again.*) I'm goin, I say. (*Raising his voice*). Leggo me coat, Barney Doran.

DORAN. Sit down, yowl omadhaun, you. (*Whispering*). Dont you want to stay an vote against him.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*holding up his finger*). Mat! (*MAT subsides.*) Now, now, now! come, come! Hwats all dhis about Patsy Farrell? Hwyy need you fall out about him.

LARRY. Because it was by using Patsy's poverty to undersell England in the markets of the world that we drove England to ruin Ireland. And she'll ruin us

again the moment we lift our heads from the dust if we trade in cheap labour; and serve us right too! If I get into parliament, I'll try to get an Act to prevent any of you from giving Patsy less than a pound a week (*they all start, hardly able to believe their ears*) or working him harder than you'd work a horse that cost you fifty guineas.

DORAN. Hwat !!!

CORNELIUS (*aghast*). A pound a—— God save us! the boy's mad.

[MATTHEW, *feeling that here is something quite beyond his powers, turns open-mouthed to the priest, as if looking for nothing less than the summary excommunication of LARRY.*

LARRY. How is the man to marry and live a decent life on less?

FATHER DEMPSEY. Man alive, hwere have you been living all these years? and hwat have you been dreaming of? Why, some o dhese honest men here cant make that much out o the land for themselves, much less give it to a labourer.

LARRY (*now thoroughly roused*). Then let them make room for those who can. Is Ireland never to have a chance? First she was given to the rich; and now that they have gorged on her flesh, her bones are to be flung to the poor, that can do nothing but suck the marrow out of her. If we cant have men of honour own the land, lets have men of ability. If we cant have men with ability, let us at least have men with capital. Anybody's better than Mat, who has neither honour, nor ability, nor capital, nor anything but mere brute labour and greed in him, Heaven help him!

DORAN. Well, we're not all foostherin oul doddherers like Mat. (*Pleasantly, to the subject of this description.*) Are we, Mat?

LARRY. For modern industrial purposes you might just as well be, Barney. Youre all children: the big world that I belong to has gone past you and left you. Anyhow, we Irishmen were never made to be farmers; and we'll never do any good at it. We're like the Jews: the Almighty gave us brains, and bid us farm them, and leave the clay and the worms alone.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*with gentle irony*). Oh! is it Jews you want to make of us? I must catechise you a bit meself, I think. The next thing you'll be proposing is to repeal the disestablishment of the so-called Irish Church.

LARRY. Yes: why not? (*Sensation.*)

MATTHEW (*rancorously*). He's a turncoat.

LARRY. St Peter, the rock on which our Church was built, was crucified head downwards for being a turncoat.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*with a quiet authoritative dignity which checks DORAN, who is on the point of breaking out*). That's true. You hold your tongue as befits your ignorance, Matthew Haffigan; and trust your priest to deal with this young man. Now, Larry Doyle, whatever the blessed St Peter was crucified for, it was not for being a Prodestan. Are you one?

LARRY. No. I am a Catholic intelligent enough to see that the Protestants are never more dangerous to us than when they are free from all alliances with the State. The so-called Irish Church is stronger to-day than ever it was.

MATTHEW. Fadher Dempsey: will you tell him dhat me mother's ant was shot and kilt dead in the sthreet o Rosscullen be a soljer in the tithe war? (*Frantically.*) He wants to put the tithes on us again. He——

LARRY (*interrupting him with overbearing contempt*). Put the tithes on you again! Did the tithes ever come off you? Was your land any dearer when you paid the tithe to the parson than it was when you paid the same money to Nick Lestrangle as rent, and he handed it over to the Church Sustentation Fund? Will you always be duped by Acts of Parliament that change nothing but the necktie of the man that picks your pocket? I'll tell you what I'd do with you, Mat Haffigan: I'd make you pay tithes to your own Church. I want the Catholic Church established in Ireland: that's what I want. Do you think that I, brought up to regard myself as the son of a great and holy Church, can bear to see her begging her bread from the ignorance and superstition of men like you? I would have her as high above worldly want as I would have her above worldly pride or ambition. Aye; and I would have Ireland compete with Rome itself for the chair of St Peter and the citadel of the Church; for Rome, in spite of all the blood of the martyrs, is pagan at heart

to this day, while in Ireland the people is the Church and the Church the people.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*startled, but not at all displeased*). Whisht, man! youre worse than mad Pether Keegan himself.

BROADBENT (*who has listened in the greatest astonishment*). You amaze me, Larry. Who would have thought of your coming out like this! (*Solemnly*.) But much as I appreciate your really brilliant eloquence, I implore you not to desert the great Liberal principle of Disestablishment.

LARRY. I am not a Liberal: Heaven forbid! A disestablished Church is the worst tyranny a nation can groan under.

BROADBENT (*making a wry face*). Dont be paradoxical, Larry. It really gives me a pain in my stomach.

LARRY. Youll soon find out the truth of it here. Look at Father Dempsey! He is disestablished: he has nothing to hope or fear from the State; and the result is that hes the most powerful man in Rosscullen. The member for Rosscullen would shake in his shoes if Father Dempsey looked crooked at him. (FATHER DEMPSEY *smiles, by no means averse to this acknowledgment of his authority*.) Look at yourself! you would defy the established Archbishop of Canterbury ten times a day; but catch you daring to say a word that would shock a Nonconformist! not you. The Conservative Party to-day is the only one thats not priestridden — excuse the expression, Father (*Father Dempsey nods tolerantly*)—because it's the only one that has established its Church and can prevent a clergyman becoming a bishop if he's not a Statesman as well as a Churchman.

[*He stops. They stare at him dumbfounded, and leave it to the priest to answer him.*]

FATHER DEMPSEY (*judicially*). Young man: youll not be the member for Rosscullen; but theres more in your head than the comb will take out.

LARRY. I'm sorry to disappoint you, father; but I told you it would be no use. And now I think the candidate had better retire and leave you to discuss his successor. (*He takes a newspaper from the table and goes away through the shrubbery amid dead silence, all turning*

*to watch him until he passes out of sight round the corner of the house.)*

DORAN (*dazed*). Hwat sort of a fella is he at all at all?

FATHER DEMPSEY. He's a clever lad: theres the making of a man in him yet.

MATTHEW (*in consternation*). D'ye mane to say dhat yll put him into parliament to bring back Nick Lesthrange on me, and to put tithes on me, and to rob me for the like o Patsy Farrll, because hes Corny Doyle's only son?

DORAN (*brutally*). Arra hould your whisht: who's goin to send him into parliament? Maybe youd like us to send you dhere to thrate them to a little o your anxiety about dhat dirty little podato patch o yours.

MATTHEW (*plaintively*). Am I to be towld dhis afther all me sufferins?

DORAN. Och, I'm tired o your sufferins. Weve been hearin nothin else ever since we was childher but sufferins. Hwen it wasnt yours it was somebody else's; and hwen it was nobody else's it was ould Irelan's. How the devil are we to live on wan anodher's sufferins?

FATHER DEMPSEY. Thats a throe word, Barney Doran; only your tongue's a little too familiar wi dhe divil. (*To Mat.*) If youd think a little more o the sufferins of the blessed saints, Mat, an a little less o your own, youd find the way shorter from your farm to heaven. (*Mat is about to reply.*) Dhere now! dhats enough! we know you mean well; an I'm not angry with you.

BROADBENT. Surely, Mr Haffigan, you can see the simple explanation of all this. My friend Larry Doyle is a most brilliant speaker; but he's a Tory; an ingrained old-fashioned Tory.

CORNELIUS. N how d'ye make dhat out, if I might ask you, Mr Broadbent?

BROADBENT (*collecting himself for a political deliverance*). Well, you know, Mr Doyle, theres a strong dash of Toryism in the Irish character. Larry himself says that the great Duke of Wellington was the most typical Irishman that ever lived. Of course thats an absurd paradox; but still theres a great deal of truth in it. Now I am a Liberal. You know the great principles of the Liberal Party. Peace——

FATHER DEMPSEY (*piously*). Hear! hear!

BROADBENT (*encouraged*). Thank you. Retrenchment— (*He waits for further applause.*)

MATTHEW (*timidly*). What might retrenchment mane now?

BROADBENT. It means an immense reduction in the burden of the rates and taxes.

MATTHEW (*respectfully approving*). Dhats right. Dhats right, sir.

BROADBENT (*perfunctorily*). And, of course, Reform.

CORNELIUS

FATHER DEMPSEY } (*conventionally*). Of course.

DORAN

MATTHEW (*still suspicious*). Hwat does Reform mane, sir? Does it mane altherin annythin dhats as it is now?

BROADBENT (*impressively*). It means, Mr Haffigan, maintaining those reforms which have already been conferred on humanity by the Liberal Party, and trusting for future developments to the free activity of a free people on the basis of those reforms.

DORAN. Dhats right. No more meddlin. We're all right now: all we want is to be let alone.

CORNELIUS. Hwat about Home Rule?

BROADBENT (*rising so as to address them more imposingly*). I really cannot tell you what I feel about Home Rule without using the language of hyperbole.

DORAN. Savin Fadher Dempsey's presence, eh?

BROADBENT (*not understanding him*). Quite so—er—oh, yes. All I can say is that as an Englishman I blush for the Union. It is the blackest stain on our national history. I look forward to the time—and it cannot be far distant, gentlemen, because Humanity is looking forward to it too, and insisting on it with no uncertain voice—I look forward to the time when an Irish legislature shall arise once more on the emerald pasture of College Green, and the Union Jack—that detestable symbol of a decadent Imperialism—be replaced by a flag as green as the island over which it waves—a flag on which we shall ask for England only a modest quartering in memory of our great party and of the immortal name of our grand old leader.

DORAN (*enthusiastically*). Dhats the style, begob! (*He smites his knee, and winks at Mat.*)

MATTHEW. More power to you, sir!

BROADBENT. I shall leave you now, gentlemen, to your deliberations. I should like to have enlarged on the services rendered by the Liberal Party to the religious faith of the great majority of the people of Ireland; but I shall content myself with saying that in my opinion you should choose no representative who—no matter what his personal creed may be—is not an ardent supporter of freedom of conscience, and is not prepared to prove it by contributions, as lavish as his means will allow, to the great and beneficent work which you, Father Dempsey (*Father Dempsey bows*), are doing for the people of Rosscullen. Nor should the lighter, but still most important question of the sports of the people be forgotten. The local cricket club—

CORNELIUS. The hwat!

DORAN. Nobody plays batn ball here, if dhats what you mean.

BROADBENT. Well, let us say quoits. I saw two men, I think, last night—but, after all, these are questions of detail. The main thing is that your candidate, whoever he may be, shall be a man of some means, able to help the locality instead of burdening it. And if he were a countryman of my own, the moral effect on the House of Commons would be immense! tremendous! Pardon my saying these few words: nobody feels their impertinence more than I do. Good morning, gentlemen.

*[He turns impressively to the gate, and trots away, congratulating himself, with a little twist of his head and cock of his eye, on having done a good stroke of political business.]*

HAFFIGAN (*awestruck*). Good morning, sir.

THE REST. Good morning. (*They watch him vacantly until he is out of earshot.*)

CORNELIUS. Hwat d'ye think, Father Dempsey?

FATHER DEMPSEY (*indulgently*). Well, he hasnt much sense, God help him; but for the matter o that, neither has our present member.

DORAN. Arra musha hes good enough for parliament: what is there to do there but gas a bit, an chivy the Government, an vote wi dh Irish party?

CORNELIUS (*ruminatively*). Hes the queerest Englishman I ever met. When he opened the paper dhis mornin the first thing he saw was that an English expedition had

been bet in a battle in Inja somewhere; an he was as pleased as Punch! Larry told him that if he'd been alive when the news o Waterloo came, he'd a died o grief over it. Bedad I dont think hes quite right in his head.

DORAN. Divil a matther if he has plenty o money. He'll do for us right enough.

MATTHEW (*deeply impressed by Broadbent, and unable to understand their levity concerning him*). Did you mind what he said about rethrenchment? That was very good, I thought.

FATHER DEMPSEY. You might find out from Larry, Corny, what his means are. God forgive us all! it's poor work spoiling the Egyptians, though we have good warrant for it; so I'd like to know how much spoil there is before I commit meself. (*He rises. They all rise respectfully.*)

CORNELIUS (*ruefully*). I'd set me mind on Larry himself for the seat; but I suppose it cant be helped.

FATHER DEMPSEY (*consoling him*). Well, the boy's young yet; an he has a head on him. Goodbye, all. (*He goes out through the gate.*)

DORAN. I must be goin too. (*He directs Cornelius's attention to what is passing in the road.*) Look at me bould Englishman shakin hans wid Fadher Dempsey for all the world like a candidate on election day. And look at Fadher Dempsey givin him a squeeze an a wink as much as to say, It's all right, me boy. You watch him shakin hans with me too: hes waitn for me. I'll tell him hes as good as elected. (*He goes, chuckling mischievously.*)

CORNELIUS. Come in with me, Mat. I think I'll sell you the pig after all. Come in an wet the bargain.

MATTHEW (*instantly dropping into the old whine of the tenant*). I'm afeerd I cant afford the price, sir. (*He follows Cornelius into the house.*)

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THE CRITIC

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

ACT I

SCENE I.: *A Room in DANGLE'S House*

MR and MRS DANGLE *discovered at breakfast, and reading newspapers*

DANG. (*Reading.*) *Brutus to Lord North.—Letter the second on the State of the Army—Psha! To the first L dash D of the A dash Y.—Genuine extract of a Letter from St Kitt's.—Coxheath Intelligence.—It is now confidently asserted that Sir Charles Hardy—Psha! nothing but about the fleet and the nation!—and I hate all politics but theatrical politics.—Where's the Morning Chronicle?*

MRS DANG. Yes, that's your Gazette.

DANG. So, here we have it. (*Reads.*) *Theatrical intelligence extraordinary.—We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, called the Spanish Armada, said to be written by Mr Puff, a gentleman well-known in the theatrical world. If we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.—So! I am very glad my friend Puff's tragedy is in such forwardness.—Mrs Dangle, my dear, you will be very glad to hear that Puff's tragedy—*

MRS DANG. Lord, Mr Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense?—Now the plays are begun I shall have no peace.—Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you? Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr Dangle?

DANG. Nay, my dear, I was only going to read—

MRS DANG. No, no; you will never read anything that's worth listening to. You hate to hear about your country; there are letters every day with Roman signa-

tures, demonstrating the certainty of an invasion, and proving that the nation is utterly undone. But you never will read anything to entertain one.

DANG. What has a woman to do with politics, Mrs Dangle?

MRS DANG. And what have you to do with the theatre, Mr Dangle? Why should you affect the character of a critic? I have no patience with you!—haven't you made yourself the jest of all your acquaintance by your interference in matters where you have no business? Are you not called a theatrical Quidnunc, and a mock Mæcenas to second-hand authors?

DANG. True; my power with the managers is pretty notorious. But is it no credit to have applications from all quarters for my interest—from lords to recommend fiddlers, from ladies to get boxes, from authors to get answers, and from actors to get engagements?

MRS DANG. Yes, truly; you have contrived to get a share in all the plague and trouble of theatrical property, without the profit, or even the credit of the abuse that attends it.

DANG. I am sure, Mrs Dangle, you are no loser by it, however; you have all the advantages of it. Mightn't you, last winter, have had the reading of the new pantomime a fortnight previous to its performance? And doesn't Mr Fosbrook let you take places for a play before it is advertised, and set you down for a box for every new piece through the season? And didn't my friend, Mr Smatter, dedicate his last farce to you at my particular request, Mrs Dangle?

MRS DANG. Yes; but wasn't the farce damned, Mr Dangle? And to be sure it is extremely pleasant to have one's house made the motley rendezvous of all the lackeys of literature; the very high 'Change of trading authors and jobbing critics!—Yes, my drawing-room is an absolute register-office for candidate actors and poets without character. Then to be continually alarmed with misses and ma'ams piping hysteric changes on Juliets and Dorindas, Pollys and Ophelias; and the very furniture trembling at the probationary starts and unprovoked rants of would-be Richards and Hamlets!—And what is worse than all, now that the manager has monopolised the Opera House, haven't we the signors and signoras calling here, sliding

their smooth semibreves, and gargling glib divisions in their outlandish throats—with foreign emissaries and French spies, for aught I know, disguised like fiddlers and figure dancers?

DANG. Mercy! Mrs Dangle!

MRS DANG. And to employ yourself so idly at such an alarming crisis as this, too—when, if you had the least spirit, you would have been at the head of one of the Westminster associations—or trailing a volunteer pike in the Artillery Ground! But you—o' my conscience, I believe, if the French were landed to-morrow, your first enquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them.

DANG. Mrs Dangle, it does not signify—I say the stage is *the mirror of Nature*, and the actors are *the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time*: and pray what can a man of sense study better?—Besides, you will not easily persuade me that there is no credit or importance in being at the head of a band of critics, who take upon them to decide for the whole town, whose opinion and patronage all writers solicit, and whose recommendation no manager dares refuse.

MRS DANG. Ridiculous!—Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions.—The public is their critic—without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest on the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them, where they can't at the wit.

DANG. Very well, madam—very well!

*Enter SERVANT*

SER. Mr Sneer, sir, to wait on you.

DANG. Oh, show Mr Sneer up. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Plague on't, now we must appear loving and affectionate, or Sneer will hitch us into a story.

MRS DANG. With all my heart; you can't be more ridiculous than you are.

DANG. You are enough to provoke——

*Enter SNEER*

Ha! my dear Sneer, I am vastly glad to see you.—My dear, here's Mr Sneer.

MRS DANG. Good-morning to you, sir.

DANG. Mrs Dangle and I have been diverting ourselves with the papers. Pray, Sneer, won't you go to Drury Lane Theatre the first night of Puff's tragedy?

SNEER. Yes; but I suppose one shan't be able to get in, for on the first night of a new piece they always fill the house with orders to support it. But here, Dangle, I have brought you two pieces, one of which you must exert yourself to make the managers accept, I can tell you that; for 'tis written by a person of consequence.

DANG. So! now my plagues are beginning.

SNEER. Ay, I am glad of it, for now you'll be happy. Why, my dear Dangle, it is a pleasure to see how you enjoy your volunteer fatigue, and your solicited solicitations.

DANG. It's a great trouble—yet, egad, it's pleasant too.—Why, sometimes of a morning I have a dozen people call on me at breakfast-time, whose faces I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again.

SNEER. That must be very pleasant indeed!

DANG. And not a week but I receive fifty letters, and not a line in them about any business of my own.

SNEER. An amusing correspondence!

DANG. (*Reading.*) *Bursts into tears and exit.*—What, is this a tragedy?

SNEER. No, that's a genteel comedy, not a translation—only taken from the French: it is written in a style which they have lately tried to run down; the true sentimental, and nothing ridiculous in it from the beginning to the end.

MRS DANG. Well, if they had kept to that, I should not have been such an enemy to the stage; there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr Sneer!

SNEER. I am quite of your opinion, Mrs Dangle: the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment!

MRS DANG. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

SNEER. Undoubtedly, madam; and hereafter perhaps to have had it recorded, that in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!

DANG. Now, egad, I think the worst alteration is in

the nicety of the audience!—No *double-entendre*, no smart innuendo admitted; even Vanbrugh and Congreve obliged to undergo a bungling reformation!

SNEER. Yes, and our prudery in this respect is just on a par with the artificial bashfulness of a courtesan, who increases the blush upon her cheek in an exact proportion to the diminution of her modesty.

DANG. Sneer can't even give the public a good word! But what have we here?—This seems a very odd——

SNEER. Oh, that's a comedy on a very new plan; replete with wit and mirth, yet of a most serious moral! You see it is called *The Reformed House-breaker*; where, by the mere force of humour, house-breaking is put in so ridiculous a light, that if the piece has its proper run, I have no doubt but that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season.

DANG. Egad, this is new indeed!

SNEER. Yes; it is written by a particular friend of mine, who has discovered that the follies and foibles of society are subjects unworthy the notice of the comic muse, who should be taught to stoop only to the greater vices and blacker crimes of humanity—gibbeting capital offences in five acts, and pillorying petty larcenies in two.—In short, his idea is to dramatise the penal laws, and make the stage a court of ease to the Old Bailey.

DANG. It is truly moral.

### *Re-enter SERVANT*

SER. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

DANG. Beg him to walk up. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

MRS DANG. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

SNEER. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

DANG. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

SNEER. Never.—He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six and thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion

on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

DANG. Very true, egad—though he's my friend.

SNEER. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like a scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet he is so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

DANG. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

SNEER. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

DANG. Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

SNEER. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

DANG. Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—He's here—(*Aside*)—finished and most admirable perform—

SIR FRET. (*Without.*) Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

*Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY*

DANG. Ah, my dear friend!—Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

SNEER. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

SIR FRET. You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours and Mr Dangle's.

MRS DANG. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

DANG. Mrs Dangle!—Ah, Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle.—My friend Sneer was rallying just now:—he knows how she admires you, and—

SIR FRET. O Lord, I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to— (*Aside.*) A damned double-faced fellow!

DANG. Yes, yes—Sneer will jest—but a better humoured—

SIR FRET. Oh, I know—

DANG. He has a ready turn for ridicule—his wit costs him nothing.

SIR FRET. No, egad—or I should wonder how he came by it. *[Aside.*

MRS DANG. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend. *[Aside.*

DANG. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

SIR FRET. No, no, I thank you: I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you, though.—I sent it to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre this morning.

SNEER. I should have thought, now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

SIR FRET. O Lud! no—never send a play there while I live—hark'ee! *[Whispers SNEER.*

SNEER. Writes himself!—I know he does.

SIR FRET. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing.—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy.

SNEER. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

SIR FRET. Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

SNEER. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

SIR FRET. Steal!—to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

SNEER. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he, you know, never—

SIR FRET. That's no security: a dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

SNEER. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

SIR FRET. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole—

DANG. If it succeeds.

SIR FRET. Ay, but with regard to this piece, I think I

can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

SNEER. I'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

SIR FRET. How?

SNEER. Swear he wrote it.

SIR FRET. Plague on't, now, Sneer, I shall take it ill!— I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

SNEER. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

SIR FRET. Hey!—sir!—

DANG. Oh, you know, he never means what he says.

SIR FRET. Sincerely, then—do you like the piece?

SNEER. Wonderfully!

SIR FRET. But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

DANG. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part, to—

SIR FRET. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

SNEER. Very true.—Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give one leave, I'll mention.

SIR FRET. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

SNEER. I think it wants incident.

SIR FRET. Good God! you surprise me!—wants incident!

SNEER. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

SIR FRET. Good God! Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

DANG. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

SIR FRET. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.



DANG. No, I don't, upon my word.

SIR FRET. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul!—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you.—No, no; it don't fall off.

DANG. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

MRS DANG. No, indeed, I did not.—I did not see a fault in any part of the play, from the beginning to the end.

SIR FRET. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

MRS DANG. Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

SIR FRET. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

MRS DANG. O Lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

SIR FRET. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

MRS DANG. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

SIR FRET. Oh, if Mr Dangle read it, that's quite another affair!—But I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole, from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

MRS DANG. I hope to see it on the stage next.

DANG. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

SIR FRET. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal.—Not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

DANG. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

SIR FRET. No, quite the contrary! their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

SNEER. Why, that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day——

SIR FRET. What? where?

DANG. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

SIR FRET. Oh, so much the better.—Ha! Ha! Ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

DANG. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for——

SIR FRET. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

SNEER. Pray Dangle — Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

SIR FRET. O Lud, no!—anxious!—not I—not the least.—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

DANG. Sneer, do you recollect? (*Aside to SNEER.*) Make out something.

SNEER. (*Aside to DANGLE.*) I will. (*Aloud.*) Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

SIR FRET. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

SNEER. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

SIR FRET. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

SNEER. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book—where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

SIR FRET. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

SNEER. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste:—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sentiments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

SIR FRET. Ha! ha!

SNEER. In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

SIR FRET. Ha! ha!

SNEER. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit

the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard as the original.

SIR FRET. Ha!

SNEER. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise!

SIR FRET. (*After great agitation.*) Now, another person would be vexed at this!

SNEER. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you—only to divert you.

SIR FRET. I know it—I am diverted.—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha!—very good!—very good!

SNEER. Yes—no genius! ha! ha! ha!

DANG. A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

SIR FRET. To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and, if it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or other!

*Enter SERVANT*

SER. Sir, there is an Italian gentleman, with a French interpreter, and three young ladies, and a dozen musicians, who say they are sent by Lady Rondeau and Mrs Fugue.

DANG. Gadso! they come by appointment!—Dear Mrs Dangle, do let them know I'll see them directly.

MRS DANG. You know, Mr Dangle, I shan't understand a word they say.

DANG. But you hear there's an interpreter.

MRS DANG. Well, I'll try to endure their complaisance till you come. [*Exit.*]

SER. And Mr Puff, sir, has sent word that the last rehearsal is to be this morning, and that he'll call on you presently.

DANG. That's true—I shall certainly be at home. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Now, Sir Fretful, if you have a mind

to have justice done you in the way of answer, egad, Mr Puff's your man.

SIR FRET. Psha! sir, why should I wish to have it answered, when I tell you I am pleased at it?

DANG. True, I had forgot that. But I hope you are not fretted at what Mr Sneer—

SIR FRET. Zounds! no, Mr Dangle; don't I tell you these things never fret me in the least?

DANG. Nay, I only thought—

SIR FRET. And let me tell you, Mr Dangle, 'tis damned affronting in you to suppose that I am hurt when I tell you I am not.

SNEER. But why so warm, Sir Fretful?

SIR FRET. Gad's life! Mr Sneer, you are as absurd as Dangle: how often must I repeat it to you, that nothing can vex me but your supposing it possible for me to mind the damned nonsense you have been repeating to me!—and, let me tell you, if you continue to believe this, you must mean to insult me, gentlemen—and, then, your disrespect will affect me no more than the newspaper criticisms—and I shall treat it with exactly the same calm indifference and philosophic contempt—and so your servant. *[Exit.]*

SNEER. Ha! ha! ha! poor Sir Fretful! Now will he go and vent his philosophy in anonymous abuse of all modern critics and authors.—But, Dangle, you must get your friend Puff to take me to the rehearsal of his tragedy.

DANG. I'll answer for't, he'll thank you for desiring it. But come and help me to judge of this musical family: they are recommended by people of consequence, I assure you.

SNEER. I am at your disposal the whole morning!—but I thought you had been a decided critic in music as well as in literature.

DANG. So I am—but I have a bad ear. I'faith, Sneer, though, I am afraid we were a little too severe on Sir Fretful—though he is my friend.

SNEER. Why, 'tis certain, that unnecessarily to mortify the vanity of any writer is a cruelty which mere dulness never can deserve; but where a base and personal malignity usurps the place of literary emulation, the aggressor deserves neither quarter nor pity.

DANG. That's true, egad!—though he's my friend!

# DRY BE THAT TEAR

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,  
 Be hushed that struggling sigh ;  
 Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove,  
 More fixed, more true, than I.  
 Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear ;  
 Cease, boding doubt ; cease, anxious fear—  
 Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay,  
 When all that's new is past ?  
 How long ? Ah ! Delia, can I say,  
 How long my life shall last ?  
 Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh ;  
 At least I'll love thee till I die—  
 Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,  
 The thought of Sylvio's death,  
 That he, who only breathed for you,  
 Must yield that faithful breath ?  
 Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,  
 Nor let us lose our heaven here—  
 Dry be that tear.

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# THE RIVALS

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

## ACT I

SCENE II.: *A Dressing-room in MRS MALAPROP'S Lodgings*

LYDIA *sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand*

*Enter* MRS MALAPROP, and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE

MRS MAL. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate

simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

LYD. Madam, I thought you once——

MRS MAL. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

LYD. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS MAL. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTH. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

LYD. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

MRS MAL. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

LYD. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS MAL. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYD. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS MAL. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours.

LYD. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse.

[Exit.]

MRS MAL. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTH. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

MRS MAL. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

SIR ANTH. In my way hither, Mrs Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

MRS MAL. Those are vile places, indeed!

SIR ANTH. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS MAL. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

SIR ANTH. Why, Mrs Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

MRS MAL. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIR ANTH. Well, well, Mrs Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

MRS MAL. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

SIR ANTH. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS MAL. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTH. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas “Jack, do this”;—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

MRS MAL. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

SIR ANTH. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[Exit.



ST PATRICK'S DAY

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

ACT I

SCENE II.: *A Room in JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S House*

*Enter LAURETTA and MRS BRIDGET CREDULOUS*

LAU. I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

MRS BRI. For shame, Laura! how can you talk so?—or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the Brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet, as well as the fighting folks.

LAU. Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers; a set of farmyard cocks with spurs on—heroes scratched off a church door—clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

MRS BRI. Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York, and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

LAU. Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

MRS BRI. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them:—and if he should take you with him, to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back; then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the serjeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drum-head:—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

LAU. Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best natured and best looking woman in the world.

MRS BRI. Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Connor was a very well-bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

LAU. Why, Cousin Sophy married an officer.

MRS BRI. Ay, Laura, an officer of the militia.

LAU. No, indeed, ma'am, a marching regiment.

MRS BRI. No, child, I tell you he was a major of militia.

LAU. Indeed, mamma, it wasn't.

*Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS*

JUST. Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

LAU. It was cousin Sophy told me so.

JUST. I have had a message, love—

MRS BRI. No, child, she would say no such thing.

JUST. A message, I say.

LAU. How could he be in the militia when he was ordered abroad?

MRS BRI. Ay, girl, hold your tongue!—Well, my dear.

JUST. I have had a message from Doctor Rosy.

MRS BRI. He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

JUST. Why, Bridget!—

MRS BRI. Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

JUST. A message from Dr Rosy, and Dr Rosy says—

LAU. I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals—

JUST. Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

MRS BRI. Ay, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

LAU. Well, papa.

JUST. Dr Rosy says he'll bring—

LAU. Were blue turned up with red, mamma.

JUST. Laury!—says he will bring the young man—

MRS BRI. Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

JUST. Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired—

MRS BRI. Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma; you should know—

JUST. Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

MRS BRI. I am listening, my love, I am listening!—But what signifies my silence, what good is my not

speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself?—Ay, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak; but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word.—You may very well be angry; there is nothing, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking——

LAU. Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

MRS BRI. Why, you little provoking minx——

JUST. Get out of the room directly, both of you—get out!

MRS BRI. Ay, go, girl.

JUST. Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag. I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

*Enter SERVANT*

SER. Doctor Rosy, sir.

JUST. Show him up.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

LAU. Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment?

MRS BRI. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you; for if that had been the case——

JUST. You won't go?

MRS BRI. We are going, Mr Surly.—If that had been the case, I say, how could——

LAU. Nay, mamma, one proof——

MRS BRI. How could Major——

LAU. And a full proof——

[*JUSTICE CREDULOUS drives them off.*]

JUST. There they go, ding dong in for the day. Good lack! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

*Enter DOCTOR ROSY*

Well, doctor, where's the lad—where's Trusty?

ROSY. At hand; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for't. He's such a one as you an't met with—brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

JUST. Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog

that was corrupted by the lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, doctor?

ROSY. As Hercules; and the best back-sword in the country. Egad, he'll make the red coats keep their distance.

JUST. O the villains; this is St Patrick's day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me; but I have taken all precautions: I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful, I shall be more at ease.

ROSY. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

*Re-enter SERVANT*

SER. There is a man below, enquires for Doctor Rosy.

ROSY. Show him up.

JUST. Hold! a little caution—how does he look?

SER. A country-looking fellow, your worship.

JUST. Oh, well, well, for Doctor Rosy; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

SER. Yes, please your worship; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you; he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

JUST. Corporal Breakbones!

SER. And Drummer Crackskull came again.

JUST. Ay, did you ever hear of such a damned confounded crew? Well, show the lad in here!

*[Exit SERVANT.]*

ROSY. Ay, he'll be your porter; he'll give the rogues an answer.

*Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR, disguised*

JUST. So, a tall—Efacks! what! has lost an eye?

ROSY. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

JUST. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

ROSY. Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look——

JUST. Well, my lad, what's your name?

O'CON. Humphrey Hum.

JUST. Hum—I don't like Hum!

O'CON. But I be mostly called honest Humphrey——

ROSY. There, I told you so, of noted honesty.

JUST. Well, honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey?

O'CON. And please your worship I shall be well content.

JUST. Well, then, hark'ye, honest Humphrey,—you are sure now, you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey?

O'CON. A bribe! what's that?

JUST. A very ignorant fellow indeed!

ROSY. His worship hopes you will not part with your honesty for money.

O'CON. Noa, noa.

JUST. Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Connor.

ROSY. Ay, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey?

O'CON. Not I; they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

JUST. And i'faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there!

O'CON. Ay, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter: ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post?

JUST. Oons, what a dragon it is!—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree.—Come along, honest Humphrey.

[*Exit.*]

O'CON. My dear doctor, now remember to bring the Justice presently to the walk: I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

ROSY. I will, I will.

[*They shake hands.*]

*Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS*

JUST. Why, honest Humphrey, hey! what the devil are you at?

ROSY. I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present.—Good-morning to your worship—you need not fear the lieutenant while he is in your house.

JUST. Well, get in, Humphrey. Good-morning to you, doctor. (*Exit DOCTOR ROSY.*) Come along, Humphrey. —Now I think I am a match for the lieutenant and all his gang. [*Exeunt.*]

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## THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

*The Quarrel between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle :*

*Arranged from Acts II and III*

SCENE: *A room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S House*

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE*

SIR PET. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter* LADY TEAZLE

SIR PET. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

LADY TEAZ. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR PET. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY TEAZ. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

SIR PET. Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

LADY TEAZ. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

SIR PET. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

LADY TEAZ. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR PET. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY TEAZ. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

LADY TEAZ. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and

a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lapdog.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

LADY TEAZ. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

SIR PET. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

LADY TEAZ. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR PET. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank,—in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY TEAZ. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is——

SIR PET. My widow, I suppose?

LADY TEAZ. Hem! hem!

SIR PET. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

LADY TEAZ. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

SIR PET. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

LADY TEAZ. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion.

SIR PET. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY TEAZ. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.



SIR PET. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

LADY TEAZ. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle . . . I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured, now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

SIR PET. Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

LADY TEAZ. Oh, no—there—my note of hand will do as well. *[Offering her hand.]*

SIR PET. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus, hey?

LADY TEAZ. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

SIR PET. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

LADY TEAZ. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

SIR PET. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

LADY TEAZ. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

SIR PET. Indeed!

LADY TEAZ. Ay, and when my Cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

SIR PET. Thank you.

LADY TEAZ. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

SIR PET. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

LADY TEAZ. And never differ again?

SIR PET. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

LADY TEAZ. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

SIR PET. Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

LADY TEAZ. Then don't you begin it, my love!

SIR PET. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

LADY TEAZ. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

SIR PET. There! now you want to quarrel again.

LADY TEAZ. No, I'm sure I don't; but, if you will be so peevish——

SIR PET. There now! who begins first?

LADY TEAZ. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

SIR PET. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

LADY TEAZ. Ay, you are just what my Cousin Sophy said you would be.

SIR PET. Your Cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

LADY TEAZ. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

SIR PET. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

LADY TEAZ. So much the better.

SIR PET. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood!

LADY TEAZ. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

SIR PET. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

LADY TEAZ. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

SIR PET. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. . . . Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam!

LADY TEAZ. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, by-bye! *[Exit.]*

SIR PET. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. *[Exit.]*

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## A BALLAD OF MARJORIE

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

"WHAT ails you that you look so pale,  
O fisher of the sea?"

"'Tis for a mournful tale I own,  
Fair maiden Marjorie."

"What is the dreary tale to tell,  
O toiler of the sea?"

"I cast my net into the waves,  
Sweet maiden Marjorie."

"I cast my net into the tide  
Before I made for home :  
Too heavy for my hands to raise,  
I drew it through the foam."

"What saw you that you look so pale,  
Sad searcher of the sea ?"  
"A dead man's body from the deep  
My haul had brought to me !"

"And was he young, and was he fair ?"  
"Oh, cruel to behold !  
In his white face the joy of life  
Not yet was grown a-cold."

"Oh, pale you are, and full of prayer  
For one who sails the sea."  
"Because the dead looked up and spoke,  
Poor maiden Marjorie."

"What said he, that you seem so sad,  
O fisher of the sea ?"  
(Alack ! I know it was my love,  
Who fain would speak to me !)

"He said : 'Beware a woman's mouth—  
A rose that bears a thorn.'"  
"Ah, me ! these lips shall smile no more  
That gave my lover scorn."

"He said : 'Beware a woman's eyes ;  
They pierce you with their death.'"  
"Then falling tears shall make them blind  
That robbed my dear of breath."

"He said : 'Beware a woman's hair—  
A serpent's coil of gold.'"  
"Then will I shear the cruel locks  
That crushed him in their fold."

"He said : 'Beware a woman's heart  
As you would shun the reef.'"  
"So let it break within my breast,  
And perish of my grief."

"He raised his hands ; a woman's name  
Thrice bitterly he cried.  
My net had parted with the strain ;  
He vanished in the tide."

"A woman's name ! What name but mine,  
O fisher of the sea ?"  
"A woman's name, but not your name,  
Poor maiden Marjorie."

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE SEEKING OF CONTENT

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

SWEET Content, at the rich man's gate,  
Called "Wilt thou let me in ?"  
"No ! thou art poor and thou art not great,  
Hast nothing thy way to win.  
Here love is little and mighty is power ;  
Fate may change in a wayward hour,  
A monarch's heart may grow weary of thought.  
What if his gold-bringing bees be caught,  
Or wake to the fact of their sting ?  
He has all to lose, if nothing to gain,  
And his throne doth lean for support in the main  
On the different minds that have crowned him king  
In their summer of thinking : so, sorrow  
And winter may come with the morrow."

Sweet Content, at the poor man's door,  
Called, "May I enter here ?"  
"No ! we bees of the golden store  
Are smothered with cold and fear.  
We rise ere the sun to delve and moil,  
We give our eyes with the midnight oil,  
Till the sight burns dim, till the wick's no more,  
To buy our masters a coach-and-four,  
To spatter us with the mire.

If nothing to lose, we have all to win,  
To a heart's despair sin scarce seems sin—  
When hope dies out, maybe crime steals in,  
And patience may sometime grow sick and tire,  
The wearied bee may die on the wing,  
Or—God has given to each his sting.”

Sweet Content, at Death's black gates,  
Called, “Wilt thou take me in?”  
“Enter into the home of peace,  
Close my gates on good and sin.  
Shut on the poor man's rags my door,  
Shut on the rich man's coach-and-four.  
Nothing had man when life gave him breath,  
Nothing he takes past the gates of death  
Of the world's unequal paying,  
Save only the joys he fought self to resign,  
Only the sorrows he did not repine,  
The sins that he stopped from, or passed, and Divine  
Is the justice that judges the weighing.  
What better reward for a tired life spent,  
Than thee for his bride, Content?”

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE WHITE WITCH

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

HEAVEN help your home to-night,  
M'Cormac, for I know  
A white witch woman is your bride:  
You married for your woe.

You thought her but a simple maid  
That roamed the mountain-side;  
She put the witch's glance on you,  
And so became your bride.

But I have watched her close and long,  
And know her all too well ;  
I never churned before her glance  
But evil luck befell.

Last week the cow beneath my hand  
Gave out no milk at all ;  
I turned, and saw the pale-haired girl  
Lean laughing by the wall.

" A little sup," she cried, " for me ;  
The day is hot and dry."  
" Begone ! " I said, " you witch's child,"  
She laughed a loud good-bye.

And when the butter in the churn  
Will never rise, I see  
Beside the door the white witch girl  
Has got her eyes on me.

At dawn to-day I met her out  
Upon the mountain-side,  
And all her slender finger-tips  
Were each a crimson dyed.

Now I had gone to seek a lamb  
The darkness sent astray :  
Sore for a lamb the dawning winds  
And sharp-beaked birds of prey.

But when I saw the white witch maid  
With blood upon her gown,  
I said, " I'm poorer by a lamb ;  
The witch has dragged it down."

And, " Why is this, your hands so red  
All in the early day ? "  
I seized her by the shoulder fair,  
She pulled herself away.

" It is the raddle on my hands,  
The raddle all so red,  
For I have marked M'Cormac's sheep  
And little lambs," she said.

"And what is this upon your mouth  
And on your cheek so white?"  
"Oh, it is but the berries' stain;"  
She trembled in her fright.

"I swear it is no berries' stain,  
Nor raddle all so red;"  
I laid my hands about her throat,  
She shook me off, and fled.

I had not gone to follow her  
A step upon the way,  
When came I to my own lost lamb,  
That dead and bloody lay.

"Come back," I cried, "you witch's child,  
Come back and answer me;"  
But no maid on the mountain-side  
Could ever my eyes see.

I looked into the glowing east,  
I looked into the south,  
But did not see the slim young witch,  
With crimson on her mouth.

Now, though I looked both well and long,  
And saw no woman there,  
Out from the bushes by my side  
There crept a snow-white hare.

With knife in hand I followed it  
By ditch, by bog, by hill:  
I said, "Your luck be in your feet,  
For I shall do you ill."

I said, "Come, be you fox or hare,  
Or be you mountain maid,  
I'll cut the witch's heart from you,  
For mischief you have made."

She laid her spells upon my path,  
The brambles held and tore,  
The pebbles slipped beneath my feet,  
The briars wounded sore.



And then she vanished from my eyes  
Beside M'Cormac's farm,  
I ran to catch her in the house  
And keep the man from harm.

She stood with him beside the fire,  
And when she saw my knife,  
She flung herself upon his breast  
And pray'd he'd save her life.

"The woman is a witch," I cried,  
"So cast her off from you."  
"She'll be my wife to-day," he said,  
"Be careful what you do!"

"The woman is a witch," I said ;  
He laughed both loud and long :  
She laid her arms about his neck,  
Her laugh was like a song.

"The woman is a witch," he mocked,  
And laughed both long and loud ;  
She bent her head upon his breast,  
Her hair was like a cloud.

I said, "See blood upon her mouth  
And on each finger-tip!"  
He said, "I see a pretty maid,  
A rose upon her lip."

He took her slender hand in his  
To kiss the stain away—  
Oh, well she cast her spell on him,  
What could I do but pray?

"May Heaven guard your house to-night!"  
I whisper as I go,  
"For you have won a witch for bride,  
And married for your woe."

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE WOMAN WHO WENT TO HELL

(AN IRISH LEGEND)

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

YOUNG DERMOD stood by his mother's side,  
And he spake right stern and cold ;  
"Now, why do you weep and wail," he said,  
"And joy from my bride withhold ?

"And why do you keen and cry," said he,  
"So loud on my marriage day ?  
The wedding guests they now eager wait,  
All clad in their rich array.

"The priest is ready with book and stole,  
And you do this grievous thing :  
You keep me back from the altar rail—  
My bride from her wedding ring."

His mother she rose, and she dried her tears,  
She took him by his right hand—  
"The cause," she said, "of my grief and pain  
Too soon must you understand.

"Oh, one-and-twenty long years ago  
I walked in your father's farm,  
I broke a bough from a ripe peach-tree,  
And carried it on my arm.

"My heart was light as a thistle-seed—  
I had but been wed a year—  
I dreamt of joy that would soon be mine—  
A babe in my arms so dear.

"There came to me there a stranger man,  
And these are the words he spake :  
'The fruit you carry I fain would buy,  
I pray you my gold to take.'

"The fruit I carried he then did buy—  
You lying beneath my heart—  
I tended to him the ripe peach-bough,  
He tore the gold branch apart.

"He whispered then in my frightened ear  
The name of the Evil One,  
'And this have I bought to-day,' he said—  
The soul of your unborn son.

"The fruit you carry, which I did buy,  
Will ripen before I claim;  
And when the bells for his wedding ring,  
Again you shall hear my name."

Now Dermod rose from his mother's side,  
And all loud and long laughed he.  
He bore her down to the wedding-guests,  
All sorrowful still was she.

"Now, cry no more, sweet mother," he said,  
"For you are a doleful sight.  
And who is there in the banquet-hall  
Can claim my soul to-night?"

Then one rose up from the wedding throng,  
But his face no man could see,  
And he said, "Now bid your dear farewell,  
For your soul belongs to me."

Young Dermod stood like a stricken man,  
His mother she swooned away;  
But his love ran quick to the stranger's side,  
And to him she this did say:—

"If you will let his young soul go free,  
I will serve you true and well,  
For seven long years to be your slave  
In the bitterest place of hell."

"Seven long years, if you be my slave,  
I will let his soul go free."  
The stranger drew her then by the hand  
And into the night went he.

Seven long years did she serve him true  
By the blazing gates of hell,  
And on every soul that entered in  
The tears of her sorrow fell.

Seven long years did she keep the place,  
To open the doors accurst,  
And every soul that her tear-drops knew—  
It would neither burn nor thirst.

And once she let in her father dear,  
And once passed her brother through,  
Once came a friend she had loved full well,  
Oh, bitter it was to do!

On the last day of the seven long years  
She stood by her master's knee—  
"A boon, a boon for the work well done  
I pray that you grant to me.

"A boon, a boon, that I carry forth  
What treasure my strength can bring."  
"That you may do," said the Evil One,  
"And all for a little thing.

"All you carry you may take forth  
By serving me seven years more."  
Bitter she wept for the world and love,  
But took her sad place by the door.

Seven long years did she serve him well,  
Until the last day was done,  
And all the souls that she had let in,  
They clung to her one by one.

And all the souls that she had let through,  
They clung to her dress and hair,  
Until the burden that she brought forth  
Was heavy as she could bear.

The first who stopped her upon her way  
Was an angel with sword aflame,  
"The Lord has sent for your load," he said,  
"St Michael it is my name."

The woman drew back his gown of white,  
And the cloven hoof did see.  
"Oh, God, be with me to-night," she cried,  
"For bitter my sorrows be.

"I will not give it to you," she wept,  
Quick grasping her burden tight ;  
And all the souls that surrounded her  
Clung closer in dire affright.

The next who stopped her upon the way  
Was a maid all fair to see,  
And, "Sister, your load is great," she said,  
"So give it, I pray, to me."

"The Virgin, I am, God sent me forth  
That you to your love might go,"  
The woman she saw the phantom's eyes  
And paled at their fierce red glow :

"I will not give it to you," said she,  
And wept full many a tear.  
And all the souls that her burden made  
Cried out in desperate fear.

The third who met her upon her way  
Was a Man with face so fair :  
She knelt her down at his wounded feet,  
And she laid her burden there.

"Oh, I will give it to You," she said,  
And fell in a swoon so deep,  
The flying souls and their cries of joy  
Did not wake her from her sleep.

Seven long days did her slumber last,  
And, oh, but her dream was sweet,  
She thought she wandered in God's far land  
The bliss of her hopes complete !

And when she woke on the seventh day,  
To her love's home did she go.  
And there she met neither man nor maid  
Who ever her face did know.

And lo ! she saw set a wedding feast,  
And tall by her own lover's side  
There leaned a maiden, all young and fair,  
Who never should be his bride.

"A drink, a drink, my little page boy,  
A drink I do pray you bring."  
She took the goblet up in her hand,  
And dropped in her golden ring.

"He who would marry, my little page,  
I pray he may drink with me,  
'To the old true love he has forgot,'  
And this must his toasting be."

When her false lover had got the cup  
He drained it both deep and dry,  
"To my dead love that I mourned so long,  
I would that she now were nigh."

He took from the cup the golden ring,  
And he turned it in his hand ;  
He said, "Whoever has sent this charm  
I cannot her power withstand."

"Oh, she is weary, and sad, and old,"  
The little page boy replied ;  
But Dermot strode through the startled guests,  
And stood by his own love's side.

He took her up in his two strong arms,  
And, "Have you come home?" he said,  
"Twice seven long years I mourned you well  
As silent among the dead."

He kissed her twice on her faded cheek,  
And thrice on her snow-white hair.  
"And this is my own true wife," he said,  
To the guests who gathered there.

"Oh, she is withered and old," they cried,  
"And her hair is pale as snow."  
'Twere better you took the fair young girl,  
And let the sad old love go."

"I will not marry the fair young girl,  
No woman I wed but this,  
The sweet white rose of her cheek," said he,  
"Shall redden beneath my kiss.

"There is no beauty in all the land  
That can with her face compare."  
He led her up to the table head,  
And set her beside him there.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## A HAND AT CARDS

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

"NORAH," said Mr Corkran, as the parlour-maid was placing the dessert on the table, "put the punch things in the study and an extra tumbler, for his reverence is coming up to have a smoke with me. And you might see if the cards are in the writing-table drawer, for I don't know if his reverence wouldn't like a hand at whist."

"Yes, sir," replied Norah, and departed.

"Does he play cards?" asked Graham, who had the idea that a Catholic priest was more strait-laced than an English clergyman.

"Faith and he does," replied Corkran. "And why shouldn't he? He's a grand whist-player, and never gambles, but still some of the narrow folk in the parish would be up in arms against him at the word cards. They nearly had him once, though."

"How was that?"

"Well, it was this way. His reverence and two friends had been sitting up, playing cards, one Saturday night, till they suddenly found it was Sunday morning. 'Holy Mother!' says his reverence, 'here we've been sitting for two hours breaking the Sabbath, and we not knowing it.' With that he shoves the pack into an old sermon-case, and off he goes to bed, leaving the two others to let themselves

out, for his reverence never bars his door or locks it either, being neither afraid of thieves nor enemies. Well, next morning he was due to take full mass and preach at Drumboyne, over there away near the hills, and there was to be a full congregation, for there was some festival or other on. So off he goes on Jimmy Burke's car, with his sermon-case under his arm, and everything went well till he was going up the pulpit steps to give his discourse, and then, just as luck would have it, his sermon-case tumbles from under his arm on to the floor.

"He had two sermon-cases, you must know, and by accident he'd brought the one that he'd stuffed the cards into on the night before, and, as the thing burst open, out they flew: aces, jacks, queens, and kings, making a disgrace of him before the country-side, for half Clogher was there besides the whole of Drumboyne, and people had come from away beyond the Black Bog to hear him and just to see him too.

"Another man would have been done for entirely, for well he knew that people suspected him of playing cards for money, which he never did—only for diversion. But his reverence wasn't another man, but just himself, whom the devil couldn't corner.

"He looked at the cards lying there, not seeming a bit put out; then he begins to count the ones lying face uppermost, then up he walks into the pulpit, leans over the desk, and looks down at the people.

"'Billy Loughlin,' says he, 'come here.' It was the son of Micky Loughlin he was naming, and Billy, not knowing what his reverence was after, comes to the foot of the pulpit and stands there with his mouth open, waiting for instructions.

"'Shut your mouth, you *omadhaun*,'<sup>1</sup> says his reverence, 'and stoop down with you and pick me up one of those cards and bring me it here.' Billy does what he is bidden, and goes up to the pulpit with the card.

"'What card is that?' says Father O'Flynn.

"'The ace of hearts, your riverence,' replies Billy.

"'Right,' says his reverence. 'Micky Moriarty, come here.' Micky does as he's bid, and stands beside Billy. 'Pick me up a card and bring me it here,' says Father

<sup>1</sup> A fool.



O'Flynn. Micky does what he is bid, and goes to the pulpit with the card. 'What card is that?' says the holy father. 'Faith, she's the Queen of spades,' says Micky, pulling his forelock and not knowing which way to look, with the whole chapel gazing at him.

"'That'll do,' says Father O'Flynn; 'get back to your seats, both of you. And now,' says he, 'what's to be said for a parish where the very children know the names and the faces of a pack of cards, and answer up pat when they are questioned same as you've just heard Billy Loughlin and Micky Moriarty? Scandalous? Scandalous isn't the name for it. I dropped those cards to give you a shock, and faith I'll give you a few more shocks before I pick them up again.' With that he let into them with the buckle-end of his tongue on the evils of card-playing for money. And, mind you, he was in the right all the time, and not a bit of a hypocrite, for cards didn't do him a bit of harm, playing as he did a quiet rubber of whist, but, faith, they were doing a lot of harm amongst the folk in Clogher, playing at the public-house and losing money they hadn't got; his reverence called it an inspiration."

*[From "Father O'Flynn." By kind permission of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs Hutchison & Co.]*

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## THE ARTIST

BY JOHN STEVENSON

HIS claes were thin and shabby when first he reached this  
pairt,

Wi' box o' pents and brushes and a big sowl fu' o' Airt.

His purse was thin and hungry wi' a leanness sair to see;  
Its twa sides clapp'd thegither just at lean as lean could be.

He pented land and seascapes, and he didna pent them ill,  
And tuk leeberties wi' Nature for to mak' them finer still.

He pented a' his simmer skies a double extra blue,  
Nae Antrim sky since Adam leev'd had ever sic a hue.

He acted very leeberal to mountains as to height,  
And gied them a' a thoosan' feet aboon their size by right.

And whaur the coast had naethin' hard to meet the billows'  
shocks,  
He thocht it only fair to pent a wheen o' craggy rocks.

A lake or twa he would insart to change the country's face,  
And trees in twas and threes and groves he dabb'd a' ow'r  
the place.

He even in his picters wad the times and saisons change,  
Had new-born lambs at harvest time—a thing we thocht  
was strange.

"Imagination, aye," he said, "should guide the penter's  
hand,"  
And that, of coorse, explain'd the things we didna  
understand.

He wark'd wi' mortal industry and few divarteesements,  
The *wal*<sup>1</sup> was hard put to to find the water for his pents.

And, week by week, he bundled aff to London picter men  
His landscapes and his seascapes and his studies o' the  
glen.

But still the puir wee purse was lean, its twa sides did  
adhere,  
Its stomach hadna shelter'd goold for nigh upon a year.

In sheer despair anither sketch, his biggest yet, he tried,—  
A sheet o' three feet lang or mair and maybe twa feet wide—

A maisterpiece it was to be o' airtist's brain and hand,  
He show'd the distant Scottish shore and miles o' sea and  
land.

He put in a' that for these pairts Dame Nature had decreed,  
And things she hadna thocht o' he invented frae his heid.

He made a reef o' wicked rocks rin right acress the bay,  
He used his verra deepest blue to reprisint the say.

<sup>1</sup> Well.

Behind big Billy Shepherd's hoose he made a mountain be  
And planted his bog-medda wi' a cur'ous kind o' tree.

He shifted objects till he found their maist effective spot,  
And in the foremost foregrun plac'd auld Peggy Martin's  
cot.

Auld Peggy was a widdy wife wi temper and a tongue  
That talk'd three husbands to their graves while yet a  
woman young.

Her hoose was puir and Airt is Airt, but still I must admit  
He took ow'r mony leeberties the day he pented it.

He made the wa's a' tumble-doon and slimy green and foul,  
And took the chimney aff the hoose to plase his artist sowl.

It wadna weel agree wi' that to hae it waterproof,  
Sae holes in great variety he dotted ow'r the roof.

The windys a' were stuff'd wi' rags to make them  
harmoneeze,  
And just inside the kitchen daur a braw pig stood at ease.

The midden that behind the byre was found in Peggy's  
case,  
He pented right forninst the door in a convanient place.

The picter finished to his taste the puir consaited wretch  
Invited Peg, then passin' near, to come and see the sketch.

She cam' wi' smiles, her can o' suds she sat doon by the  
way  
And apron-wip'd her airms a bit, for it was weshin' day.

She look'd, she grunted, grunted mair—the smilin' face  
was gone ;  
It didna need a seer to see a storm was comin' on.

"And wha's pig-stye is that?" quo' she, "wha's pig-stye  
may it be,  
Is that my hoose? noo answer that, just answer straight  
to me."

He tried to soothe the angry wife, and show'd that tratement free

O' subjeck was the artist's right, as plain as plain could be.

"Deil tak' ye and yer subjeck and the tratement ye ca' free,  
It's the tratement o' the widdy that I'm thinkin' o," quo' she.

"I've slaved till I can hardly stand on my twa blissid feet  
To hae the place look dacent-like in that there pentid sheet.

"I whitewas'd a' the wa's mysel', I did them yesterday,  
I wesh'd the windys weel wi' soap and swep' the yerd o' strae.

"And *that's* my thanks, my gintleman, and *that's* the way  
ye trate  
A puir lone widdy that has got to arn her bit o' mate.

"Ye winna hae the pleasure, tho', to send abroad yer cheat,"  
Wi' that she dash'd her dirty suds right ow'er the pentid sheet.

"Ye ca' it wather-colour wark, I ca' it thrash instead,  
But wather-colour it will be in arnest noo," she said.

Then aff she stepp'd, her angry voice still growlin' oot  
her ills,  
Like thunder sweerin' to itsel' awa' amang the hills.

The puir wee penter man sat doon and cudna help but  
weep  
While frae the sheet the dirty suds went dhreepin' dhreep-  
a-dhreep.

And yin side o' the hungry purse said to the ither then,  
"It's plain to me there'll naethin' come 'twixt you and  
me again."

The penter's een still weepin' sair fell on his pictur wet,  
He thocht it didna look sae bad and might be savit yet.

The suds that wesh'd some pent awa' had blended what  
remained  
To gie result the penter's skill could never hae attained.

The pictur, then, wi' doots and fears its journey did perform  
To London toon, and lo, behold, it took the place by storm.

It fairly took the breath awa' frae the suparior pow'rs,  
And big folk cam' in carriages to look at it for hours.

"Hoo beautiful! hoo eggswhiskit!" the leddies a' exclaimed,  
And thro' their spy-glasses obsarv'd what penter hadn't  
dhramed.

"Sic pearly greys!" the critics said, "sic atmosphere! sic  
tone!  
It's shair<sup>1</sup> the finest piece o' wark the century has shown."

The pictur papers a' prodoooced the penter's potograph,  
And a' the larn'd societies elected him straight aff.

The king that rules these kingdoms three and nane may  
disobey  
Commanded him, on penalty, to dine wi' him next day.

The puir wee purse sae hungry yince,<sup>2</sup> wi' clingin' sides  
sae lean,  
Is noo about the fattest purse that ever met yer een.

And noo the penter drives his coach and gangs in stylish  
duds  
(He doesn't tell the people, tho, o' Peggy and the suds).

[From "*Pat M'Carty. His Rhymes.*" By J. Stevenson. (London :  
Edward Arnold.) By permission, and with the Author's courteous  
consent.]

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## DADDY-LONG-LEGS

BY JOHN STEVENSON

FAITH, Nature was benevolent  
The day she gave you legs,  
Six o' them, and sic trollopin',  
Disj'inted kind o' pegs.

<sup>1</sup> Sure.

<sup>2</sup> Once.

They say she never makes mistak's,  
 Is never ill-advis'd,  
 But raly when I see your legs  
 I feel a bit surpris'd.  
 They are sae lang and crook'd and thin,  
 Sae numerous and quare ;  
 I never saw the like o' them  
 On inseck anywhere.  
 They were, mayhap, ould stock laid by,  
 A prentice bit o' wark ;  
 A dizzen misfits Nature made  
 One evenin' in the dark.  
 And when she built your primal pair,  
 And tell't them to increase,  
 She thocht o' this auld dizzen legs  
 And gave them six apiece.  
 But O if she had had the thocht,  
 If she had had the wit,  
 To tak' the scissors in her hand  
 And clip them short a bit,  
 You micht ha' been a bummin' clock,  
 Responsible, refin'd,  
 Wi' *otium cum*—thingumbob,  
 You micht—weel never mind.  
 You have the sense o' your defecks,  
 And wi' a proper shame  
 You try to moderate your legs  
 In lamp or candle flame.  
 It's dootless wi' the thocht I'd find  
 Them nourishin' as eggs,  
 I find, whiles, in my parritch bowl  
 A couple o' your legs.  
 Thankin' you kindly a' the same  
 I here wad stipulate,  
 Suparflus legs shall be dispoged  
*Beside, not on, my plate.*

[From "Pat M'Carty. His Rhymes." By J. Stevenson. (London :  
 Edward Arnold.) By permission, and with the Author's courteous  
 consent.]

## DID YOU EVER?

BY JOHN STEVENSON

DID you ever see the sun  
When his day's wark's nearly done,  
Wi' his hand stuck in his pocket  
And his heid to one side cockit,  
Smilin' beams o' golden light  
While he's waitin' for the night?

Did you ever see the sea  
Take it easy-like, a wee,  
Wi' the gulls aboon her cryin',  
And she at fu' length lyin'  
On her bed o' broon seaweed  
Wi' her hands beneath her heid?

Did you ever see the moon  
On a winter afternoon  
Mak' a lookin'-glass o' water ;  
See the mirror quickly shatter  
As it lay before your sight  
Into bits o' silver light?

Did you ever hear the trees  
Talk in whispers to the breeze  
O' the Spring and Summer glories ;  
Laughin' at the funny stories,  
That sae cunnin'ly he weaves,  
Till their laughter shakes the leaves?

Did you ever see the stars  
Ridin' roon' the sky on cars  
Made o' clouds and mists and vapours,  
Winkin', shootin', cuttin' capers,  
Playin' hide-and-seek, bo-peep,  
When the moon is fast asleep?

Never saw sic things, ye said,  
 Why, wherever were ye bred,  
 Dootless in some toonship smoky  
 Whaur the air is thick and choky,  
 Whaur they hae nae sun nor moon,  
 Nor a breeze to play a tune,  
 Or to tell a funny story ;  
 Whaur the water's mirror'd glory,  
 Sleepin' sea and starry blue,  
 Are for ever hid frae view.  
 Och, I peety ye—I do.

[From "Pat M'Carty. His Rhymes." By J. Stevenson. (London : Edward Arnold.) By permission, and with the Author's courteous consent.]

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## THE WIFE HE WANTS

BY JOHN STEVENSON

I HAE a wee thocht in my heid,  
 A wee thocht, naethin' mair,  
 That 'gin I saw a lass I lik'd,  
 I nicht think weel to pair.  
 I want nae wife to spoil my life,  
 Hoo rich soe'er she be,  
 Sae what I like, and what dislike,  
 It's juist as weel to see.

I want nae lang-legg'd hizzy here  
 My wee bit hoose to share.  
 Wha wants twa yairds or mair o' wife?  
 It isn't me, I'll swear.  
 She nicht forget to duck her heid,  
 The ceilin's rather low ;  
 I winna hae the plaster crack'd  
 A' candidates should know.



I winna mairry by the ton,  
And, therefore, want to say,  
I'll hae nae big fat sowdy lass  
Trapesin' roon' this way.  
The furniture's a wee bit auld,  
I'm no sure o' the stairs.  
A wechty woman's gey <sup>1</sup> severe,  
Especially on chairs.

But tho' I dinna want her fat  
She maunna be too lean ;  
There's little comfort wi' a wife  
That, sideways, can't be seen.  
I want nae hippotamus,  
But still she must be roon',  
Banes rattlin' when she mov'd about  
Wad hae an eerie soon'.

She maunna hae big feet the lass  
That wants wi' me to wed,  
I'll hae nae beetlin'-engines here  
To fill my life wi' dread.  
Besides, I hae improv'd the roads  
Aboot this bit o' fairm,  
And muckle poondin' o' them noo  
Wad do a dale o' hairm.

For reasons I will here expleen  
I canna hae rid hair—  
My hairt is no' my strangest pairt  
The doctors a' declare.  
If I cam' hame too sudden like  
And saw my wife's rid heid,  
I might suspect the hoose afire  
And faint awa' clane deid.

That I command, that she obeys,  
The lassie maun concede.  
I haud wi' Paul in this remark,  
"The husband is the heid."  
It's ae thing that I winna stan',  
A want o' due respect ;  
To ony lass that wants to rule  
I sartinly object.

<sup>1</sup> Too,

And yet I'm no the man to fuss  
 For pure objectin's sake,  
 I ken that in this mortal life  
 We hae to give and take.  
 And gin the lassie's wise and guid  
 And dacent as to rank,  
 I'll no object that she should hae  
 A pickle in the bank.

[From "*Pat M'Carty. His Rhymes.*" By J. Stevenson. (London: Edward Arnold.) By permission, and with the Author's courteous consent.]

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## MICHAEL DWYER

BY T. D. SULLIVAN

"AT length, brave Michael Dwyer, you and your trusty  
 men

Are hunted o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen.  
 Sleep not, but watch and listen; keep ready blade and  
 ball;

The soldiers know your hiding to-night in wild Emall."<sup>1</sup>

The soldiers searched the valley, and towards the dawn  
 of day

Discovered where the outlaws, the dauntless rebels, lay.  
 Around the little cottage they form'd into a ring,  
 And called out, "Michael Dwyer! surrender to the king!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we  
 came,

Unasked by those who own it—they cannot be to blame.  
 Then let those peaceful people unquestioned pass you  
 through,

And when they're placed in safety, I'll tell you what  
 we'll do."

<sup>1</sup> The glen of Emall, in the county of Wicklow. For a sketch of the adventures of Michael Dwyer, see Dr Madden's "*Lives of the United Irishmen.*" Many were Dwyer's hair-breadth escapes, for some of which he was indebted to the kindness of a soldier who used to give him timely warning when the military were on his track,

'Twas done; "And now," said Dwyer, "your work you  
may begin,  
You are a hundred outside—we're only four within;  
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our  
reply:  
We're true United Irishmen, we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the  
leaden rain,  
The hills around re-echo'd the thunder peals again.  
The soldiers falling round him, brave Dwyer sees with  
pride,  
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining, good battle still to do,  
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick  
and true—  
But hark that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!  
The house is fired around them! The roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,  
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their  
foes.  
Then spake the brave M'Alister, the weak and wounded  
man,  
"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your  
plan:

"Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor,  
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door,  
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array;  
Then, whilst their guns are empty, dash through them  
and away!"

He stood before his foemen, revealed amidst the flame,  
From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley came.  
Up sprang the three survivors, for whom the hero died,  
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind;  
He swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind;  
But many an English soldier he promised soon should fall,  
For these his gallant comrades, who died in wild E-mail.

## A SOLDIER'S WAKE

BY T. D. SULLIVAN

AND this is all she has to lay  
To-night upon the snowy sheets  
Before the friends who come the way,  
And sighing take their humble seats—  
This medal, bravely, dearly won,  
Poor token of her gallant son.

But over this, as nought beside  
Of him she loved to her remains,  
The lights are lit, the keen is cried,  
And women croon their saddest strains,  
While men who knew his boyhood well,  
Say, foes went down before he fell.

These clasps and medal ; only these !  
For this she nursed and loved him long,  
She rocked him softly on her knees,  
And filled his ears with pleasant song,  
And saw him with a mother's pride,  
Grow up and strengthen by her side.

Till bright with manhood's glowing charms  
He in his turn her nurse became,  
He clasped her in his manly arms,  
And fondly propped her drooping frame.  
Her step grew weak, her eye grew dim,  
But then she lived and moved in him.

He went ; he joined the deadly fight,  
His true heart loved her not the less ;  
But these are all she has to-night  
To light and cheer her loneliness—  
These silver honours, dearly won,  
Poor tokens of her gallant son.

But even these, to-morrow morn,  
When lights burn out and friends depart,  
Shall round her withered neck be worn,  
Shall lie upon her weary heart  
Till death, for his dear memory's sake,  
And then—shall deck another wake.

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## SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS

BY T. D. SULLIVAN

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown ;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave this shanty small,  
While fades the Autumn day,  
We'll toast Old Ireland !  
Dear Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We've heard her faults a hundred times,  
The new ones and the old,  
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,  
Enlarged some fifty-fold.  
But take them all, the great and small,  
And this we've got to say :—  
Here's dear Old Ireland !  
Good Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We know that brave and good men tried  
To snap her rusty chain,  
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,  
And all, 'tis said, in vain ;  
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show  
How far they've won their way—  
Here's good Old Ireland !  
Loved Old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

We've seen the wedding and the wake,  
The patron and the fair;  
And lithe young frames at the dear old games  
In the kindly Irish air;  
And the loud "hurroo," we have heard it too,  
And the thundering "Clear the way!"  
Here's gay Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And well we know in the cool grey eves,  
When the hard day's work is o'er,  
How soft and sweet are the words that greet  
The friends who meet once more;  
With "Mary machree!" "My Pat! 'tis he!"  
And "My own heart night and day!"  
Ah, fond Old Ireland!  
Dear Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass  
From their peaceful homes, for miles  
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,  
When Sunday morning smiles!  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel  
When low they kneel and pray,  
O, dear Old Ireland!  
Blest Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
And we never may see again  
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,  
And our first fond hopes remain!  
But come, fill up another cup,  
And with every sup let's say—  
"Here's dear Old Ireland!  
Loved Old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

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## FAIRY GOLD

A BALLAD OF '48

BY JOHN TODHUNTER

BUTTERCUPS and daisies in the meadow,  
And the children pick them as they pass,  
Weaving in the sunlight and the shadow  
Garlands for each little lad and lass ;  
Weave with dreams their buttercups and daisies,  
As the poor dead children did of old.  
Will the dreams, like sunshine in their faces,  
Wither with their flowers like Fairy Gold ?

Once, when lonely in Life's crowded highway,  
Came a maiden sweet, and took my hand,  
Led me down Love's green delightful byway,  
Led me dreaming back to Fairyland.  
But Death's jealous eye that lights on lovers  
Looked upon her, and her breast grew cold,  
And my heart's delight the green sod covers,  
Vanished from my arms like Fairy Gold !

Then to Ireland, my long-suffering nation,  
That poor hope life left me yet I gave ;  
With her dreams I dreamed, her desolation  
Found me, called me, desolate by that grave.  
Once again she raised her head, contending  
For her children's birthright as of old ;  
Once again the old fight had the old ending,  
All her hopes and dreams were Fairy Gold.

Now my work is done and I am dying,  
Lone, an exile on a foreign shore ;  
But in dreams roam with my love that's lying  
Lonely in the old land I'll see no more.  
Buttercups and daisies in the meadows  
When I'm gone will bloom ; new hopes for old  
Comfort her with sunshine after shadows,  
Fade no more away like Fairy Gold.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

## IN A GONDOLA

(SUGGESTED BY "A SONG WITHOUT WORDS")

BY JOHN TODHUNTER

IN Venice!—this night so delicious, its air  
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,  
And quick cries, and perfume of romances which  
throng  
To my brain as I steal down this marble sea-stair,  
And my gondola comes :  
And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the oar—

Drawing near and more near, and the noise of the prow,  
And the sharp sudden splash of her stoppage. And now  
I step in : we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,  
As my gondola glides—  
Away, past these palaces silent and dark,  
Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases where  
clings  
Rank seaweed that gleams, flecked with lights, as it  
swings  
To the plash of the waves where they reach the tide-mark  
On the porphyry blocks—with a song full of dole,  
A forlorn barcarole,  
As my gondola glides.

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice rust-  
gnawn  
A low dirge for the past—the sweet past, when it  
played  
In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who stayed  
But one shrinking half-minute, her mantle close-drawn  
Round the swell of her bosom, and cheeks passion-pale,  
Ere her lover came by, and they kissed. "They are  
clay,  
Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play :



They are dust," sighs the wind, with its whisper of wail,  
"Those women snow-fair, flower-sweet, passion-pale"  
And the waves make reply with their song full of dole,  
    Their forlorn barcarole  
    As my gondola glides.

Dust—those lovers! But love ever lives, ever new,  
    Still the same. So we shoot into bustle and light,  
    And lamps from the festal casinos gleam bright  
On the ripples: and here's the Rialto in view.  
And black gondolas, ghost like, slide eerily past,  
    And the gondoliers cry to each other a song  
    Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies along  
The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast  
Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes leap  
    Through chill gloom from the marble: then moonlight  
    once more,  
    And laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,  
And sonorous bass music of bells booming deep  
    From St Mark's. Still those waves with their song  
    full of dole,  
    Their forlorn barcarole,  
    As my gondola glides.

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs  
    From verandahs o'er - starred with dim jessamine  
    flowers,  
    Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous showers  
Of a Nightingale's notes, as her song swells and dies  
    While my gondola glides.  
Dust—those lovers! who floated and dreamed long ago,  
    Gazed, and languished, and loved on these waters—  
    where I  
    Float and dream, and gaze up in the still summer sky,  
Whence the great stars look down, as they did long ago:  
Where the moon seems to dream with my dreaming,  
    disc-hid  
    In a gossamer veil of white cirrus—then breaks  
    The dream spell with a pensive half-smile, as she  
    wakes  
To new splendour. But lo! while I mused we have slid

From the open, the stir, down a lonely lane-way  
Into hush and dark shadow. Fresh scent of the sea  
Comes cool from beyond : a faint lamp mistily  
Hints fair shafts and quaint arches in crumbling decay :  
While the waves still break in with their song full of  
dole,  
    Their forlorn barcarole,  
    As my gondola glides.

Then the silent lagoon stretched away through the night,  
And the stars, and the fairylike City behind,  
Domes and towers rising spectral and dim, till the  
mind  
Is entranced in a vague subtle maze of delight :  
And I float in a dream, lose the present—or seem  
To have lived it before. Then a sense of deep bliss  
Just to breathe, to exist, in a night such as this—  
Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But the gleam  
Of the lights as we turn to the City once more,  
With the music, and clangour of bells booming slow—  
And that vision of visions, St Mark's, the star-glow  
For its crown, I shall see. The great moment draws  
near  
As we glide : and delight, like an exquisite fear,  
Lays a hand on my heart, as I step to the shore—  
The Piazzetta. My life-dream accomplished at last,  
    As my gondola goes :  
I am here, here alone with the ghost of the past.  
But the waves still break in with their song full of dole,  
    Their forlorn barcarole,  
    As my gondola goes :  
And the pulse of the oar, swept through silvery spray,  
Dies away in the gloom, dies away—dies away—  
Dies away—dies away.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

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## THE MAIDEN CITY

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters  
 Rolls northward to the main,  
 Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,  
 Fair Derry fixed her reign ;  
 A holy temple crowned her,  
 And commerce graced her street,  
 A rampart wall was round her,  
 The river at her feet ;  
 And here she sat alone, boys,  
 And, looking from the hill,  
 Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,  
 Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,  
 In famous eighty-eight,  
 A plumed and belted lover  
 Came to the Ferry Gate :  
 She summoned to defend her  
 Our sires—a beardless race—  
 They shouted “No Surrender !”  
 And slammed it in his face.  
 Then, in a quiet tone, boys,  
 They told him 'twas their will  
 That the Maiden on her throne, boys,  
 Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,  
 A kingly wooer came  
 (The royal banner o'er him  
 Blushed crimson deep for shame) ;  
 He showed the Pope's commission,  
 Nor dreamed to be refused ;  
 She pitied his condition,  
 But begged to stand excused.  
 In short, the fact is known, boys,  
 She chased him from the hill,  
 For the Maiden on the throne, boys,  
 Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,  
 'Twas then the tempest broke,  
 Their peaceful dwellings rending,  
 'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.  
 That hallowed grave-yard yonder  
 Swells with the slaughtered dead—  
 O brothers! pause and ponder—  
 It was for us they bled;  
 And while their gift we own, boys—  
 The fane that tops our hill—  
 Oh! the Maiden on her throne, boys,  
 Shall be a Maiden still!

Nor wily tongue shall move us,  
 Nor tyrant arm affright,  
 We'll look to One above us  
 Who ne'er forsook the right;  
 Who will, may crouch and tender  
 The birthright of the free,  
 But, brothers, "No Surrender,"  
 No compromise for me!  
 We want no barrier stone, boys.  
 No gates to guard the hill,  
 Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,  
 Shall be a Maiden still.

---

## NO SURRENDER

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA

BEHOLD the crimson banners float  
 O'er yonder turrets hoary;  
 They tell of days of mighty note,  
 And Derry's deathless glory;  
 When her brave sons undaunted stood,  
 Embattled to defend her,  
 Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,  
 And sung out, "No Surrender!"

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,  
Well fenced in every quarter,  
Each frowning bastion grim along,  
With culverin and mortar ;  
But Derry had a surer guard  
Than all that art could lend her,  
Her 'prentice boys the gate who barred,  
And sung out, " No Surrender ! "

On came the foe in bigot ire,  
And fierce the assault was given ;  
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,  
Her fated roofs were riven :  
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,  
And vain his hopes to bend her,  
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,  
She sung out, " No Surrender ! "

Again, when treason maddened round,  
And rebel hordes were swarming,  
Were Derry's sons the foremost found,  
For king and country arming :  
Forth, forth they rushed at honour's call,  
From age to boyhood tender,  
Again to man their virgin wall,  
And sung out, " No Surrender ! "

Long may the crimson banner wave,  
A meteor streaming airy,  
Portentous of the free and brave  
Who man the walls of Derry :  
And Derry's sons alike defy  
Pope, traitor, or pretender ;  
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,  
Their patriot—" No Surrender ! "

---

## THE FLYING WHEEL

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

WHEN I was young the days were long,  
Oh, long the days when I was young :  
So long from morn to evenfall  
As they would never end at all.

Now I grow old Time flies, alas !  
I watch the years and seasons pass.  
Time turns him with his fingers thin  
A wheel that whirls while it doth spin.

There is no time to take one's ease,  
For to sit still and be at peace :  
Oh, whirling wheel of Time be still,  
Let me be quiet if you will !

Yet still it turns so giddily,  
So fast the years and seasons fly,  
Dazed with the noise and speed I run  
And stay me on the Changeless One.

I stay myself on Him who stays  
Ever the same through nights and days :  
The One Unchangeable for aye,  
That was and will be : the one Stay,

O'er whom Eternity will pass  
But as an image in a glass ;  
To whom a million years are nought,  
I stay myself on a great thought.

I stay myself on the great Quiet  
After the noises and the riot ;  
As in a garnished chamber, sit  
Far from the tumult of the street.

Oh, wheel of Time turn round apace !  
But I have found a resting-place.  
You will not trouble me again  
In the great peace where I attain.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

## AN ISLAND FISHERMAN

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

I GROAN as I put out  
My nets upon the say,  
To hear the little *girshas*<sup>1</sup> shout,  
Dancin' among the spray.

*Ochone!*<sup>2</sup> the childher pass  
An' lave us to our grief;  
The stranger took my little lass  
At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast  
With him you never knew?  
In all the throuble that is past  
I never frowned on you.

The light o' my old eyes!  
The comfort o' my heart!  
Waitin' for me your mother lies  
In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep  
From all the cold world wide,  
But you in life an' death will sleep  
The stranger beside.

*Ochone!* my thoughts are wild:  
But little blame I say;  
An ould man hungerin' for his child,  
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,  
Laughin' to see me land.  
Oh, what was pain an' throuble then,  
Holdin' your little hand?

Or when your head let fall  
Its soft curls on my breast?  
Why do the childher grow at all  
To love the stranger best?

[By kind permission of the Author.]

---

<sup>1</sup> Girls.

<sup>2</sup> Alas.

## THE SECOND SIGHT

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

IN Belgard Orchard, old and grey,  
You said the fairies danced at their play  
When all the world is lovely with May,  
    And the apple-boughs are in rose and pearl :  
The horned moon hangs in the willow tree,  
And the owl is hooting so eerily,  
But fairy revels were blithe to see,  
    With shimmer of satin and glint of curl.

There are no fairies, sister dear ;  
Only the white moon shining here  
On last year's mosses, yellow and sere,  
    And a donkey sleeps by the lichened wall.  
But now with your four-leafed shamrock's might,  
And your velvety fingers, cold and white,  
Touch mine eyes that I see aright  
    The fairies holding their fairy ball.

Oh, there's a lady tall as a span,  
With the fairest face since the world began,  
And she smiles on the daintiest gentleman  
    With a velvet coat and a sword by his side ;  
His ruffles are all of jewels and lace,  
And he kisses her hand with the courtliest grace,  
And ever he looks to her winsome face :  
    I think the pair be bridegroom and bride.

On a purple toadstool she's thronèd high,  
With a beetle's back for her footstool nigh,  
O'erhead is a scarlet butterfly  
    With wings spread wide for her canopy ;  
Her bridal robe of the diamond dew,  
Where opal and amber and rose look through,  
Shimmers down to her sapphire shoe ;  
    Her hair is lighted by fireflies three.



On greater toadstools, yellow and red,  
I ween is a dainty banquet spread,  
With wine of cowslips and beechen bread  
And honey-dew from the honey-bee ;  
And fairies clad in the gold and rose,  
With light wings hued like the silver snows,  
And long-lashed eyes where the violet blows,  
Dance out in a ring from the apple tree.

Sister learned in the fairy lore,  
Tell me the story you told before,  
Of the fairy Queen and Prince Miraflore,  
Whose loves went wrong as a mortal's will.  
Over your cradle so long ago  
A fairy sang in the white moon's flow,  
And kissed your eyes and your brows that know,  
And touched your lips with their elfin skill.

Sister dear, is the pain set right ;  
And is this the feast of their wedding-night ?  
Your face is pale, and your eyes burn bright :  
Oh, leave not us for your fairy kin !  
The dancers dance, and the violins soar ;  
But hear you not from our cottage door  
Our father calling your name, *Asthore*,<sup>1</sup>  
And our mother sing as her fingers spin ?

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

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## THE SICK PRINCESS

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

SHE sickened first three years ago and more,  
The Northland's Princess, whiter than its snows,  
Lost peace and rest, and still the sickness grows ;  
Her hungry heart grows hungrier yet and sore.  
Now she is walking up and down her bower,  
With the unresting step her women fear,  
And her unbound hair shimmering soft and clear,  
Like sunset through a shower.

<sup>1</sup> My treasure.

Outside the peacocks on the terraces  
Flash to the sun their green and purple eyes,  
And doves are wheeling, and the dragon-flies ;  
The garden all one bower of beauty is—  
So still, so still, the sun dreams in the blue—  
A midday silence brooding over all ;  
The city's bells sound faint and musical ;  
The leaves thirst for the dew.

*The Roman de la Rose* lies on the ground,  
Face downward, as she cast it yesterday ;  
Her palfrey calls with far, impatient neigh ;  
Her hawk goes with his jesses still unbound,  
Though kites fly low, and trembling doves are mute.  
Her needle rusts in her embroidery ;  
Her half-done missal fades, her paints are dry ;  
The strings snap off her lute.

Her women whisper of her grief apart ;  
And Roland, her tall hound, with heavy sigh,  
Licks her unheeding hand as she goes by ;  
She answers not ; her eyes are with her heart  
In distant lands. "O tarrying love," she saith,  
"O love, that only dreams have given to me,  
Ride on, ride fast, lest one should outstrip thee,  
Whose stately name is Death."

At eve, when Hesper dawns, she will go down  
White as a folded lily in the cold,  
Yet soft and smiling in her gown of gold,  
Although her brows are weary 'neath her crown ;  
And at the banquet look so fair and young,  
That hearts will leap and laughter ripple there,  
Forgetting how, above her golden hair,  
Death's night-black wings are hung.

And must she die? I think not, for some morn  
She will steal out in peasant maid's disguise,  
With new life stirring in her heart and eyes,  
And only Roland following through the corn ;  
Warned of a dream, she will lay down her state,  
And crown, and kingdom for love's blessed sake,  
And travel with bare feet through bush and brake,  
By wood, and thorpe, and town,

And beg her bread like any beggar-maid,  
And drink at streams that gather heaven's blue,  
And make of them her bath and mirror, too ;  
Her bed the moss within the greenwood's shade ;  
Till the birds know her, and the hares are fain  
To nestle to her with their coats of fur,  
And the old sickness is forgot of her,  
So glad and strong again.

And so in some rich dawning she shall hear  
One singing like God's wingèd heavenly folk,  
And see one coming clad in russet cloak,  
And know fulfilled her dream of many a year :  
A Trouvère with a dusky southern face—  
Nay, but a king's son in a Trouvère's guise—  
And each shall know the other's heart and eyes,  
For each a resting-place.

Oh, I can see them—she with yellow hair  
Still jewelled with the diamonds from the spring,  
Her eyes afraid with joy or some sweet thing,  
Her hands clasped softly, as in suppliant prayer ;  
And he who sought her over seas and lands,  
Coming with all his bearded face aflame,  
And his lips murmuring still her lovely name,  
And eager outstretched hands.

In the enchanted forest let them stay,  
Where the bright birds flash by like living flowers,  
And the ripe fruit hangs ruddy in the bowers,  
And the years go like one delicious day ;  
Where summer lives and nightingales sing long,  
A fairy palace waits with open door,  
And a green sea beats on a golden shore  
With low monotonous song.

*[By kind permission of the Author.]*

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## THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE

BY AUBREY DE VERE

THE Little Black Rose<sup>1</sup> shall be red at last ;  
 What made it black but the March wind dry,  
 And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast ?  
 It shall redden the hills when June is nigh !

The Silk of the Kine<sup>1</sup> shall rest at last ;  
 What drove her forth but the dragon fly ?  
 In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,  
 With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last !  
 The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die !  
 This song is secret. Mine ear it passed  
 In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

## O'DONNELL'S ANSWER

BY AUBREY DE VERE

A.D. 1257

LAND which the Norman would make his own !  
 (Thus sang the bard 'mid a host o'erthrown,  
 While their white cheeks some on the clench'd hand  
     propp'd,  
 And from some the life-blood unheeded dropp'd)  
 There are men in thee that refuse to die,  
 Though they scorn to live, while a foe stands nigh !

<sup>1</sup> Mystical names of Ireland, frequently occurring in Gaelic poetry.

O'Donnell lay sick with a grievous wound :  
The leech had left him ; the priest had come ;  
The clan sat weeping upon the ground,  
Their banners furl'd, and their minstrels dumb.

Then spake O'Donnell, the King : " Although  
My hour draws nigh, and my dolours grow ;  
And although my sins I have now confess'd,  
And desire in the land, my charge, to rest,  
Yet leave this realm, nor will I nor can,  
While a stranger treads on her, child or man.

" I will languish no longer a sick King here :  
My bed is grievous ; build up my Bier.  
The white robe a King wears over me throw ;  
Bear me forth to the field where he camps—your foe,  
With the yellow torches and dirges low.  
The heralds have brought his challenge and fled ;  
The answer they bore not I bear instead.  
My people shall fight, my pain in sight,  
And I shall sleep well when their wrong stands right."

Then the clan rose up from the ground, and gave ear,  
And they fell'd great oak-trees and built a Bier ;  
Its plumes from the eagle's wing were shed,  
And the wine-black samite above it spread  
Inwov'n with sad emblems and texts divine,  
And the braided bud of Tyrconnell's pine,  
And all that is meet for the great and brave  
When past are the measured years God gave,  
And a voice cries " Come " from the waiting grave.

When the Bier was ready they laid him thereon ;  
And the army forth bare him with wail and moan :  
With wail by the sea-lakes and rock-abysses ;  
With moan through the vapour-trail'd wildernesses ;  
And men sore wounded themselves drew nigh  
And said, " We will go with our King and die ; "  
And women wept as the pomp pass'd by.  
The yellow torches far off were seen ;  
No war-note peal'd through the gorges green ;  
But the black pines echo'd the mourners' keen.

What, said the Invader, that pomp in sight?  
"They sue for the pity they shall not win."  
But the sick King sat on his bier upright,  
And said, "So well! I shall sleep to-night:—  
Rest here my couch, and my peace begin."

Then the war-cry sounded—" *Lamb-dearg Aboo!*"<sup>1</sup>  
And the whole clan rush'd to the battle plain:  
They were thrice driven back, but they closed anew  
That an end might come to their King's great pain.  
'Twas a nation, not army, that onward rush'd,  
'Twas a nation's blood from their wounds that gush'd:  
Bare-bosom'd they fought, and with joy were slain;  
Till evening their blood fell fast like rain;  
But a shout swell'd up o'er the setting sun,  
And O'Donnell died, for the field was won.

So they buried their king upon Aileach's shore;  
And in peace he slept;—O'Donnell More.

---

## A SONG AND SONNET ON SORROW

BY AUBREY DE VERE

I

WHEN I was young, I said to Sorrow:  
"Come and I will play with thee."  
He is near me now all day,  
And at night returns to say:  
"I will come again to-morrow—  
I will come and stay with thee."

<sup>1</sup> Red-hand for ever.

## II

Through the woods we walk together,  
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;  
To shield an unregarded head  
He hath built a winter shed;  
And all night in rainy weather  
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

---

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou  
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
Then lay before him all thou hast: allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow  
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be—  
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the  
end.

---

## THE SUN GOD

BY AUBREY DE VERE

I SAW the Master of the Sun. He stood  
High in his luminous car, himself more bright—  
An Archer of immeasurable might;  
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load,  
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountain glowed,  
Forward his eager eye and brow of light  
He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,  
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.

No wings profaned that godlike form ; around  
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd  
Of locks hung glistening ; while such perfect sound  
Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome  
Thrilled as a dewdrop ; and each passing cloud  
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

---

## THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS

BY AUBREY DE VERE

I GO to knit two clans together,  
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore.  
Our clan fears naught ; but I go, oh, whither ?  
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, redbreast, singest the old song over,  
Though many a time hast thou sung it before ;  
They never sent thee to some strange new lover  
To sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder—  
The ladder that never so shook before ;  
I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,  
Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble,  
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor ;  
Shake not, thou leaf ; it is I must tremble,  
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me,  
I trailed a rose-bush our grey bawn o'er ;  
The creed and the letters our old bard taught me ;  
My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat, that with raised feet huggest  
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivy froze ;  
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tuggest !—  
I never would move from my mother's door.



Oh, weep no longer, my nurse and mother ;  
My foster-sister, weep not so sore ;  
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—  
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,  
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore,  
My heifer Alb in the green vale lowing,  
My cygnet's nest upon Loma's shore.

He has killed ten Chiefs, this Chief that plights me  
His hand is like that of the giant Balòr ;  
But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,  
And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry ;  
They should sing old songs ; they should dance at my  
door  
They should grind at the quern, no need to marry !  
Oh, when shall this marriage day be o'er ?

Had I buried, like Moirín, three mates already,  
I might say, Three husbands, then why not four ?  
But my hand is cold, and my foot unsteady,  
Because I never was married before !

---

FROM "MARY TUDOR"

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE

ACT V. *Scene 5*

*The QUEEN'S Cabinet in the Tower*

QUEEN MARY *alone*

MARY. I have no thirst for blood ; nor yet would  
shrink  
From shortening earthly life ; for what is life  
That we should court its stay ? a pearl of price  
In festal days—but mockery to mourners.

What's life to thee—thy loved one dead—poor Jane?  
 What's life to me, by him I loved betrayed?  
 I take from thee what is no loss to thee;  
 And much infects the realm. Gladly would I  
 My life on such conditions sacrifice.  
 The time for thy short widowhood is come:  
 But ye shall reunite above. For me  
 The heart's blank widowhood must be for ever.  
 Jane! on thy block the throned Queen envies thee!  
 I am not well: my brain is hot: around me  
 Are flitting shapes unearthly. Sleep forgets me:  
 And waking visions mock me, worse than dreams.  
 Who knocks?

*Enter GARDINER and FAKENHAM*

What would you, Sirs? we would be private.  
 Speak, quickly, quickly—I am chafed and stung  
 With troublous thought!

GARDINER (*aside*). 'Tis as I feared. Her eye  
 Is restless; and the red spot on her cheek  
 Looks angry. (*Aloud*) Captain Brett is ta'en my liege,  
 And Wyatt.

MARY. Whom impeach they? are they questioned?  
 Do they confess?

GARDINER. Not yet: they had not time.

MARY. See they confess: else, stretch them on the  
 rack!

This heart is racked—my guiltless heart—why not  
 The limbs that trample down all covenants  
 Of God and man? Ay—torture, till confession!  
 I who see visions—hark you!—know what you  
 Who wake are blind to. Treason lurks beneath  
 The blindest smile; the most obsequious bow.  
 Trust none! the comeliest and fair-spoken least.  
 Doubt most who most profess! O have a care  
 Of youths and maids that in their girdles hide  
 Dagger and poison!—what a man was Dudley!  
 To tremble at the axe! why, I should laugh—  
 I—a weak woman! but there's cause for that—  
 Hush! you shall hear anon. Then Exeter?  
 But, we'll not talk of him—poor fool!—I want  
 To see Jane Grey—after her widowhood.

FAKENHAM (*aside*). After!—she then shall live.

GARDINER (*aside*). Observe, she raves.

MARY. We'll sit together in some forest nook,  
Or sunless cavern by the moaning sea,  
And talk of sorrow and vicissitudes  
Of hapless love; and luckless constancy;  
And hearts that death or treachery divides!  
What's the hour? be quick—be quick—I've much to do.

GARDINER. Just noon.

MARY. There will be death soon on the air,  
With outspread pinions making an eclipse.  
Ha! ha! brave work we Queens do! Destiny  
Is in our hands: yea, in these very veins  
The spirit of the fatal Sisterhood  
Riots! the snakes of the Eumenides  
Brandish their horrent tresses round my head!

FAKENHAM (*aside*). This must be met. It hath been  
said that music,  
Some simple strain breathed forth by human voices,  
Can counterwork the venom of sick minds.  
If the choked fountain of her tears be cleansed,  
All shall end well.

GARDINER. Throw wide the gallery doors.  
That open on the chapel. It is the hour  
For service—hark, the prelude hath begun.  
And now the Choir.

[*Fakenham throws open the folding doors of a Gallery, through which issue solemn strains of Music. As the Music proceeds the QUEEN'S stupor relaxes, and her sensibility gradually revives. The Music ceases.*]

MARY. Airs fresh from heaven breathe round me!  
Sing on, bright angels! tears relieve my heart—  
My brain is calmed. Sing on and let me weep!

[*A pause.*]

Would they were saved! Alas poor widowed one!  
Can it not still be done? no, no—too late!

[*A death bell begins to toll.*]

It is the hour: there is no time for thought—  
She will be widowed while I speak—

[*She speaks hurriedly and with much agitation.*]

See—See—

The dark procession issues from the gate—  
And now they tread the courts—now Guilford mounts

The scaffold—now the headsman kneels for pardon—  
 Now bares the comely throat—and now clasped hands  
 Rise from the block—while holy lips pronounce  
 Slow absolution—now he stoops his head—  
 And now—and now—

[*After a short pause the signal gun is heard.*

He is no more!—Great God!

Have mercy upon both!

GARDINER.

Her thoughts are changed:

Her brain relieved.

FAKENHAM.

Now plead for Jane.

GARDINER.

Too late!

Hear yonder bell.

MARY.

What's that? again the death bell!

Hark you! I would have speech with Jane. Fly, Fakenham!

My foot is weak and slow—Gardiner, attend me.

Fly, Fakenham, fly!

FAKENHAM.

Too late! too late! too late!

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT V. Scene 6

*The inner court of the Tower. A scaffold at the rear of the scene.*

[*Enter JANE GREY leaning on the DUCHESS OF  
 SUFFOLK, followed by BEDINGFIELD, etc.*

JANE. My Mother! we part here.

DUCHESS.

Tear her not from me!

Was it for this, O martyred saint, I bore thee?

Is my long travail's fruit thy bloody death?

JANE. Here must we part. She faints—so best for both!

Gently remove her. Bless thee! bless thee, Mother!

And give thee length of years, to me denied—

Now lead me forward: I am ready.

BEDINGFIELD.

Madam,

We fain would linger on the way. Our eyes,

Blind though they be with tears, strain round to catch

Some signal of relieve.

JANE.

O seek it not!

It cannot be. My life may not consist

With the realm's safety. Innocent am I

In purpose: but the object of great crimes.

Good blood must still flow on till Jane's be shed.

BEDINGFIELD. At least we may delay till the Dean comes

To whisper spiritual comfort?

JANE.

Infinite

Is the Almighty's goodness. In that, only,  
Place I my trust. My time, Sir, is too short  
For controversy: and that good man's duty  
Compels him to debate my creed. I thank him—  
Pray you, Sir, say I thank him, from my heart—  
For all his charities. In privacy  
My prayers—not unacceptable, I trust,  
To God my Saviour—have been offered up:  
So must they to the end.

BEDINGFIELD.

At least permit me

To seek the Queen—

JANE.

Sir Henry, by no means:

Her Grace is cumbered with affairs of state;  
And must no more be troubled for my sake.  
Think you I wish to live? Look on these weeds;  
This widow-garment! Life, to one like me,  
Is a drained vessel. As for death, being wholly  
Intent on the life to come, I disregard it.

*[A bier, covered by a pall, is brought down from the scaffold and carried across the stage.]*

Ah! my poor heart!—stop, Sir! one moment stop!

*[She approaches the bier, lifts a hand from beneath the pall, wipes it with her handkerchief, kisses it; then rising, places the handkerchief in her bosom.]*

Lie there, dear blood! over my heart, 'till death!  
Sir, pardon me this weakness. I am ready.  
Yet, hold! some words are due, before I die  
To the Queen's Grace, to Justice, and to England:  
My sentence hath been just! not for aspiring  
Unto the crown, but that, with guilty weakness,  
When proffered I refused it not. From me  
Let future times be warned that good intent  
Excuseth not misdeeds: all instruments  
Of evil must partake its punishment.

Sir Henry, take my hand. Lead on—to heaven!

*[As she turns towards the scaffold, she starts, smiles, gradually looks upwards, raising her arms.]*

I come, dear Love!—Jesus, receive our souls!

*[As they ascend the scaffold the scene closes.]*

## KITTY NEIL

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER

AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel,  
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.  
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree ;  
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.  
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon  
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley ;  
While all the air rings with the soft loving things  
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,  
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;  
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—  
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.  
And now on the green the glad couples are seen,  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;  
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil—  
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,  
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion ;  
With a cheer and a bound the boys patter the ground,  
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean,  
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,  
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing ;  
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,  
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,  
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly,  
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly ?  
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love ;  
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,  
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

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## O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER

BY EDWARD WALSH

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted,  
And the bagpiper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,  
I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,  
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry,  
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortleberry,  
Or ceanabhan <sup>1</sup> wave by the wells of Blackwater?  
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain,  
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain,  
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?  
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you marked in its flight the black wing of the raven,  
The rosebuds that breathe in the summer breeze waven,  
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?  
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimmed or the dancers departed,  
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted:  
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I  
taught her  
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.

God grant, 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn <sup>2</sup> that woos me,  
God grant, 'tis not Cliodhna <sup>3</sup> the queen that pursues me,  
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,  
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter!

If spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,  
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's <sup>4</sup> wide border;  
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought  
her,  
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

<sup>1</sup> Bog cotton. Pronounced cannavaun.

<sup>2</sup> A fairy-hill in co. Limerick.

<sup>3</sup> Or Cleena, the fairy queen of South Munster.

<sup>4</sup> A district in co. Cork.

## A RAMLET O' PUCE

(A DUOLOGUE)

BY A. M'CLURE WARNOCK

SCENE: *A roadside in Donegal.*

## CHARACTERS

(MRS) KATIE DIVIN, *an old countrywoman.*(MRS) MATTY M'GRANAHAN, *a younger woman, farmer's wife.*KATIE DIVIN, *bareheaded, is seated alone on a stone ditch, knitting.*

KATIE (*soliloquising*). Feth now it's quare an' gran' at the rare o' your days to be sittin' in the sun forninst your own door, listenin' to your own ould goose cacklin', an' your own ould pig gruntin', and to feel the sun shinin' on you, as if it was all your own forbye, an' to be watchin' the corn gettin' yallower and yallower, an' to know for sartin that your ould man's aff to the Fair o' Carn, an' cannae be back till nightfall! I declare if thonder's naw Matty M'Granahan comin' down the mountainy road. I would know the proud step of her a mile aff. I'll warnt she's been in to Johnny Gallagher's to buy a dress for Mary Pat's weddin.' (*Short pause, then suddenly*). Wouldn't it be the tarrible misfortune if she's tuk the self same ramlet o' puce Annie Cassie's been hankerin' after this while past (*stops knitting*). An' it the wan bit o' dacent stuff in Johnny's shop! An' Annie Cassie jist waitin' till get the hapence out o' Mickey till buy it! Annie Cassie'll be fair wild if Matty's taken the fore-road of her. There was niver a good agreement betwixt them two since they were wee cutties. But it's myself wouldn't like to see Annie Cassie put throughother. She's my own sister's child that I reared from she was a wean, an' Matty M'Granahan's no way sib<sup>1</sup> till us, an' has got quare an' concaity since Jamie was made a Poor Law Guardian. Well here comes herself. I'll jist keep as quite as a settin' hen. Matty's as close as a wilk<sup>2</sup> if ye ax her questions,

<sup>1</sup> Related.<sup>2</sup> Whelk.



but she'll give ye the quare dale o' news if ye niver let on yourself.

[Enter MATTY M'GRANAHAN wearing bonnet trimmed with somewhat gaudy flowers, black cape, and carrying market basket or string bag.

MATTY. Good morra till ye, Katie. Is it jist takin' stock o' the fine evenin' ye are? My! but it's warrum! (*deposits basket on wall and sits down for a gossip*). Dear help them has to live in the town these days!

KATIE. Ay, the crathurs! dear help them! I had a letter from my nevvie-by-marriage that's in London this ten year an' more, an' he says it's the warrumest summer he's iver knowed.

MATTY. London's the quare big place. I had a cousin wanst was hired there. What part might your nevvie be livin' in?

KATIE. I cannae rightly mind the address, but I know it's somewhere aff the main street.

MATTY (*with a scornful laugh*). Main street! Katie Divin, do ye naw know there's as many as six or seven main streets in London? Sure it's all main streets there! A body would think you were talkin' about the likes o' Dunkineely; a wheen houses stragglin' along the road!

KATIE (*bridling*). How-an-iver it isnae iverywan can say they've a nevvie-by-marriage in London! But ye've been in till the town I'll warn't—by the boots on ye. Woman, dear, did ye travel over the mountains in them things? (*pointing to MATTY'S boots*). What for did ye naw take them aff ye at Lookin' Glass Brae?

MATTY (*disdainfully*). Sure it's only them wans from the back o' the mountain takes aff their boots at Lookin' Glass Brae. I wouldn't be seen doin' it, so I wouldn't.

KATIE. Feth ye might be seen doin' worse: when I was your age divil a fut would I travel in the boots. But it's changed days with us all in Ballycarragh, with wur slate roofs till wur byres, an' wur bonnets till wur heads! Sure the cows giv' jist as good milk under the stra', an' as for bonnets (*glancing significantly at MATTY'S erection*) it's my belief the more ye've on your head, the less ye've in it.

MATTY (*looking a little taken aback*). Well, the fashion's the fashion. An' it's your own sister's daughter Annie Cassie M'Phelimy's jist as set on the fashion as any wan, so it is, for all she's married on Long Mickey M'Phelimy, an' has a cartload o' childher.

KATIE. Poor Annie Cassie the crathur! it's naw much pleasure in life she has; an' if she *does* get an odd dress now an' again, sure any wan that would be marriet on Long Mickey would need a bit o' divarsion.

MATTY. Now and again! Katie Divin, I'm wonderin' at ye, so I am. Does Annie Cassie M'Phelimy iver plant feet in the town that she's naw sittin' in Johnny Gallagher's shop the len'th of a day? Sure she knows far better nor Johnny himself ivery bit o' stuff on them shelves o' his.

KATIE (*significantly*). Maybe there might be wans forbye Annie Cassie wouldn't be above gleekin' round the jamb o' Johnny Gallagher's door, Matty M'Granahan.

MATTY (*angrily*). Only out of needcessity, if it's meself ye might be refrerrin' till, Mrs Divin. But it's time I was steppin' (*rising and taking up basket with an air of dudgeon*). There's some folks' tongues is longer nor their tempers, so there is (*makes to go off*).

KATIE (*in casual tone*). This is the gran' news about Mary Pat's weddin'.

MATTY (*pausing, but not looking round*). Ay, it is that.

KATIE. It's ould Paddy Doherty 'll be quare an' proud gettin' his daughter married on "rich Thomas."

MATTY (*turning slightly and evidently anxious to resume gossip*). Ay will he.

KATIE. An' they tell me it's goin' to be the quare gran' weddin'.

MATTY. Ay now? (*edging back towards KATIE*). Well, Paddy Doherty has a *brave roughness*<sup>1</sup> on him.

KATIE. Ay, there was niver no stint wi' Paddy. They tell me Mary Pat's gettin' the quare dandy dress.

MATTY (*eagerly*). Did ye hear the kin' o' the dress? I'll warnt it'll be wan o' the new-fashioned kind that trips ye when ye travel? (*approaching still nearer*).

KATIE. I'll warnt. (*After a pause, glancing significantly at MATTY*). There'll be more nor Mary Pat gettin' new duds for the weddin'. Johnny Gallagher 'll be settin' out all his fancy stuffs, so he will.

<sup>1</sup> Plenty of this world's goods.

MATTY. Feen a bit o' decent cloth's in the shop forbye the bit of a ramlet I brought wi' me.

KATIE (*looking up sharply*). A ramlet? then ye've been in wi' Johnny?

MATTY (*depositing basket on ground and settling down once more for a thorough gossip*). To tell ye the truth, I was jist on my kailye makin' straight for 'Liza Ann M'Fadden's to ax after her leg that was broke when Johnny outs to the door after me. "Ye'll be for the weddin'," says he. "I'm axed," says I. "An' is it passin' my dacent shop ye are?" says he. "Sure ye cannae go till a weddin' in them ould duds. It's disgracin' yourself an' Jamie M'Granahan ye'll be," says he, "an him newly made a Poor Law Guardian. Hould on now till I show ye the purtiest bit o' cloth in the country, a ramlet o' puce, jist the right len'th for a wumman o' your dimansions. Sure I've been thinkin' o' nothin' an nobody but yourself since I cut it."

KATIE (*laying down knitting and glancing at MATTY sharply*). Puce did ye say? an' a ramlet?

MATTY. Ay, puce. Well, thinks I to myself, I'll get quet o' ye aisier, my boy, if I jist go in an' pass myself. I'm under no needcessity to take your stuff if it's naw to my plazement. So in I steps, an' wi that he leps over the counter—that ye couldnae see his heels for the dust he was kickin' up—an' out he brings a real genteel piece o' puce, jist the thing for a weddin'. "An' what would ye be axin' for the ramlet?" says I. "Twelve shillin', it's double width," says he. "Seein' as I'm not wantin' it at all," says I, "an' only takin' it till oblige ye, I'll go the len'th o' ten." "We'll split the differ," says he; an' before I knowed where I was, he rowls it up, an' it's in my han'. I tell ye, I niver was as taken aback in my life.

KATIE (*musingly*). Puce, an' a ramlet!

MATTY (*rummaging in basket*). It's yourself should know a decent bit o' cloth, Katie Divin. An' here it is (*holding up remnant of purple cloth for KATIE'S inspection*).

KATIE (*peering at it, and then gazing in sorrowful amazement at MATTY*). An' that's what ye bought for a weddin'? Martha M'Granahan, I'm surprised at ye. Woman, dear, I thought ye had more wit.

MATTY (*taken aback*). What's wrong wi't? a nice cliver bit o' cloth as iver ye seen!

KATIE (*mournfully*). Matty M'Granahan, will ye tell me whose corp ye're goin' till wake?

MATTY. Wake? it's naw till a wake I'm goin'. Sure I towld ye it was till Mary Pat's weddin'.

KATIE. Sure ivery wan knows puce is no colour for a weddin'. It's a kin' o' mournin', so it is. When my brother's wife's half-sister died, Sarah Jane went intil puce.

MATTY. My oh! I niver heerd tell o' the like. Half-mournin' is it?

KATIE. An' what's more—it would be the onluckiest thing at all till go to a weddin' in half-mournin'.

MATTY (*obviously depressed*). Well, lucky or no, I'm feared I'll have to stick till't. (*Suddenly brightening*) I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll rowl it up an' put it past in the spare-room chest o' drawers, an' it'll come in handy in the summer for a Sunday shoot for Jamie.

KATIE. Matty M'Granahan, ye're talkin' quare an' ignorant! An' Jamie now a Poor Law Guardian! What way would he go to the Boord wearin' a shoot o' puce? Sure they would take their end laughin' at him!

MATTY. I wisht in my heart I'd niver laid eyes on't. You've put me quare an' out o' conceit wi' it.

KATIE (*resignedly*). Well, well, if it be to be, it be to be. But I'm feared there'll some ill-luck happen to Mary Pat. Like enough she'll die within the year, or "rich Thomas" 'll loss all his money, an' they'll both end their days in the workhouse. But don't say I didn't warn ye.

MATTY (*rising*). Och them's ould-fashioned notions o' yours, Katie, about ill-luck. Ill-luck comes to them that does ill, an' good-luck comes to them that does well. But I must be gettin' on.

KATIE (*knitting industriously*). I always heerd tell that puce makes a body look quare an' yallow in the skin. They say them that wears it looks twicet their age.

MATTY (*halting on her step*). I niver heerd that afore. (*Moves on a step or two, then stops again.*) I'd be lazy to look yallow, for I had aye a brave clear colour o' my own. Many's the time Jamie used to say I could sport the rid an' white wi' the purtiest girl in the country.

KATIE (*drily*). I'll warnt that was when he was coortin'. The men's quare an' ould-fashioned them times.

MATTY. Still an' for all I wouldnae like Jamie to think I was lookin' yallow, naw for the value of all the puce dresses in Johnny Gallagher's shop. I declare to ye, Katie Divin, but ye've put me clane out o' conceit wi' the thing. I'll jist pack it back to Johnny, so I will, an I'll get eleven shillin' worth o' stuff for curtains for the room. Now that Jamie's in a manner o' speakin' a public man we be to have things a bit tastier like. The neighbours expecks it aff us.

KATIE. To be sure they do. Them that's in the sarvice o' their country cannae affoord till live like or'nar folk.

MATTY. I'm goin' down to Derry wi' Jamie on Wednesday, to hire a cutty at the rabble; an' I'll jist have a look round for a nice respectable bit o' dark blue cashmire. An' I'm thinkin' I'll lave the bit o' puce wi' you, Katie (*taking parcel from basket*). Willie John's Davy's goin' intil the town the morra, an' I'll tell him to call in for't. Naw, naw, I wouldn't for the world Jamie would think I was gettin' ould an' yallow. Jamie's been the quare good man till me. Here it is; ye'll keep it safe, Katie.

KATIE. Surely I will—right enough.

MATTY. I've clean taken the scunner at it, an' that's the truth. Well, good-bye till ye, Katie. (*Exit.*)

KATIE—(*soliloquising while she smooths down the bit of cloth*). Well, well, the crathur! but it was aisy decaivin' her! Maybe I done well, an' maybe I done ill, but anyway I done Annie Cassie a good turn. She'd ha' been fair leppin' if Matty M'Granahan had taken the fore-road of her. An' sure it'll be doin' Matty herself a good turn till take the bit o' puce off her hands, an' her scunnered at it! An' it's doin' Johnny Gallagher a good turn, for he'll get rid o' the puce an' the curtains forbye. Sure it's doin' good turns all round I am! Yallow! och, the crathur! the crathur! (*rocks to and fro, laughing*). My! but the weemen has the quare dale o' vanity! An' it all for the sake o' the men. An' sure the men's that blinded after they're marriet the divil a bit they know *what* ye're like! If Matty M'Granahan had a haporth o' wit, she'd know right well that Jamie'll naw see a bit o' differ on her if the both o' them lives to be a hundher. Well, well, I must go in an square myself up, for that ould man o' mine when he comes back from the Fair. (*Begins to*

*tivate a little.*) Yallow! och the crathur! but she was aisy decaived! (*Hobbles off, laughing, with parcel.*)

## CURTAIN

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## THE HORNED WOMEN

BY LADY WILDE

A RICH woman sat up late one night carding and preparing wool, while all the family and servants were asleep. Suddenly a knock was given at the door, and a voice called, "Open! Open!"

"Who is there?" said the woman of the house.

"I am the witch of the one horn," was answered.

The mistress, supposing that one of her neighbours had called and required assistance, opened the door, and a woman entered, having in her hand a pair of wool carders, and bearing a horn on her forehead, as if growing there. She sat down by the fire in silence, and began to card the wool with violent haste. Suddenly she paused and said aloud: "Where are the women? they delay too long."

Then a second knock came to the door, and a voice called as before, "Open! Open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and open to the call, and immediately a second witch entered, having two horns on her forehead, and in her hand a wheel for spinning wool.

"Give me place," she said, "I am the witch of the two horns," and she began to spin as quick as lightning. And so the knocks went on, and the call was heard, and the witches entered, until at last twelve women sat round the fire—the first with one horn, the last with twelve horns.

And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning-wheels, and wound and wove.

All were singing together an ancient rhyme, but no word did they speak to the mistress of the house. Strange to hear, and frightful to look upon, were these twelve women with their horns and their wheels; and the mistress felt near to death, and she tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could not move, nor could she utter a word or a cry, for the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish, and said, "Rise, woman, and make us a cake." Then the mistress searched for a vessel to bring water from the well that she might mix the meal and make the cake, but she could find none.

And they said to her, "Take a sieve, and bring water in it." And she took the sieve, and went to the well; but the water poured from it, and she could fetch none for the cake, and she sat down by the well and wept.

Then a voice came by her, and said, "Take yellow clay and moss and bind them together, and plaster the sieve so that it will hold."

This she did, and the sieve held the water for the cake; and the voice said again: "Return, and when thou comest to the north angle of the house cry aloud three times, and say, 'The mountain of the Fenian women and the sky over it is all on fire.'" And she did so.

When the witches inside heard the call, a great and terrible cry broke from their lips, and they rushed forth with wild lamentations and shrieks, and fled away to Slievenamon, where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well bade the mistress of the house to enter and prepare her home against the enchantments of the witches if they returned again.

And first, to break their spells, she sprinkled the water in which she had washed her child's feet (the feet-water) outside the door on the threshold; secondly, she took the cake which the witches had made in her absence, of meal mixed with the blood drawn from the sleeping family, and she broke the cake in bits and placed a bit in the mouth of each sleeper, and they were restored; and she took the cloth they had woven, and placed it half in and half out of the chest with

the padlock; and, lastly, she secured the door with a great crossbeam fastened in the jambs, so that they could not enter. And having done these things she waited.

Not long were the witches in coming, and they raged and called for vengeance.

"Open! Open!" they screamed, "open feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water, "I am scattered on the ground, and my path is down to the Lough."

"Open, open, wood and trees and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "for the beam is fixed in the jambs, and I have no power to move."

"Open, open, cake that we have made, and mingled with blood!" they cried again.

"I cannot," said the cake, "for I am broken and bruised, and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled back to Slievenamon, uttering strange curses on the Spirit of the Well, who had wished their ruin; but the woman and the house were left in peace, and a mantle dropped by one of the witches was kept hung up by the mistress as a sign of the night's awful contest; and this mantle was in possession of the same family from generation to generation for five hundred years after.

[From "*The Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms and Superstitions of Ireland.*" By kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs Chatto & Windus.]

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## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

BY CHARLES WOLFE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.



We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory !

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## A SONG TO MARY

BY CHARLES WOLFE

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be ;  
It never through my mind had past  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook  
That I must look in vain.  
But, when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been !  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own ;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou has forgotten me ;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
In thinking, too, of thee.  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light, ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

## A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

BY FRANCES WYNNE

AWAY from the town, in the safe retreat  
Of a rare old garden, sunny and sweet,  
Four little happy children played  
In and out of the light and shade,  
Through a long summer's blissful prime,  
Once on a time.  
Between the garden borders neat  
The gravel-walks stretched warm and wide.  
The diligent brown-coated bees  
Were ever astir  
Among the roses and lavender  
And the great dark pansies, yellow-eyed,  
And the faint sweet-peas.  
But the children on their tireless feet  
Flitted about in the pleasant heat  
Like the butterflies,  
Nor ever cared to stray outside  
Their Paradise.  
Round the old garden was a wall;  
Snapdragons crowded along the ledge,  
Crimson and tall,  
And in every niche and crevice small  
Tiny mosses uncurled.  
And though the children would often try,  
And even stand on tip-toe to look,  
They could hardly see over the top at all.  
But there was one corner not quite so high,  
And above it, against the farthest edge  
Of the beautiful sky—  
(The part that was golden and green and red  
In the evenings, when they were going to bed)—  
A row of poplars shook and shook;  
And the children said  
The poplars must be the end of the world.

On one of those happy summer days—  
When the garden borders were all ablaze,  
And the children for once felt too hot to play,  
Though all their lessons were done,  
But lay  
On the grass and watched a delicate haze  
Quiver across the brooding blue  
Up to the sun—  
Something happened strange and new.  
For a beggar pushed open the garden door  
And stood in the flooding sunshine bright  
Full on the wondering children's sight,  
A pale-faced woman young and footsore,  
With a baby boy on her arm.  
Her ragged dress was all powdered grey  
With the dust of the road.  
She fixed a long bewildered gaze  
On the quaint old garden gay,  
Then with a sudden smile and a nod,  
She pointed in rapt delight  
To the place where, cool and shimmering white,  
The lilies shone—  
Touched the baby and said, "Ah! plaze,  
If it wouldn't do them flowers no harm,  
Children will yiz give him *wan*,  
For the love o' God?"  
The children stared, an awe-struck band,  
At the stranger pair.  
Then the youngest ran, and with one bold twist  
Of his firm little wrist  
He wrenched a thick lily stem in two,  
And put it, with all its blossoms fair,  
In the beggar baby's hand.

"Ah! acushla," the woman said, "there's few  
In this hard world like *you*.  
I've a long, long way to thravel yet,  
Beyond them high threes over there,  
But I'll not forget  
To pray for you and yours everywhere,  
Never fear.  
Good evenin', God love ye, dear."

"She's gone," said Cissy; "how queer she spoke!"  
Whispered Dickie, "Oh, Tom, you've broke  
The best lily: whatever *shall* you do  
When gardener sees the empty space  
There where it grew,  
And father has to be told?"  
"It was for the love of God, you see,  
I did it," said Tom; "so maybe He  
Won't let them scold."  
"We know now," said Will,  
"There's world the other side of that hill."

[From "*Whisper*." By kind permission of the Publisher, Mr  
Elkin Mathews.]

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## THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

BY W. B. YEATS

THE old priest Peter Gilligan  
Was weary night and day;  
For half his flock were in their beds,  
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,  
At the moth-hour of eve,  
Another poor man sent for him,  
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,  
For people die and die;"  
And after cried he, "God forgive!  
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair  
He prayed and fell asleep ;  
And the moth-hour went from the fields,  
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,  
And leaves shook in the wind ;  
And God covered the world with shade,  
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp  
When the moths came once more,  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
Stood upright on the floor.

" *Mavrone, mavrone !*<sup>1</sup> the man has died,  
While I slept on the chair ;"  
He roused his horse out of its sleep,  
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,  
By rocky lane and fen ;  
The sick man's wife opened the door :  
" Father ! you come again !"

" And is the poor man dead ?" he cried.  
" He died an hour ago,"  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
In grief swayed to and fro.

" When you were gone, he turned and died  
As merry as a bird."  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
He knelt him at that word.

" He who hath made the night of stars  
For souls, who tire and bleed,  
Sent one of His great angels down  
To help me in my need.

<sup>1</sup> My grief !

“He who is wrapped in purple robes,  
With planets in His care,  
Had pity on the least of things  
Asleep upon a chair.”

[From “*Poems*” by W. B. Yeats. By kind permission of the Author  
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## EPHEMERA

BY W. B. YEATS

“YOUR eyes that once were never weary of mine  
Are bowed in sorrow under pendulous lids,  
Because our love is waning.”

And then she :

“Although our love is waning, let us stand  
By the lone border of the lake once more,  
Together in that hour of gentleness  
When the poor tired child, Passion, falls asleep :  
How far away the stars seem, and how far  
Is our first kiss, and ah, how old my heart !”

Pensive they paced along the faded leaves,  
While slowly he whose hand held hers replied :  
“Passion has often worn our wandering hearts.”

The woods were round them, and the yellow leaves  
Fell like faint meteors in the gloom, and once  
A rabbit old and lame limped down the path ;  
Autumn was over him : and now they stood  
On the lone border of the lake once more :  
Turning, he saw that she had thrust dead leaves  
Gathered in silence, dewy as her eyes,  
In bosom and hair.

"Ah, do not mourn," he said,  
 "That we are tired, for other loves await us :  
 Hate on and love through unrepining hours ;  
 Before us lies eternity ; our souls  
 Are love, and a continual farewell."

[From "Poems" by W. B. Yeats. By kind permission of the Author  
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## THE MADNESS OF KING GOLL

BY W. B. YEATS

I SAT on cushioned otter skin :  
 My word was law from Ith to Emen,  
 And shook at Invar Amargin  
 The hearts of the world-troubling seamen,  
 And drove tumult and war away  
 From girl and boy and man and beast ;  
 The fields grew fatter day by day,  
 The wild fowl of the air increased ;  
 And every ancient Ollave<sup>1</sup> said,  
 While he bent down his fading head,  
 "He drives away the Northern cold."  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
 me, the beech leaves old.*

I sat and mused and drank sweet wine ;  
 A herdsman came from inland valleys,  
 Crying, the pirates drove his swine  
 To fill their dark-beaked hollow galleys.  
 I called my battle-breaking men,  
 And my loud brazen battle-cars  
 From rolling vale and riverly glen ;  
 And under the blinking of the stars  
 Fell on the pirates by the deep,  
 And hurled them in the gulph of sleep :  
 These hands won many a torque of gold.  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
 me, the beech leaves old.*

<sup>1</sup> A person holding the highest degree of any profession or art.



But slowly, as I shouting slew  
And trampled in the bubbling mire,  
In my most secret spirit grew  
A whirling and a wandering fire :  
I stood : keen stars above me shone,  
Around me shone keen eyes of men :  
I laughed aloud and hurried on  
By rocky shore and rushy fen ;  
I laughed because birds fluttered by,  
And starlight gleamed, and clouds flew high,  
And rushes waved and waters rolled.  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
me, the beech leaves old.*

And now I wander in the woods  
When summer gluts the golden bees,  
Or in autumnal solitudes  
Arise the leopard-coloured trees ;  
Or when along the wintry strands  
The cormorants shiver on their rocks ;  
I wander on, and wave my hands,  
And sing, and shake my heavy locks.  
The grey wolf knows me ; by one ear  
I lead along the woodland deer ;  
The hares run by me growing bold.  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
me, the beech leaves old.*

I came upon a little town,  
That slumbered in the harvest moon,  
And passed a-tiptoe up and down,  
Murmuring, to a fitful tune,  
How I have followed, night and day,  
A tramping of tremendous feet,  
And saw where this old tympan<sup>1</sup> lay,  
Deserted on a doorway seat,  
And bore it to the woods with me ;  
Of some unhuman misery  
Our married voices wildly trolled.  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
me, the beech leaves old.*

<sup>1</sup> A stringed musical instrument.

I sang how, when day's toil is done,  
 Orchil shakes out her long dark hair  
 That hides away the dying sun  
 And sheds faint odours through the air :  
 When my hand passed from wire to wire  
 It quenched, with sound like falling dew,  
 The whirling and the wandering fire ;  
 But lift a mournful ulalu,<sup>1</sup>  
 For the kind wires are torn and still,  
 And I must wander wood and hill  
 Through summer's heat and winter's cold.  
*They will not hush, the leaves a-flutter round  
 me, the beech leaves old.*

[From "Poems" by W. B. Yeats. By kind permission of the Author  
 and of the Publisher, Mr T. Fisher Unwin.]

## THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

BY W. B. YEATS

WHO dreamed that beauty passes like a dream ?  
 For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,  
 Mournful that no new wonder may betide,  
 Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,  
 And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by :  
 Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,  
 Like the pale waters in their wintry race,  
 Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,  
 Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode :  
 Before you were, or any hearts to beat,  
 Weary and kind, one lingered by His seat ;  
 He made the world to be a grassy road  
 Before her wandering feet.

[From "Poems" by W. B. Yeats. By kind permission of the Author  
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<sup>1</sup> Lament,

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS

"A. E.," is the pseudonym of Mr George Russell. He was born in Co. Armagh in 1867. He studied painting while employed in a business firm in the city of Dublin, where he still resides. His art is of an extremely versatile character, for his pictures have gained him considerable fame, while his fine poems have placed him among the first of modern Irish poets. He has also written on economic subjects that deal with Ireland. He is a leading official of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society.

ALEXANDER, CECILIA FRANCES, was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, and was born in Dublin in 1830. She married Dr William Alexander, who afterwards became Primate of Ireland. Mrs Alexander is chiefly known as a writer of hymns, but her poems well repay study. She died in 1895.

"ALLEN, F. M.," is the pseudonym of Mr Edmund Downey, who was born at Waterford in 1856. He is the author of several sea stories and novels of Irish life, notably "Through Green Glasses."

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM, was born in Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, in 1824. He settled in England, and wrote a large number of delightful poems, many of which appeared in the *Athenæum*. Was for a time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. He died in 1889.

ARMSTRONG, GEORGE SAVAGE, was born in Co. Dublin in 1845. Besides poems he wrote some tragedies and produced other works, including his brother's (E. J. Armstrong) "Life and Letters." He was a Professor of the Royal University of Ireland. He died in 1906.

"BARD OF THOMOND," was the pseudonym under which Michael Hogan wrote his poems and satires. He was an extremely eccentric character, and during his varied career acted as wheelwright, night watchman, etc., although keeping up his authorship all the time. He was born in 1832 at St Munchin's, Limerick, and died in 1899.

BLACKER, COLONEL WILLIAM, was born in Co. Armagh in 1777. He was the author of many Orange ballads. His death took place in 1855.

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BOUCICAULT, DION. The author of the *Shaughraun* and *Colleen Bawn* was born in Dublin in 1822. He had a distinguished career as a dramatic writer, his Irish dramas still enjoying a wide popularity, and being considered the finest of their kind. He died in the U.S.A. in 1890.

BOYLE, WILLIAM, was born in Co. Louth, 1853, and entered the Inland Revenue branch of the Civil Service in 1874. He has written a great deal of racy Irish verse that has appeared in a number of journals. His plays, notably the *Eloquent Dempsey* and *The Building Fund*, have attracted much attention, and have met with deserved success.

BRÖNTË, EMILY. The authoress of "Wuthering Heights" was the daughter of an Irish clergyman, and was born at Thornton in 1818. Her best known work appeared in 1847, the same year that saw her sister Charlotte's immortal work, "Jane Eyre," and also her sister Anne's novel, "Agnes Grey." She died of consumption in 1848.

BROOKE, REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS, was born near Letterkenny, Co. Donegal, in 1832. Is the author of many widely read poems, essays, and sermons. Has also written a play, *Riquet of the Tuft*, published anonymously in 1880.

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH, writes under the name of "Seosamh MacCathmaoil." He is also a draughtsman, and has illustrated some of his own works. He is a native of Belfast.

CARBERRY, ETHNA (Anna Isabel Johnston), born in 1866 in Ballymena. She wrote a number of very charming poems, and at one time published, in conjunction with Miss Alice Milligan, a small journal, *The Shan Van Vocht*, in Belfast. Her death occurred in 1902, only a few months after her marriage with Seumas MacManus.

CARLETON, WILLIAM, was born in Prillisk, Co. Tyrone, in 1794. He is generally regarded as one of the finest exponents of Irish character drawing, his best known work being "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." He died in 1869.

CASEY, JOHN KEEGAN, published his first poem in *The Nation* when only sixteen years old. He was the son of a peasant farmer, and was born in 1846 near Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. He was imprisoned in 1867 for taking part in the Fenian Rising. His short life terminated in 1870.

CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT. This well-known advocate, poet, and orator was born in Co. Cork in 1750, and died in London in 1817.

DARLEY, GEORGE, born in Dublin in 1795, and graduated at Trinity College in 1820. He settled in London, and became acquainted with many of the leading litterateurs and poets of the day. A considerable number of his poems appeared in the *Athenæum*. He died in 1846.

DAVIS, THOMAS, born in Co. Cork in 1814, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Although a barrister he did not practise. In conjunction with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and John Blake Dillon he founded *The Nation*. His poetry became extremely famous, and his early death caused great grief. Sir S. Ferguson wrote a fine appreciation of him in verse which is included in this volume.

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY. The author of *Mary Tudor*, was born in Co. Limerick in 1788, and was educated at Harrow. He died in 1846.

DE VERE, AUBREY, son of the preceding author, was born in Co. Limerick in 1814. He wrote a large number of exquisite poems. Died in 1902.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. The author of "The Great Boer War" and "Sherlock Holmes," is a nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch* fame, and was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He has very fine literary gifts, and any new work from his pen is always eagerly anticipated.

DOYLE, SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS, BART., was born in 1810, being the son of Major-General Sir Francis Doyle, an Irish officer. He succeeded Matthew Arnold as Professor of Poetry at Oxford University in 1867, a post which he held until 1877. He died in 1888. His best known book of poems is *The Return of the Guards*, published in 1866.

DUFFERIN, LADY, was the granddaughter of Sheridan, and was born in Dublin in 1807. Her poetic works have achieved a well deserved popularity. She married twice, first the Hon. Pryce Blackwood (afterwards Lord Dufferin), and afterwards, in 1867, the year of her death, the Earl of Gifford.

DUNNE, W. P. The author of the famous "Mr Dooley," was born in Chicago in 1867. After a common school education he became a newspaper reporter; later he joined the editorial staff of the *Chicago Evening Times*, and in 1897 became editor of the *Chicago Journal*. He married in 1902, and now resides in New York.

FAHY, FRANCIS ARTHUR, one of the most popular of contemporary Irish poets. Many of his poems have been set to music, and have attained a wide popularity. He was born in Kinvara, Co. Galway, in 1854, and in 1873 he came to London, where he still resides.

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL, is among the greatest of Irish poets; was born in 1810; graduated in Dublin and was called to the Bar. He enjoyed a most distinguished career, and passed away in 1886.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD. The author of that masterpiece of English literature *Omar Khayyam*, was born in Suffolk in 1809, his father and mother both being Irish. He graduated in 1830 at Cambridge. He died in 1883.

FORRESTER, ELLEN, *née* Magennis, was the daughter of a schoolmaster at Clones, Co. Monaghan, where she was born in 1828. She contributed poems to several English and Irish journals. She married a stone-mason. Died at Salford in 1883. Three of her five children were also poets.

FRENCH, WILLIAM PERCY, was born in Co. Roscommon in 1854, and took his B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1876. He for some time edited *The Jarvey*, a Dublin periodical, in which appeared much of his verse. He is extremely popular as an entertainer, and has had several exhibitions of his pictures in London and elsewhere.

FURLONG, ALICE, has contributed much beautiful verse to Irish literature, and has in addition written several serial stories for the leading Irish newspapers and periodicals.

GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR GERALD, born in Dublin in 1810. In 1830 he entered the Civil Service in which he remained till 1879. He contributed his poems mainly to Irish magazines. He was an enthusiastic Irish antiquarian, and his collection was exhibited in London, where he died in 1889.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, will ever be inseparably associated with the most famous dramatists and novelists of the eighteenth century. Was born in Pallas, Co. Longford, in 1728. Graduated at Dublin University, and after wandering about the continent for several years he eventually settled down to a literary life in London, where he died in 1774.

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL, the author of *Father O'Flynn* and *The Girl with the Cows*, is one of the most popular among Irish poets. He was born in Dublin in 1846, and at present resides in Wimbledon. He has laboured incessantly to make Irish poetry better known and understood in England, and that he has succeeded is shown by the popularity it enjoys to-day.

GREENE, GEORGE ARTHUR, was born in Florence in 1853. Has written a number of poems and critical essays.

GREGORY, PADRIC, born in Belfast in 1886, and was educated in Ireland and in the U.S.A. He is connected with the Ulster Literary Theatre, and has published several books of his original verse, notably *Ulster Folk* and *Old World Ballads*.

GRIFFIN, GERALD. This gifted author was born in Limerick in 1803. He wrote many beautiful poems as well as Irish stories. However, just as success was beginning to crown his literary career he withdrew himself from the world and all its ways, joining the "Order of the Christian Brothers." He died in 1840 in Cork.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM, was born in Oldcastle, Co. Meath, in 1829. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied medicine which, however, he subsequently abandoned in favour of journalism. He lived in London for some years, but

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eventually settled in the U.S.A., where he was connected with several of the leading newspapers. He fought all through the Civil War. His death occurred in 1868 through an overdose of chloral taken to induce sleep.

HOPPER, NORA, was born in 1871, and subsequently married Mr W. H. Chesson. Her writings gave every promise that she would ultimately occupy a very high position in Irish literature, and her early death three or four years ago was universally regretted.

HYDE, DOUGLAS. Lovers of Irish folk-lore and legends owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to Mr Hyde, who has done more than any other writer in this direction. Was born at Killmacranny in 1860. Is the author of many finely conceived original poems, both in English and Gaelic.

INGRAM, JOHN KELLS, was born in Co. Donegal in 1823. He was a distinguished English and Classical scholar and Political Economist. He is chiefly known to fame, however, as the author of the famous ballad, *Who Feels to Speak of '98*, which appeared anonymously in *The Nation* in 1843, under title of *The Memory of the Dead*. He wrote besides a limited number of poems and sonnets. A volume of his verses appeared in 1900. He died in 1907.

KEEGAN, JOHN, born in Queen's Co. in 1809. He is among the most popular of Irish peasant poets. He was brought up in an Irish cabin, and educated in an Irish hedge school. His life was not a happy one, largely in consequence of an unfortunate marriage. He died of cholera in 1849, and was buried as a pauper in Glasnevin.

KENNEDY, PATRICK, born in Co. Wexford in 1801, and spent his early manhood as a school teacher. Afterwards he moved to Dublin, and there kept a bookseller's shop in Anglesea Street. He was an enthusiastic folk-lorist, and for many years contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine*. His "Fireside Stories of Ireland" are among the most popular of his valuable works. He died in 1873.

LANE, DENNY, was born in Cork in 1825. He did not write a great number of poems, but some of those he has written have gained for him a wide reputation. He died in 1895.

LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE. This great historian and Parliamentarian was born in Dublin in 1838. Up to the year 1895 he devoted himself mainly to historical research, and his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is among the most important works of its kind. In 1895 he was elected as one of the Parliamentary representatives for Dublin University, a position which he resigned in 1902. His death occurred in 1903.

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LE FANU, JOSEPH SHERIDAN, the author of *Shamus O'Brien*, was born in Dublin in 1814. Although called to the Bar he devoted himself to literature and journalism. He lived and died a staunch Conservative. He passed away in 1873.

LETTIS, WINIFRED M. The authoress of the delightful *Songs from Leinster* possesses the true Irish literary spirit. A number of her poems have appeared in the *Spectator*, and she has also had a play, *Eyes of the Blind*, produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

LEVER, CHARLES. The author of "Charles O'Malley," was born in Dublin in 1806. He graduated in Dublin in 1827, and took his M.D. at Louvain a little later. He practised as a doctor both in Ireland and abroad. For three years he edited the *Dublin University Magazine*, but after his resignation he mainly occupied himself with fiction. He was vice-consul at Spezzia in 1858 and in 1867 at Trieste, where he died in 1872.

LOVER, SAMUEL, was born in Dublin in 1797. His art was of an extraordinary versatile nature, comprising music, painting, and literature. He wrote in addition to the many poems, which still enjoy a world-wide popularity, several plays and some immensely successful novels, notably "Handy Andy." He died in 1868.

LOWRY, JAMES MOODY, was born in Dublin in 1848, and graduated B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1871. He is a barrister, and an occasional contributor to the English and Irish press.

M'BURNEY, WILLIAM B. Mr O'Donoghue, in his "Poets of Ireland," says, "There has been much mystery about a poet of this name who wrote over the pen-name of 'Carroll Malone' in *The Nation* in its earlier days. In the copy of Hayes' 'Ballads of Ireland' in the Forster Library, South Kensington Museum, which is slightly annotated by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, his name is given as 'James M'Birnie.' Cushing's dictionary of pseudonyms calls him 'M'Burney.' It is said he was originally a doctor in Belfast. He went to America in 1845, and wrote poems in the *Boston Pilot* in that and subsequent years over the signature 'Carroll Malone.' He is believed to have died in 1892."

M'CALL, PATRICK JOSEPH, born in Dublin in 1861. His poems have appeared in many Irish newspapers. He is one of the most popular of Irish poets of to-day.

M'CARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY. The son of the author of "The History of our own Times," was born in 1860, and at the age of twenty-four entered the House of Commons as a Nationalist. However, he retired after a few years, and has become widely known as a novelist and dramatist. His drama, *If I were King*, at the St James' Theatre, enjoyed great popularity.



M'DERMOTT, MARTIN, born in Dublin in 1823, and was apprenticed as an architect in that city. He wrote many poems which appeared mainly in *The Nation* in the fourth decade of the last century. He was an intimate friend of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and assisted him in the "New Irish Library" scheme by editing "The New Spirit of *The Nation*," one of the volumes in that series. He died in 1905.

M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY. Born in Co. Carlingford in 1825, and was educated in Wexford. In 1842 he went to America, where he was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Boston Pilot*. On his return to Ireland he joined the Young Ireland Party, and became parliamentary correspondent to the *Freeman's Journal*, which position he held till 1848, writing in the meanwhile many poems. He eventually settled in Canada, and was elected M.P. for Montreal. He incurred, however, the bitter hostility of the Fenians, and he was assassinated in the streets in Ottawa in 1868.

MACMANUS, SEUMAS, is the son of a farmer, and was born in 1870. He was at the outset of his career a schoolmaster at a national school, but subsequently abandoned this calling for that of literature. His stories have appeared in many English and Irish and American magazines. He was married to "Ethna Carbery," who died in 1902.

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE. Held by many to be the greatest of Irish poets. He certainly possessed the poetic gift in a very high sense, although up to the present his work has not received the appreciation it deserves in this country where he is mainly known as the author of *Dark Rosaleen*. He was born in Dublin in 1803. His life was an extremely unhappy one, and he died in the utmost poverty in a Dublin hospital in 1849.

MOORE, THOMAS, certainly the most famous of all Irish poets. He was born in Dublin in 1779, and graduated at the Dublin University. His works are too well known to need recapitulation here. He died in 1852.

MULCHINOCK, WILLIAM PEMBROKE, born in Co. Kerry in 1820. He wrote for several Irish papers, and between 1849 and 1855 was in the U.S.A. when he contributed largely to journals there. He died in 1864.

NOEL, HON. RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY, was the youngest son of the Earl of Gainsborough and of a daughter of the Earl of Roden, and was born in 1834. His earlier work is somewhat influenced by Shelley, but his later works are more original. He was a very able critic and lecturer. He died in 1894. His collected poems appeared in 1902.

NORTON, HON. CAROLINE, was a sister of Lady Dufferin, and was born in 1807 in Dublin. She married in 1829 the Hon. George Norton, an altogether undesirable personage, who treated her extremely badly. She wrote a number of verses, plays, etc.,

that enjoyed a great deal of popularity. It is she who is the original of George Meredith's immortal "Diana of the Crossways." Her first husband died in 1869. She was married in 1877, a few months before her death, to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell.

O'HAGAN, JOHN, born in Co. Down in 1822, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He had a distinguished legal career. Was called to the Irish Bar in 1842, and in 1881 was appointed a judge. He wrote a good deal of poetry at various times, which appeared in current periodicals. He was first chairman of the Irish Land Commission. He died in 1890.

O'LEARY, ELLEN, born in Tipperary in 1831, and was a sister of John O'Leary, the Fenian. Mr W. B. Yeats has written an article on her and her poetry in *Poets and Poetry of the Century*. She died in 1889.

O'NEILL, MOIRA. The charming *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, from the pen of "Moira O'Neill" (Mrs Skrine), are as popular in England as they are in Ireland, and have been set to delightful music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.

PALMER, ARTHUR, was born in Canada in 1840, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he became Professor of Latin in 1880. His editions of *Ovid* won for him very high praise. He died in 1897. His works are extremely dignified and interesting.

PROUT, FATHER, the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony, was born in 1804 in Cork. He became a Jesuit priest, and in 1830 accepted a position as a master at Clongowes College. He wrote his famous *Reliques* under the pseudonym of Father Prout, by which name he has gone down to posterity. He relinquished his calling for that of literature, and contributed largely to the well-known English periodicals and newspapers, one of the latter of which, *The Globe*, he partly owned. He died in Paris in 1866, but is buried in his native Cork.

ROLLESTON, THOMAS WILLIAM HAZEN, was born in King's Co. in 1857. He is an eminent poet, philosophical writer, and literary critic, having, in addition to his original work, edited and translated a number of valuable works in the classical and modern languages. He was the first secretary to the Irish Literary Society, London, and is married to a daughter of the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

SIGERSON SHORTER, DORA, was born in Dublin. The daughter of the Irish poet and scholar, Dr George Sigerson, she is one of the most widely read of Irish poets, and her work maintains a high standard. She married in 1896 Clement K. Shorter, the well-known journalist.

STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE, the author of the "The Blue Lagoon," is among the most popular authors of the day, and his new novels are always eagerly awaited. He possesses an extra-

ordinary gift of being able to transport himself and his readers into the atmosphere of the scene he sets out to portray, no matter whether it be in Modern Ireland or in Ancient Greece.

STEVENSON, JOHN, the creator of *Pat M'Carthy*, *His Rhymes*, is one of the wittiest poets that Ulster has produced.

SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY DANIEL. This popular Irish poet and politician was born in 1827 in Co. Cork. He contributed poems to *The Nation* first in 1850, and continued to do so for many years, eventually becoming proprietor and editor of that journal. He wrote and edited many popular Irish books and collections. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1880, where he sat during several parliaments representing various constituencies. He was also at one time Lord Mayor of Dublin. He died in 1914.

TODHUNTER, JOHN, M.D., was born in 1839. Not finding a business career to his liking he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1861; M.B., 1867; M.Chir., 1868. It was during this period that Thackeray accepted his poem *In a Gondola* (which is included in this volume) for the *Cornhill Magazine*. Dr Todhunter practised in Dublin between 1870 and 1874, and held the chair of English Literature at Alexandra College. In 1876 he abandoned medicine as a profession and applied himself entirely to literature. He has written several plays which have been very successfully produced in London. His poems place him in the front rank of Irish poets. He lives in London.

TONNA, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, the writer of the two famous Orange ballads, was born in Norwich in 1790. Her works are mainly of a religious character. She died in 1846.

TYNAN, KATHARINE. This well-known authoress, whose work is also known under the name of Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, was born in Dublin in 1861. Her poems are of a high standard, and are universally popular in the English-speaking world. She has also written some clever novels and essays. She married in 1893 the litterateur, Mr Henry Hinkson, and resides in Ireland.

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, LL.D., born in Limerick in 1809. He succeeded Charles Lever as editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. He held an official appointment in Dublin for many years, and in addition edited and wrote many valuable works, notably "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography." He died in 1894.

WALSH, EDWARD, born in 1756 in Waterford. An eminent physician. Died in 1834 in Dublin.

WARNOCK, ANNA M'CLURE, born in Londonderry, where she received her early education. She won a scholarship for Girton College, and took a classical tripos there. She has written a number of short stories for English and Irish periodicals, and some plays which have been successfully performed in London by the Irish Literary Society.

WILDE, JANE FRANCESCA, LADY, was born in Co. Wexford in 1826. She contributed a number of famous poems and articles of a nationalist character to *The Nation* under the pseudonym of "Speranza." The reflections contained in one of her articles in the last issue of the journal (1848) was the principal charge against Sir Charles Gavan Duffy when he was tried for treason. She wrote a number of poems and social studies, and also books relating to ancient legends, usages, and cures of Ireland. She died in 1896.

WOLFE, REV. CHARLES, born in Dublin in 1791, and published his *Burial of Sir John Moore* (declared by Byron to be the finest ode in the English language) anonymously in the *Newry Telegraph*. He died in 1823.

WYNNE, FRANCES, was born in 1863 at Collon. Her work showed every promise of a successful career, and her early death in 1893 was widely lamented. She published in 1893 a book of poems entitled *Whisper*.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER.—Mr Yeats is a poet in the truest sense of the word, and his work is always infused with a real sense of beauty and atmosphere. He was born in 1866 at Sandymount, Dublin. A complete bibliography of his writings was issued in 1908 at the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon. He has written a number of plays, the best known being *Deirdre* (1907), many of which have been produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, with which he is closely associated.

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[I have been much indebted to Mr D. J. O'Donoghue's valuable work, "The Poets of Ireland," in the preparation of these biographical pages.—G.P.]

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